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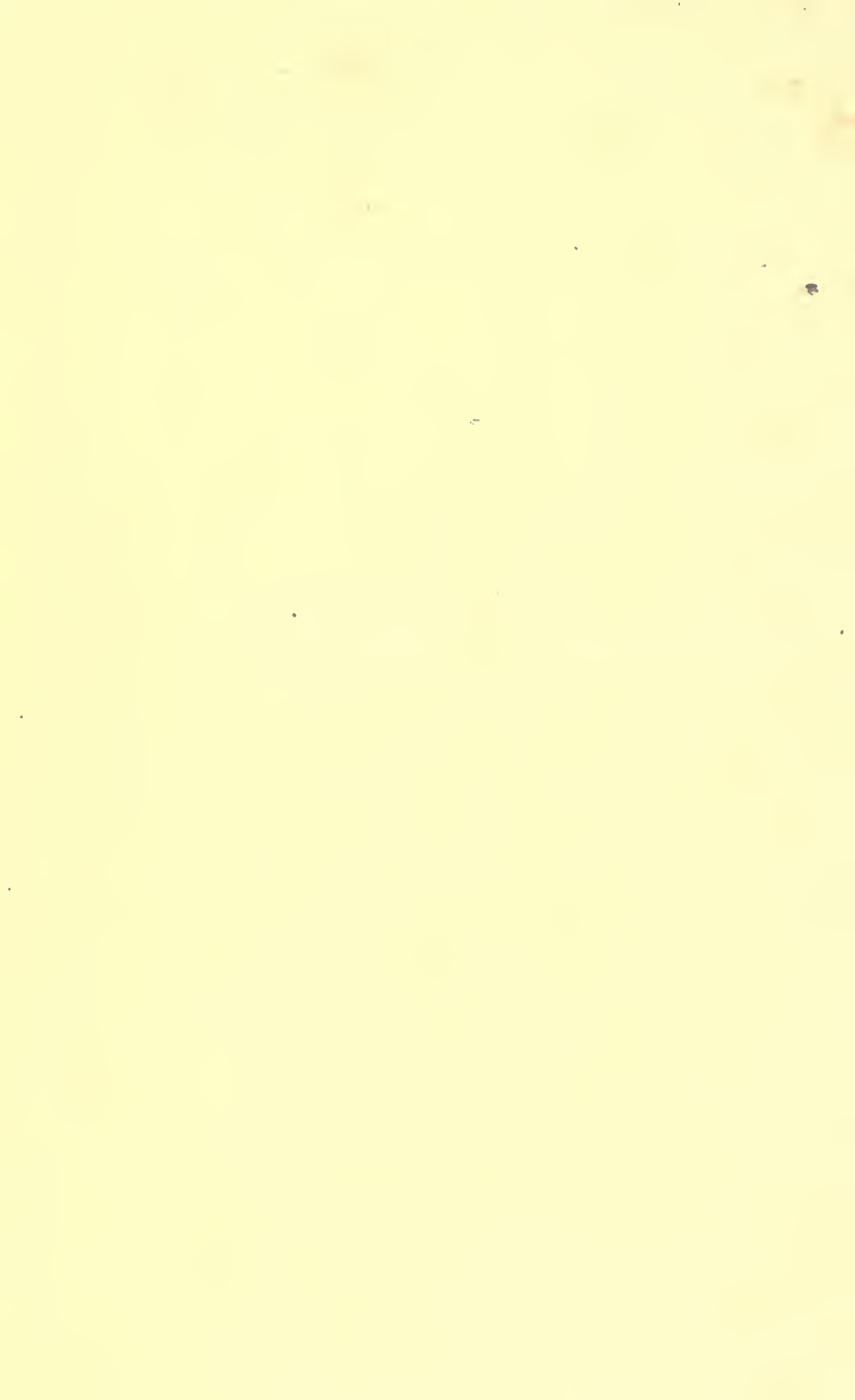
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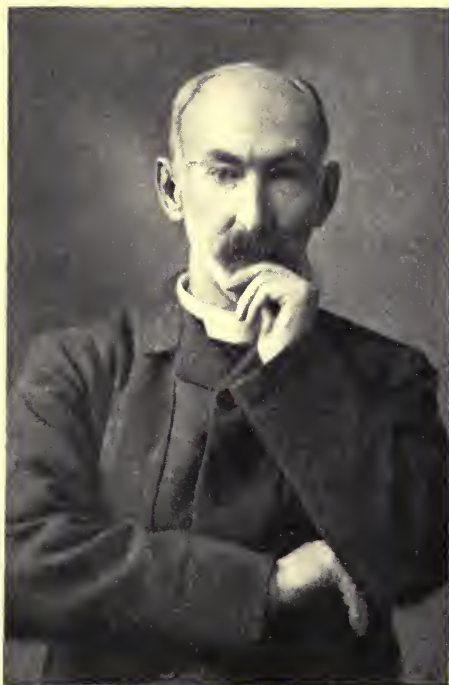


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THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN
RICHARDSON ILLINGWORTH
M.A., D.D.





J. M. Maynard

From a Photo by Hills & Saunders.

[Frontispiece.]

THE LIFE AND WORK OF JOHN RICHARDSON ILLINGWORTH, M.A., D.D.

AS PORTRAYED BY HIS LETTERS
AND ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

EDITED BY HIS WIFE, WITH A CHAPTER BY THE
REV. WILFRID RICHMOND

WITH A PREFACE BY CHARLES GORE, D.D.,
BISHOP OF OXFORD

"Fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum, donec requiescat in Te"
ST. AUGUSTINE *Con.* 1, 1

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1917

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS Memoir is written and sent out into the world in the hope that a picture of the friendships, joys, sorrows, struggles, and home and parochial life of one who is more widely known as a Christian philosopher, and a Christian priest, may fill up and illuminate that knowledge, and help perhaps to convey his influence into new regions, and to deepen it where it already exists.

If any ill-natured word, or anything which can hurt the feelings of any person soever appears in its pages, the editor asks her husband's pardon, and the reader to believe that the fault lies with her alone. For, indeed, no ill-natured thought or word was ever present in John Illingworth's heart or on his lips. It is possible, however, that some words may remain which, written in a letter half-playfully by him, will, when translated into the colder medium of print, take on a harsher tone than the writer ever intended. If, however, the pain should come from the fact that the reader's opinion on certain points differ from the writer's, that would be another matter, for no man who felt so strongly, and had such firm convictions, could help so differing at times, and to his intimate friends such differences would perhaps be more emphatically expressed than in the well-weighed words which appear in his books.

It is not, I think, necessary to say here anything

of the inevitable limitations of outlook which belong to the writings of a man who like Dr. Illingworth set himself all along, as it were, more to the study of the forest, than of the trees which grow therein. The letters themselves give such indications of this sort as are needed.

It is unfortunate that so many of them are undated, but they have for the most part been arranged within each chapter in as much chronological order as was possible.

The most cordial thanks are due to the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond for his valuable contribution on J. R. Illingworth's philosophical work, for his portraiture of the old St. David's days, and for his revision of the MS.; to Bishop Charles Abraham and other friends for their story of the time at Keble; and to all those who have so kindly allowed the publication of the letters addressed to them.

A. L. I.

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P R E F A C E

I CANNOT refuse to write a few words of introduction, though they certainly are not needed, to this memoir of an old friend. When I became an "Oxford don" in 1875, I found myself drawn, partly as disciple, partly as colleague, into a circle of rather older men who were already at work at the urgent task of seeking to conciliate the claims of reason and revelation, and so to interpret the ancient, catholic faith as not to lay an intolerable strain upon the free action of the intellect. In this group of men J. R. Illingworth held a place entirely his own, and he fulfilled his special vocation with singular completeness. No man ever more successfully declined to be interfered with by calls which he felt to be not for him. He never attended public meetings or sat on committees or was distracted by business. No one would have thought of making him a rural dean or an archdeacon or a bishop. He retired to his quiet parish, and there, loved and honoured, he occupied himself in undistracted meditation on God and the world and mankind in the light of the Incarnation: and he gave to the clear vision which he won by meditation singularly lucid and beautiful and convincing expression in a series of books which have had an immense circulation, and have been, I should think, more quoted by other philosophical and religious writers than the works of any of his con-

temporaries. And it seemed as if he was allowed quietly to complete his task and then at once to pass beyond the veil into the region of yet clearer vision.

Thus he lived a singularly undistracted and harmonious and complete life, though never without the touch of pain and struggle. And I should suppose that no one among the clergy of his time has influenced so wide a circle, or helped so many perplexed minds, or strengthened so many anxious souls, as the shy and retiring thinker and priest who is the subject of the following memoir.

C. OXON :

CUDDESDON,
February 1917.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

“ The man with a vocation is the truest *individual*. For in his degree he reflects God, and no two beings can reflect God in the same way. The philosopher often laments the loss of scope for individual character, under the conditions of modern democracy and its massive modes of action ; and the artist the loss of picturesqueness in a society which closely resembles the monotonous rows of uniform streets in which it dwells. But it is not modern life, but modern apathy that gives these things their sting. Indolence is always commonplace. Imitation is its favourite method. And the more selfish men become either in their personal or collective aims, the more drearily they resemble one another. The course of an unchecked sin may be foretold with accuracy, for its history has been repeating itself for ages ; but the course of an unchecked virtue, never : it is full of surprises, for it is the development of a new individuality in the world. No two saints were ever alike. And this the man with a true sense of vocation feels. He gives himself up to God in confidence that the Maker of the human soul alone knows the capabilities of His own instrument, and can alone bring out its music. And he is justified by the result. For latent faculties and unexpected powers emerge in him as time goes on, to the confusion of many an abler companion who far surpassed him in his youth ; and by degrees his ‘ peculiar difference ’ becomes a factor in the world, a fresh and original contribution to the variety and interest of life.”—J. R. I., *University and Cathedral Sermons*: “ Vocation.”



REV. E. A. ILLINGWORTH.



MRS. E. A. ILLINGWORTH

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

“ Who keeps one end in view, makes all things serve.”

JOHN RICHARDSON ILLINGWORTH was born on June 26, 1848. His father was at that time Chaplain of Coldbath Fields Prison. His mother, Miss Mary Taylor, was a woman of great intellectual power and much cultivation. As a girl she is described by those who knew her as being an exceedingly good and interesting talker, so that she would be seen at evening parties, for instance, surrounded by quite a court of men attracted by her very unusual powers of conversation. She had also a remarkable memory, so that on one occasion a niece recalls the fact that, having been with her one morning to hear a sermon of Dr. Liddon's, and finding it herself very lengthy, she was astonished that evening to hear her aunt repeat nearly the whole of it to a party of clergy gathered at their house. She did indeed commit long passages from her favourite authors to memory almost to the day of her death in 1895.

From her, no doubt, John Illingworth inherited his powers of mind, and not only “ inherited,” for he often spoke of her interest in intellectual matters, and of how very much she stimulated his own. He seems to have been singularly unlike his father, who was not, I think, at all nervous or sensitive, and who

was very unreserved, very sociable, and very skilful with his hands ; whereas his son often regretted in later years that he had no occupation to fall back upon when his head refused to work. From his mother, alas ! he also inherited his delicacy of body and nerves. She was in a very low, excitable condition before he was born, and to this may perhaps be attributed much of the highly strung, sensitive nature from which he suffered.

He must have been an unusual child. There is a drawing by his father, which is here reproduced, of the little John in petticoats, at the age of three, eagerly lecturing a party of strangers in the British Museum on the exhibits in the glass case round which they are standing. His nurse and a policeman are looking on with amused astonishment. So his lecturing days began early ! His earliest *memory*, as he often said, was being taken by his grandfather to the Duke of Wellington's funeral in his fourth year.

John appears to have been a painfully shy boy, very reserved except with a few intimates, as perhaps one would gather from some of the earlier letters given here—notably that to Mr. Grenside, relating his return to St. Paul's School after having left it for Oxford.

The Rev. William Scott, Vicar of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington, says of him :

I think I picture J. R. I. most, as the thoughtful and rather delicate-looking schoolboy of my own age, whose ordinary expression in repose was almost sad, but with a wistful brightness when he spoke, as if he was yearning to discover you ; still he would break quietly through the grave look when anything struck him as amusing, and he always caught amusing things so surprisingly quickly, but he was most often



Scene in the Fish Bazaar.

J. R. I. IN BRITISH MUSEUM, AGED 3.
From a sketch by his father.

grave and thoughtful-looking. I am speaking of the time when he and I were eleven or twelve years old.

He spent all his life till he went to Oxford in London, going every day to St. Paul's School, when he was old enough, and ruining his digestion by rushing off each day with hardly time to eat his breakfast before he went. His mother gave him always money to buy "sandwiches" for his luncheon, and he often recalled the fact that he bought with it "jam" sandwiches instead of meat, and so satisfied alike his conscience and his desires!

His father was a keen geologist, and in the holidays John and his brothers used to follow him eagerly over the rocks and up the hills with their little hammers; and in the evenings, as they grew older, there was much reading aloud. In this way he became familiar, among other things, with all Scott's novels.

He always retained a great affection for his schoolmaster, Dr. Kynaston, and must have made some impression on him, for he often told us of how he overheard Dr. Kynaston say, after one of the Prize-givings, "John Illingworth is our most '*Egregius*' boy," and of how he went home and looked in the dictionary to see what the word *egregius* might mean. He spent part of several holidays with the "Doctor," I believe.

While he was in London he was a frequent worshipper at St. Alban's, Holborn, and used also to "slip in," as his cousin says, for Evensong to All Saints, Margaret Street, on his way home from school, to which church his mother and he made a pilgrimage together every year on All Saints' day for the Sung Eucharist, the church being specially dear to her. To these days must belong the little *Altar Manual* in which in his boy's handwriting is copied, what was

no doubt the slightly differing doxology used in the church he attended, to the well-known Eucharistic hymn,

“ Blest Three in one ! to Thee ascend
All thanks and praise for evermore ;
O grant us life that shall not end,
Upon the heavenly country’s shore.”

Moving words to be the only ones found written by him in a book of devotions ! He made a regular practice of sacramental confession from the time of his confirmation until the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. E. King), his then confessor, left Oxford, when he dropped it until he made his last on his death-bed.

He formed many friendships at St. Paul’s, and had indeed all his life a real genius for making and keeping friends. To the very end of his days he made new ones, generally among the younger generation, and never ceased at the same time to love those of school and college days.

He gained an exhibition at St. Paul’s to send him to Oxford, and also a scholarship at Corpus Christi College, which, together with the exhibition, kept him there. He took a First in “ Mods ” and in “ Greats,” and almost directly after gained a Fellowship at Jesus College. Of his life at St. Paul’s and Oxford others must speak who knew it at first hand.

The following extract from a letter written to A. L. I. by the Rev. Charles Seaman serves as an introduction to those which follow :

STALBRIDGE RECTORY, DORSET,

Aug. 21, 1916.

... Our friendship began in the year 1861, soon after my parents, having obtained a “ presentation ” to St. Paul’s School, launched me from my home in the Isle of Wight upon public-school life. I had been taught in a desultory kind of way by them, and finding

the class in which the highmaster, Dr. Kynaston, placed me to overtax my powers (at any rate I was constantly in trouble with the surmaster, the Rev. J. Kempthorne) I think that I appealed to the pity of J. R. I. Also, as he was fond of quoting as the assertion of some one (with whom, let me add, I could never agree), "Friendship means propinquity," the fact that our homeward way from St. Paul's lay in the same direction, had perhaps much to do with making and maintaining our reciprocal attitude. I well remember these unhurried walks and talks as arm-in-arm, with the hustling busy passers-by about us, we discussed all sorts of subjects. I remember his administering to me the soundest of advice once, when I was in a state of desperation at some act of injustice (as I thought) from our master. I remember also two occasions—only two—on which we finished our walk on different sides of Holborn, having abruptly parted. On one of these our discussion had been on the Helvidian, the Epiphonian, and the Hieronymian views of the "brethren of the Lord," in which was involved the subject of the Virginity of our Lady; and doubts which I then felt and expressed as to the certainty of the strongest position, which he held, displeased him. It strikes me now as a somewhat unusual point to generate heat between two lads at school. The other instance was when I confessed to, I fear, an unregenerate interest in the historic prize-fight between Sayers and Heenan, as to which England at that time was much agog!

You have asked me if I could throw any light upon the source of his strong churchmanship even in those early days. I can only reply with much vagueness that the work at All Saints, Margaret Street, interested us, and some of us used to drop in for its Even-song when our school day was over and we were free. The Church in Red Lion Square¹ also, I think, helped him. But I imagine that, like a Keble, he imbibed this element from the atmosphere of his home. I met his father, the chaplain of Coldbath

¹ I know that Mr. Wroth, the curate, did so.—A L. I.

Fields Prison, once, and only once, but the conversation which we had lives in my memory yet. The subject of church parties or schools of thought came up, and to one who like myself had been reared in the savour of Evangelicalism it came as a novelty to hear the party so labelled spoken of in words which now at least would be unjust and unlike the then speaker, as "the Puritans and the Calvinistics"—It is certain that, with all our love and reverence for our highmaster, Dr. Herbert Kynaston, no impulse in the direction of definite churchmanship reached us from him. Our Latin prayers were read four times a day by the captain of the school. No Confirmation classes were ever instructed by the Doctor. We had a Greek Testament lesson on Monday morning, and that constituted our religious instruction (things are better now, I learn, with the old school in its newer home), while the Epistles which we read were treated from the side of scholarship, philology and the like, rather than from those of "doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness." I recollect once in Form the Doctor spoke of the "*theory* of Apostolical succession," and overheard my *sotto voce*, but I fear indignantly toned echo "*Theory!*" and afterwards (such was his condescension and considerateness) making an opportunity apart to explain that the proper meaning, or that at any rate which was in his mind, of the word "theory" was simply "point of view."

The letters speak for themselves as to the affection which existed between J. R. I. and my insignificant self for the early years which saw them written. That this became more dormant as life went on, while I in my home in the Isle of Wight (and the Solent, though no ocean, was in my experience with him and other dear friends not a little "estranging") and he in his busy life at Oxford passed year after year without meeting, is not to be wondered at. The affection, I hope and believe, was still *there*, however seemingly suspended. It is certain that on both sides, without any effusiveness or "gush," we, in the British manner, picked up with hearty welcome,

when opportunity came our way, the thread of connection, even affectionate connection, which had seemed awhile to hang loose. His mind was cast with so marked a bent towards philosophy that, as this developed within him, and he made so many friends with similar tastes at Oxford, while we at Cambridge read our Aristotle and Plato perhaps mainly (the Oxford gibe asserted wholly), in those days, for the sake of the Greek rather than of the matter, it was natural enough that such friendships should occupy the foreground, and that one who had no gifts or powers in that direction should gradually recede.

To the Rev. Charles Seaman

ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S EVE, 1867.

MY VERY DEAR CHARLIE,

I should have hastened sooner, on receiving your good news and salutation from the Doctor,¹ to express the sincere and heartfelt pleasure it gave me, had it not been for the multifarious vexations you allude to in your letter, and for which I am sure your sympathetic temperament will cause you to make full allowance. These, however, being now happily over, accept, dear Charlie, all that I should have sent more than a week ago, and imagine it to have been accumulating at compound interest in the interval (to continue the mathematical metaphor) all good wishes possible for to-morrow, which I remember to be your natal day. . . . The Doctor's verses which shall accompany them are particularly worthy of attention for the vile jokes in them—e.g. amongst various other allusions to some half-dozen Paulines who have done anything during the past year you will find "Calcar" and "Vaccæus" the latter of whom, as I know the ingenuity of your mind, you might perhaps recognise as Cowie; the former you will hardly guess to be *Spurling*. The speeches themselves were dismal to a degree—the worst my people had ever seen for years, they said;

¹ Dr. Kynaston.

or, as South phrased it, we looked as if we had all been dipped in cold water. The fact is the Doctor was very poorly, and the librarians, or at any rate several, myself among the number, have degenerated during the last term into the most wretched, mopy, semi-suicidal, despondent creatures you ever saw; and this was the result. The Exhibitioners were Glaisher 2, Dalton 3, Povah 4, Grenside (who is the only other candidate) doubtful at present. Herbert was very close to me in the classics, only about thirty marks behind, beating me indeed tremendously in some of the papers (but as it was all in the A.B.C.¹ I need hardly say this was rather a pleasure than otherwise. I am only sorry that he steadfastly prefers Cambridge to Oxford, as, alas! have so many of our other friends). But to return to what should have come first—Yourself—fifteen hours a day—frightful exertions—collapse: I should rather think so—what else could you expect? But when I remember a similar collapse last year, and superinduced by a precisely similar cause, I can hardly refrain from wanting to preach you a very long sermon. All this excess of work must ultimately tell on your constitution, and lives hereafter to be dedicated to Holy Church really can't afford, in a crisis like the present, to have their energies impaired in this way. (There, I have made it as short as possible, so think of it, and don't be angry.) Our *common* friend,² you see, has lost by ninety-one votes, a terrible majority, and I am afraid he will be much cut up in consequence, though I have not seen him since. I believe he had very much set his heart upon it at last. Believe me now (commending my above-mentioned remarks on health to your *especial* consideration and myself to your prayers.)

Your very affect.

FELLOW SCHOLAR OF C.C.C.³

¹ This refers to a jocular label attached by the recipient of the letter to J. R. I., the H. C. named and one or two other Paulines of the time, the label standing for the "Association of Bigoted Catholics!"

² This refers to Dr. Kynaston's non-election to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, for which he had been a candidate.

³ The recipient being a scholar of C.C.C., *Cambridge*.

To the Rev. Charles Seaman

SUMMER, 1867.

... You must know I am greatly enraged with myself for my dull, insensate, and what I think Carlyle would call hoggish demeanour amid all the glories of Ely. I assure you I was, or rather am now, conscious of my hundred instances of apparent apathy, indifference, rudeness, and beg that you will put them down to fatigue, woolgathering wits, anything in short except *me*—i.e. my selfest self; there I assure you in my most inmost inmost the bright image was deeply appreciated, and has gradually by distance "orb'd into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein" and done me by its preaching much good, image that is of the Catholic *quod semper*. And here I may follow a precedent that you ere now have set me, and quote some lines on a Gothic cathedral, because I think them good and know you have never seen them, in as much as they are by a fellow scholar of mine at C.C.C. Oxon.:

" so the long sweep
Of arch, and vista of the lessening nave
Imaged Eternity, the fretted roof
Life, and the keen blades of a thousand panes
That by their chasing make it beautiful.
Without—the raindrops, and the restless wind,
Beating about for entrance, as he too
Would fain do worship among worshippers,
Wreathed their own tracery, furrow and grey line
Rugged, yet fair as is the cheek of eld.
Thus have unselfish men, wrapt in their work,
Enwrought their very life into the stone;
That in the after time when these are dead
Who fashioned, yet the children of their sons
Might say, as if they spake not of the dead,
' Our fathers builded the great wall and sleep,
And for true hand and open heart was theirs
That builded—every pillar is a name
With memory, every corner-stone a life
Our sires are ever with us in our prayers.'
Thus they, and if these stones can be so loved
I deem that somewhere 'neath their coldness glows
A strange hid life . . . we cannot love the dead."

Don't accuse me of an artifice to fill my paper. Even if it were so, sense in verse is better than nonsense in

prose ; but over and above any so mean a subterfuge, I give you the lines because they are to me suggestive. I have been doing Liddon's Bampton's since I saw you, and have liked them vastly, though there is so much reading in them that I don't know when I shall get through them. Altogether you see I am going in for a course of tonics, and their effect would quite astonish you after all the nonsense that I talked, whether consciously or not I can hardly say. Indeed, I am too easily affected (to my shame be it confessed) by the last influence under which I have been, and when you saw me a certain section of Oxford influence was strong upon me, but had not, as I believe, penetrated more than skin deep. Now may I say that another moral atmosphere, a more restful type of physical beauty, another personal influence, has brought me round again ? But enough of this recantation—thanks to you for its possibility. I fly London in a day or two, for some length of time as I hope, for I find the heat, work, incapacity for exercise, etc., etc., terrible. However, I expect to finish my Juvenal to-day, which will make the two of my " mods " books done—and so I am hopeful. By the by, I hear from Reynell sad accounts of the inordinate number of hours you work per diem ; I feared it was so—beware ! *Hinc pallor seniumque !* (though by the way the better reading is *en*) and let me hear something of you soon, dear old fellow. Desiring ever your prayers.

To the Rev. Charles Seaman

Sunday.

Don't think that, though silent, I was ignorant of my own remissness ; no—I knew it and have reproached myself for it, and won't therefore spin out any more apologies about it. Your letter, in the state of mind it revealed, I suppose I should say grieved me, yet where it struck a heart's chord of my own by vibrating (but at a lower octave than was yours) it seemed almost rather natural than otherwise. The struggle for life, you say : yes indeed, for

the life *here* and the life *there* in either case is daily more fearful—but

“ Say not the struggle nought availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain.”

No—if, as another poet says, “ men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things,” be sure that the very wounds may be, thank God, a means of progress. Therefore if you ask my sympathy, indeed you have it ; if you ask my advice (as I seem in the mood for quoting Clough),

“ It is enough to walk as best we may
To walk and sighing dream of that blest day
When all we cannot quell shall be
No more,”

or in words more solemn, if they may be quoted together, “ Endure to the end.” If you ask my prayers, take them ; cold and unworthy as they are, so cold, so unworthy, so deadened through my fault, that I ask those of my friends more earnestly, that so mine may be heard. Pray for me. Happy, I doubt not, our brother,¹ who has been taken from the evil to come, the myriad forms of evil within and without that “ eat out the modern life ” ; I knew him well—he was all that you say ; and further, of that feeble nature which one could not conceive destined for a long struggle. *Cujus anima in refrigerium*. And now would you hear anything more of myself ? Much I have already described in saying I sympathise with the feelings you express. I have my days of light and my days of darkness—and as a rule find and have found that the *work*, the *distractions*, the *hurry* of Oxford make one less thoughtful, more insensate, more *heady*, less *heartly* ; another symptom of that all-engrossing race against time in the struggle for mere material existence of which you spoke.

My theoretic side (or as I should at present prefer to call it my tentative side, for my theories are more pliant, less happily confident of their own infallibility than in days when you could, at least with a show of reason) call me *bigot*² bah—it is all so shifting at this

¹ Referring to the death of T. A. Burdon, a fellow Pauline.

² See note to p. 10.

moment that it refuses to be precipitated or analysed—and I am conscious to myself of talking what at least to anybody else must seem nonsense. Moreover, to-night being in one of my stolidly cheerful sorts of temper, the attempt to describe a different state of things is futile: there—enough—write me down an ass, and burn my letter. Many things are stirring that I might with more profit have dilated on: Irish Church disestablishment, “a consummation devoutly to be wished”; Coleridge’s bill, “to be or not to be, that is the question,” on the whole I rather think “to be” (carried). At any rate I could not sign the E.C.U. petition against it. Tennyson’s “Lucretius” is as you say, great as a work of art, greater as a study of one of the most *incessant workings* (bah, I have been underlining so many words that I don’t know what I am about) of the modern mind, greatest, perhaps, in the stern rebuke conveyed to the manner in which Swinburne and such as he treat such subjects. But I feel sleepy for a wonder, a blessing I have not experienced till past twelve of late, and so I will hardly hinder sleep from taking its course, though ashamed of this paltry answer to such a letter as yours.

To the Rev. Charles Seaman

3, MECKLENBURGH ST.,
July 6 (1867).

At last that long-promised other half, blushing for its own dilatoriness! But you, who know from experience—bitter experience I dare say it is at present—the effect of that upas shadow of the schools, will understand my silence. One gets so jaded under press of reading that when Sunday comes (the only day when one’s conscience allows of the frivolity of a letter) to do oneself justice in a letter is impossible; and as poor human pride would rather have an imputation cast on heart than head, we prefer being coldly silent to being intellectually feeble. That seems to be one account of the matter. But there is a more charitable view to be taken (though your last letter

but one did not take it—which pains me still): it is this. Letters can undo a friendship; no—letters never can. Isn't it so? The same depressing influences that I have just imagined as pressing on one's mind may, yes and often do, dear Charlie, press more upon one's heart, and we say No! let me rather look at his photo, and think about him, than commit some piece of cold conventionality to paper, something that savours not of oneself but of one's miserable books. (Too many "one's" in that last paragraph from an artistic point of view, but I have been reading an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and it has left its impress on my style.) And as for that last letter but one, now I come to reconsider it, it pleases me rather than otherwise, for unless you still retained some interest in my unworthiness you would not have penned it, and that "smiting friendly and rebuking" of which the Psalmist speaks is the outcome of a deep, and not a shallow *friendship*. Friendship—I have been speculating muchly on that word lately, partly at the instigation of a friend who outdoes me in placing, with Montaigne,

"High in heaven above
The seat of friendship over love."

(a favourite idea of mine always), and have come to the conclusion that Montaigne is mistaken in putting either above the other; both are in their highest form the same feeling, and it is merely accident which manifestation happens to be the stronger. So says reason, but sentiment recurs to certain words in the history of David and Jonathan "passing the love of women"; and my rational conclusions are blown to the winds. But if I go on with this theme I shall get mystical or misty, especially as I have last been elucidating it from Diotima's speech in the Symposium. I suppose you know it, as you read Plato earlier than we do. If not, read it, for it is wonderful indeed: could the light of nature see so clear? or what is the light of nature? But the increase of my *damnosus papyrus* warns me that I have twaddled on thus far without all those tremendous comments on yourself

which I intended to begin with. The same old story I always hear of you—overwork ; not that I mean to be so conventional as to blame. No ! sympathy I suppose is all that I can give. Advice would be impertinent. On the whole I rather envy than blame. Here are you nearing

“ the press of the storm,
Tho' a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained
The reward of it all,”

while I am only taking breath midway, only resting, if rest it can be called, before plunging into it all again for two years, or two and a half more. Still personally, I am cheered at present, rather by the doctor's means than any other. Humiliating thought that by pouring in so much ammonia, you can make your spirits rise like a barometer, isn't it ? but even that's a commonplace by this time. Oh, Charlie, can you tell me how to escape from the commonplace ? Everything is so fearfully hackneyed, as I dare say you found in Switzerland even ; but in all seriousness isn't it one of the most distressing of modern experiences ? There is only one way out of it that I can think of—“ to really be a Christian ” ; that's certainly not commonplace, but then—to continue the quotation—“ it is so hard.” My writing was interrupted in the middle of the last sentence by an eminently *constructive* friend, who has broken in upon the train of negative criticism which forms too much of my letters, as of myself, with a host of schemes and half-laid foundations, and generally positive ideas (one of them being the possibility of enjoining celibacy under a merely secular sanction !), and finally left me with a strong intention of doing something, but no very clear idea as to what ; but the upshot of this long digression is that as the aforesaid doing, and the thinking principles can't both work together, this letter must come to an end. I send it to Corpus, as I heard you were going to be there for the Long. What thought you of Switzerland ? Envy filled me when I heard you were going there ! I expect glowing words about it. No, though, I

forgot that the shadow is still upon you ; I shall expect no such tax upon your outworn-and-overladedness, but only statements of your well-being, and that " out of sight is not out of mind." What more can the best of letters be than that ? I was thought foolish the other day for saying that the dearest part of a letter was to my mind the signature—and yet I think so still. Remember mine therefore to all old Paulines who care for it, and especially to Herbert Cowie *whether he cares for it or not*. I want to write to him too, but I feel as with you writing is no use. Bosh. Nonsense. Writing makes communication easier—yes, head communication, but not heart communion. The only real union we get on earth is by thinking of the same things ; and so I begin to realize, though I fear only intellectually at present, that saying " that they may be one in Me." ¹

Excuse the long nonsense of this scrawl and remember me where I would be remembered.

The following letters, written in the year 1868, are as (the Rev.) C. E. Grenside, to whom they are addressed, says, " chiefly interesting as showing J. R. I.'s feelings in revisiting his old school ; his report of himself as a Freshman at C.C.C. ; his anxiety about the ' cause,' *i.e.* the Church movement ; his contrast between Oxford and Cambridge methods of teaching Classics ; his pleasant impressions of Cambridge when he paid a visit there ; his fears for the effect of Jowett's teaching on Povah, etc." These three letters may be compared with those to the Rev. C. E. Seaman which precede and follow them as being of very much the same date.

To (the Rev.) C. E. Grenside

C.C.C.,
Friday, Feb. 14, 1868.

DEAR CHARLES EDWARD,

Welcome indeed was your letter, as are all

¹ See also pp. 23, 220.

from our old Alma Mater. . . . You will be glad to hear that I am thoroughly comfortable here, and well satisfied with Corpus, albeit the great cause which I trust I have most at heart is but poorly represented in its chapel services and teaching. Still one has abundant means in Oxford of remedying these deficiencies, as far as one is personally concerned, and in all other respects the college is all that could be desired.

To (the Rev.) C. E. Grenside

I, SOUTH PARADE, LLANDUDNO,
Sunday.

The hope you expressed at the end of your last letter of hearing from me soon, and my promise made on the memorable 12th of July, seem both very unlikely to be fulfilled, and I can assure you I feel very much ashamed of myself therefore. It was the more shameful on my part, considering the pleasure your letter gave me, especially that part which had reference to Oxford—hurrah! Of course! I always told you so! etc., etc.! . . . I spent about three weeks with the Doctor [Kynaston] on the Surrey hills; lovely wood, valleys, walks, drives, etc.; and then came on to Llandudno, where I shall remain till some time in September, don't quite know when, but at the expiration of that time will have great pleasure in amplifying the above lecture on Scholarships, Oxford, Churchmanship (terrible place Wales for that—the Wesleyan chapel has the tallest spire in the town, and is dedicated to St. John) or any other congenial topic *viva voce*. Furthermore, I have read a large number of Robertson's sermons lately and liked most of them (dogmatic excepted) extremely; also two or three of Kingsley's and didn't. Have you seen the review of the *Church and the World* in yesterday's *Saturday*? It is perhaps on the whole by no means a bad one, and not so acrimonious as might have been expected, seeing that one of the essays in the said volume fiercely attacks the *Saturday*—somewhat too fiercely as I thought. (It is the one on curates.) But as you will probably be asleep

before reading this page, it is not much use my filling it, and so

Believe me, dear old fellow,

I have been subject to several morbid relapses, but am on the whole much stronger for fresh air, sea bathing and (tell it not in Gath) cessation or semi-cessation from reading. *Vale*.

To (the Rev.) C. E. Grenside

Sunday, June 30, 1868?

I contented myself with a verbal answer to your last letter, as I thought to have seen you again in a few days, but as I find you are not coming up just yet, I think this is treating you rather shabbily. I shan't put myself at much trouble to console you, (1) because, judging from the cheerful tone of a letter Cowie showed me the other day, you want no consolation; (2) because, tho' I must confess I was disappointed in the sum of your marks, I think your exhibition in *very* little danger, both from your being a prize man, and the small number of candidates. The settling day is Friday, July 12, so if you have not returned before that date, be at St. Paul's by 10.30 then, at any rate. For myself you won't see much of my correspondence without finding it horribly egotistical, or what C. E. S with his perfect politeness calls "characteristic." I have not been so mopy as might have been expected; though I must confess that, having occasion to return to Alma Mater last Thursday, I felt horribly out of place and sneaky. I skulked about in the Union till school was over, deeply realizing Tennyson's "The place he knew forgetteth him," and in my over-sensitiveness felt myself already looked upon as an intrusion. Glaisher (I can't bring myself to commit his more familiar name to paper) must, I suppose, have felt much the same, for after arranging to meet me there he never appeared at all! On the whole, tho' of course old friends were as warm as ever (or I might say old friend, for there were not many of them), I don't feel much inclined—'tis with pain I write it—

to repeat the experiment. I can fully enter into what I once thought Reynell's absurdity, in imagining his appearance always intrusive after he left. It is forcibly suggestive of another exit of which it is written—"So soon passeth it away and we are gone."

To (the Rev.) C. E. Seaman

Sunday, October 4, 1868

DEAREST OF OLD CHARLIES,

Yours was welcome as ever, if possible welcomer—all but the suppressed reason for not writing sooner. Reynell is not here to confirm my suspicions—having fled, house and all, from the "*fumum et opes strepitemque*" to Tunbridge Wells—but of course it's the old song, "Work, work, work," "the Examiner's coming" (if you don't know Kingsley's *Water-babies*, you won't recognize the latter as a quotation from it). Well! I have said my say before now, and I suppose it is no good repeating it. Your mild expostulation on the nonsense of my last letter was not half severe enough. My thoughts sometimes do rather resemble a phantom-express-train-without-any-coupling - irons-run-off-the-line-in-a - snowstorm-on-its - way-to -the-other-end-of-nowhere; mere "unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought," and to attempt to force them prematurely into bodies is very absurd, so pardon me, and skip the majority of my letters for the future.

Now for a fact or two about myself. I spent about a month in Northamptonshire after last writing to you. There I read the *Æneid* and did little else, except teach in a Sunday school, and discover what was not my element. After that I didn't go to Normandy, our reading party having collapsed but only half-way there—viz. to Jersey. There, with another Corpus man in the loveliest-viewed (no rhetorical exaggeration, I assure you) house in the island—no human vestige in view from a creeper-covered verandah into which the moon poured all the evening across the water, and the sun across the trees all the morning—there I idled, read Carlyle, ran very much

to allegory, under the combined influence of Carlyle and the scenery, did the island, and very little else, till neuralgia overtook me (why the connection between reading men and neuralgia so universal?). Thence returning, I have plodded through twelve books of *Odyssey*, begun *Sophocles*, and am very tired of it all. (There! I think I have entered into minutiae enough for you, and now I come to look back at it have written a nonsensicaller letter than ever, so give me credit for meaning what I don't express). After all letters are such very poor media of communication: I hope they will be improved upon by the inventors of the future. If for instance one could telegraph a real live shake of the hand or look of the eye it would be better for making people understand you than that very so-so arrangement of "words," better a thousand fold; especially (your sarcasm will reply) if your arrangement of words is very so-so. . . . Judge from the size of my paper and the small type of my first page all that I meant to say!

To (the Rev.) Charles Seaman

18, MONTPELIER TERRACE, ILFRACOMBE,
Sunday, July 31, 1870.

If you felt on leaving Cambridge for good (as they say) what I feel from beginning to end of each Long—a torn-up-by-the-roots sort of feeling, which simply will not bear to be indulged for a moment—you must more than ever have wanted correspondence, and I am therefore more than ever a beast! *Q.E.D.* But the place you knew had not forgotten you—traditions of you reached me from the various Paulines there; "*fluminaque antiquos præterlabentia muros*," i.e. the Backs, particularly called you to mind; as too did certain trees at Granchester, under which two years ago you lay and read Theocritus, and I lay and didn't read the *Golden Treasury* (where on this occasion dear old V. C. R. found some delightful two-foot water, and a secluded and commodious bathing-shed and was almost tempted to indulge in a bathe). Altogether I spent a very pleasant week there, about

half a dozen Paulines of my generation being up. We soon fell back into our old library habits—viz. my ruling their frivolity with the first rod of iron that came to hand while V. C. performed a “solemn music,” generally beginning and ending (as well as middling) with the Marseillaise by special request. Altogether life was livelier than it is here, except that reading must be done at some time, and may as well be done at one instead of another, so I am trying to read, a thing which I have been trying to do for some time. At a distance one is apt to imagine dullness will conduce to reading. But does it? . . . Myself I tremble to think of going down from the Varsity and flourishing within six months of it. The two seem unthinkable together. Idiot, I am writing much more dismally than I ought, for I really have received a turn lately. Many misgivings that I talked of to you in my last letter have, I am intensely thankful to say, been cleared away for me, and I feel at least more definite in the direction given to my intention for the future. About this period you cast an anxious eye over the page to see how much more is coming. Well, I will spare you.

To (the Rev.) Charles Seaman

Spring 1871, Sunday.

DEAREST CAROLE,

I too had long been conscience-smitten and about to write. . . . But, alack, through a long vista of months I see no hope of “restfulness” such as the true art of letter-writing requires. To digress for a moment, “restfulness” and leisure are not the condition of man, and therefore that delightful letter-writing of the last century and others, from Tully downwards, which alone rises to anything like artistic perfection, is a black art, and to be reprobated utterly!—nor is it, I suspect, the only art on which like sentence must be passed. To return. It is no use kicking against the pricks; unknown is our inmost individuality, and unknowable we are born, live, die, and (to speculate on a passage in the Revelations) may continue after death. Only as univer-

salised can the individual be *known*—the expression I borrow advisedly, because it has the advantage of shrouding the truth in colder and therefore perhaps safer language. Or again I can never know you, or you me, but we both look upon a sunset together, and each knows for a time the other's thought, which of course is his very self—and the greater the object, and the more completely it fills thoughts, the more completely can those thoughts and therefore their owner be known. It is by a sympathetic intuition that we get at each other, and not by any determination that we will reveal ourselves—for we can't—there are no windows in the soul, to our fellow men; and we have therefore to use a faculty which sees through walls. . . . I had the great privilege, at the beginning of this term, of attending Father Benson's undergraduate retreat at Cowley—a subject not easily enlarged upon. I want you to get this letter to-day (an Irishism), and so will send it without content rather than not send it, just to let you know that I remember your dear old much-too-good-to-meness. My photo, if you can be in earnest, shall come with the Hebrew information. Till then and ever,

Ora pro Yours most lovingly,

J. R. I.

Have you seen the "Fearful lights that never beacon, save when kings and heroes die"?

It will be of interest to put here part of a letter written to M. C. L. on January 19, 1906, showing how continuous was his feeling as to the uniting power of nature.¹

I have been thinking lately that nature is a sacrament of human communion, as well as of divine revelation, very much like the Eucharist. I mean you distinctly feel united to people who are forty-three miles away by skies and sunsets like those we have been having. And there is comfort in that, and now the signs of spring are everywhere—I send you

¹ See also pp. 17, 220.

the first violets of the year, and there are now in the garden aconites, primroses, and snowdrops! And I heard the first lark on Saturday.

To (the Rev.) Charles Seaman

OXFORD UNION SOCIETY
1871.

. . . I heard a little while ago that you meditated a mastership at Lancing. Is this coming off? Something of the kind I shall probably be looking out for myself in the years that are to come, though I am about as unfit for teaching as for anything else; but I feel that I must have two or three years of reflection before I can hope to be ordained; if indeed I can ever be ordained at all, of which I have grave doubts—doubts, I mean, not of my own wish in the matter, for that has never changed appreciably, I wish it as much now as ever—I believe I may say more than ever, as I begin to realise the need of workmen of all kinds for the work; but doubts of whether my own past (and my present, self-pleasing negative, *ἀκρασία*, losing enthusiasm daily) will allow of it. But enough: half-confessions are no good, or rather quarter-confessions.

Extracts from letters to M. C. L. written twenty years after these last, but bearing on the same subjects.

June, 1909.

It is the 400th anniversary of the foundation of St. Paul's School, and I am invited to dine with the Mercers' Company in consequence. Contrary to my custom, I am rather thinking of actually going. I have not dined there since I was a schoolboy, and undergraduate—and had to return thanks for our health proposed by Samuel Wilberforce—and somehow in old age I travel back to it with interest, though in some ways it would be rather sad. Curiously, our new organist knew my old master, Kynaston, quite well, and has one of his books that he gave her. He was the man who first introduced me to Plato

and Ruskin—and had much to do with forming my mind—and I last dined there as his guest. He also first showed me pines.

To M. C. L.

January, 1900.

Ruskin is gone! Of course he had long ceased to speak to the world, but I still feel something very solemn at his death. He was my master, in a degree and a sense in which no other teacher ever was—not in ideas so much as in the inspiration he gave to one's life. I began to study him at about seventeen at school, and from then for years his was the determining influence on my life—perhaps especially because he approached the heart of things by the avenue of beauty, which is the one that I best understand. I always feel that whereas many people appreciate beauty as being a kind of expression or manifestation of goodness, I have always felt that goodness was only a kind of manifestation of beauty—a fascinating but far more dangerous creed. Then came those wonderful Oxford lectures, which one will never forget—and one gathered undergraduates together, and went road-making for the sheer enthusiasm of his name. "Think of doing something for Ruskin," said one of my pupils who died young. . . . It is a great chapter in the history of one's life—and I had always intended to go to his funeral, if it was at the Abbey—but it appears that it is not to be. I must read you some more of him, he crowds upon my memory so now.

To M. C. L.

July, 1901.

I have just been reading a little life of Kingsley, describing his love of Hartford Bridge Flats! and how he never could have been happy except in a country rectory, on account of the freedom it gave him—he never could have existed in a groove—and how the struggles of his artistic and moral natures were always tearing him in two, to the shortening of his life. It came rather home to me (with one exception alas!

the moral nature, according to his biographer, *always* conquered I). One thing struck me, because I have often said the same to you. He says, "If you would avoid a burden and a temptation, pray against the fatal gift of imagination," which is what I always feel so intensely. And yet of course this same faculty, which makes the moral life so difficult, is the secret of any intellectual capacity that one has. It has always struck me how differently you feel about the imagination, because you're always good, and so it only helps and doesn't hinder you. I have come across a jolly thought of Plato's about jewels. He says their lustre is a reflection of the light of the heavenly world—a kind of moonlight from a sun that is in heaven (so there must be green in heaven, you see I).

KEBLE COLLEGE

“ Our capacity for loving God and our capacity for loving man are one and the selfsame thing. Or, to put it otherwise, we have an infinite capacity for loving which points to an Infinite Being as its only final object. But what do we mean by an Infinite Being? not one who excludes, but who includes all else that is lovely in Himself, as infinite space includes all finite spaces; so that in loving whatsoever things are lovely here on earth among our fellow-men, we are using, training, developing, expanding the same faculty which leads in the end to our loving God. This is the meaning of that intimate blending of divine with human love which we find throughout St. John. “ If we love one another, God dwelleth in us; and His love is perfected in us.” Our own experience will prove this, if we interpret it aright. Limit your love exclusively to any finite thing or person, and what is the result, and why? Sooner or later it will begin to flag; it will fail; it will become disgust; and that because you have thought to limit what never can be limited. But love one person truly—child, wife, husband, brother, friend—and see where your love, untrammelled, will lead you in the end; not away from them, but through them, desire out-soaring opportunity, into wider and wider fields of sympathy in feeling and in deed; and all this because it is by its very nature limitless.”—J. R. I., *University and Cathedral Sermons*: “ Service of the Heart.”

CHAPTER II

KEBLE COLLEGE

“ Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in Higher love endure ;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs ? ”

VERY soon after he took his degree, John Illingworth obtained a fellowship at Jesus College, Oxford. He became also a tutor at the newly established Keble College, and gained in its first Warden and Mrs. Talbot lifelong and most valued friends. Of the half-dozen letters which were found among his papers at his death, two were from his old Warden, and of this date. It was at Keble that he formed many of his dearest and most enduring friendships both among his fellow tutors and among his pupils. Many of the latter came time after time to Longworth, when he went there, and with us on our holidays, as before they had gone with him on reading parties to St. David's and elsewhere.

Edward Ottley and Charles Sanctuary, Jasper Holland, Bernard Wilson, Harry Johnstone, Ralph Cator, and, under the disguise of nicknames, J. H. Maude, Ronald Clarke and the present Bishop of London, are among the friends of these days whose names occur in the letters.

It was his pupils at Keble who gave to him the name of “ Mr. I.,” which stuck to him to the end

of his days. Another name by which one at least of his friends called him was "Peeler," and I was much interested, on asking a schoolboy the other day how he thought this name came to be given, to find that without a moment's hesitation he judged its derivation quite correctly to be as follows: Illingworth—Shillingworth—Shilling; Bob—Bobby—Peeler! Showing how naturally the young mind, though separated by three generations, moves in the same groove.

As a boy, John Illingworth started with one overpowering aim and desire—to spread and make acceptable and intelligent and convincing to the world, the Religion of the Incarnation. This desire grew with his growth, and never ceased till having, as he said, delivered his message, he rendered up his soul to the God Who gave it. He wrote in spite of himself, as it were, with groans and struggles and pain, against enormous odds in the form of ill-health and weariness, and the strong appeal of other sides of life. In his young days he knew what was very severe self-discipline of a physical nature. He fasted; he wore a hair shirt. In his later years he cut himself off from the theatre, from music, from the yearly visit to London with its pictures and allurements, because he found them too exciting to allow him to settle down again readily to that pursuit of the presentment of truth to which he had set himself. A letter speaking of this side of his life is given here, though in point of time it belongs to a later date.

To M. C. L.

July, 1910.

I have been thinking a good deal about "God made the country, and man made the town," and how, just because man made the town, the town must be



J. R. I. C. 1860.

1



J. R. I. C. 1875.

marked by man's sinfulness, and be in consequence a malign influence. One reads of this in the Bible, but somehow one tends to forget it—when London, and not Tyre or Babylon is its name. Familiar smoky old London seems so a part of one's nature that one forgets its tragic side, its distractingness and fullness of temptation. After all, I suppose retirement from city life has been regarded as an important practice in all Christian ages. St. James left Rome for Bethlehem, because he couldn't get on there with his Christian life; and hermits and monks in all ages, and Little Gidding, and all the rest of such things—what they really mean is that for many of us it is impossible for us to "save our souls" amid the distractions of a city, and at least a little easier when everything you see around you suggests God.

From a letter to Mr. Grenside, already given, it will have been seen that he had always hoped to be ordained, but had great misgivings as to his worthiness for such a life. But at length the hesitation was overcome, and he was ordained at Lichfield in 1875, having failed in the examination at Oxford (I). He was at the time lecturing to the full limit of his powers, and had no available energy to give to getting up the special subjects required as well. He was ordained priest "in spite of his papers" at Oxford in 1876, at the same time that Dr. Gore, the present Bishop of Oxford, was ordained deacon.

The Rev. Wilfrid Richmond tells the story of the days at Keble and St. David's as follows :

I first met Illingworth in the autumn of 1872. I had been spending six weeks at St. David's with (Archdeacon) Jeudwine, my schoolfellow at Bradfield, then a scholar of C.C.C., and at that time fellow of Queen's. He was reading for ordination, I for "Greats." At the end of our time there appeared upon the scene two other Corpus men, John Masterman and his brother Neville. They were

charmed with the fascination of the place, and John Masterman wrote a compelling letter to induce Illingworth to come down and join their party. He arrived just before we left, and on our last evening I went to supper with the Mastermans to meet him. At nine o'clock that evening there began a discussion which lasted till one o'clock in the morning, memorable to me because it was the beginning of our friendship, and therewith of many things which grew up out of our friendship. The subject of our discussion was the removal of Bishop Gower's chalice from his tomb in the chancel of the cathedral when the tower was rebuilt from below. When the tomb was reconstituted, ought the chalice to have been put back in the tomb? or had it rightly been placed in the vestry of the cathedral for the edification of the living? I remember that I upheld the former view, Illingworth the latter. The arguments on either side I forget, except that we both argued from the spiritual significance of matter. It was the first of many discussions, which, starting from any and every occasion, ran back into the region of first principles—the region which for him certainly might always be called either philosophy or theology. We were seekers both, and St. David's became to us a sacramental name, the symbol of a fellowship in the great romance of devotion to truth. During the next three terms at Oxford we saw one another constantly, and it was my privilege, through Illingworth and the Mastermans, to be welcomed into a most delightful circle of Corpus friends.

In the Easter Vacation of 1873 there was a party at St. David's (the precursor of many Easter Vacation reading parties from Keble a few years later). The members of the party were Illingworth, the two Mastermans, H. A. Dalton, J. H. Maude and myself. The philosophical discussions continued, we always took opposite sides, and Neville Masterman, who was reading Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, christened us, after the rival philosophers in Friedrich Wilhelm's *Tabagee*, Gundling and Fassmann. In Illingworth's case the nickname could not displace the established



READING PARTY, ST. DAVID'S, 1873.

H. A. Dalton.

John} Masterman.

J. R. I.

Neville Masterman.

Wilfrid Richmond.

J. H. Maud e.

Corpus nickname of " Peeler." But mine stuck, and he himself never called me anything else to the end of his life. It was during this year that there grew in our minds the idea, the dream, of a brotherhood life, a fellowship of those who were devoted to the Truth. It was inspired to some extent by what we knew of the Oratorians. I remember especially that we read *Henri Perreyve*. As a detail in the imagination of the future I remember that he said there was to be *one* picture in every cell. But St. David's became to us the name of the dream, and the talks that we had as we climbed along the cliffs of St. David's or bathed in the pools beneath them all belonged to the dream. I still have the Wordsworth which Masterman dropped over the cliffs of Caerfai and over which we used to discuss the lines "written above Tintern Abbey." It was a dream fulfilled, as God fulfils Himself, in many ways. We both sought other forms of fellowship for our lives. But the fellowship in the devotion to the Truth remained none the less. And the dream, apart from the fact that it was realised in other ways, was realised in us as a living force, an inspiration which remained with him, I am sure, to the end.

And it *was* realised in other ways. In the summer of 1875 the plan took shape for what was christened by Scott Holland " the Holy party." I was a master at Loretto at the time, but through my friendship with Illingworth I was invited to join it. I associate with the plan for this party some inspiration which the circle at Oxford had received at a retreat conducted by the Bishop of Brechin,¹ who had turned their thoughts towards Leibnitz as suggesting a direction for Christian philosophy. I had been reading Lotze, and it was then that the word " Personality " became magical to us as symbolising a Christian philosophy of the future. The party met at Brighstone. The members present throughout were H. S. Holland, Robert Moberly, Bishop Mylne and myself. Illingworth joined us, I think, for the last half of the month. The order of the life was

¹ See pp. 160, 187.

already that which was adhered to in after years : 7 a.m., H.C. or Meditation ; 8 a.m., breakfast ; silence and study till after the midday Office and lunch at 1 ; then an afternoon walk ; tea at 4.30, and a discussion of some selected book. I remember none of the Brighstone discussions, but I remember some of the sermons in the parish church (the party had charge of the parish) and walks on the downs with the island spread out in the midst of a sea of burnished steel under the cloudless August sky, and moonlight bathes, and an atmosphere that seemed to mean that the romance of St. David's had found its way to Brighstone.

The party became an annual institution. I remember two meetings at Peasemore, two at Hoar Cross, and one at Mullion. The party was joined at various times by Bishop Gore, Arthur Lyttelton, Dr. Lock, J. H. Maude, and Dr. Talbot. Sometimes its numbers shrank. At Mullion it consisted only of Robert Moberly, Maude and myself. One year, I believe, it consisted of Scott Holland alone. How far it helped towards the growth in the mind of one of its members of the ideal realised in the Community of the Resurrection, I cannot say. How far it might claim to be continuous with the *Lux Mundi* party was always matter of dispute. Moberly, while he allowed a connection between the two, used always to maintain that the source of the *Lux Mundi* party was in the gathering of friends and spiritual forces of which Dr. Talbot, then Warden of Keble, was the centre. Illingworth himself always maintained the continuity, and regarded the Holy Party as one with the *Lux Mundi* party, continued ever since in the annual meetings at Longworth, in which I have had the happiness to join. All these he felt to be one continuous realisation of our dream of the old days, when we bathed and climbed and argued and lived and loved, and Carn Llidi and the cliffs and the arches of the cathedral that were built from their stones were all alike the home of our loves and hopes and dreams. Of our days at Keble together (1875-1881) his letters speak. I have a vivid memory of

the first year and of his little room at Keble, where Edward Ottley passed almost as much of his time as in his own rooms up above, and of J. R. I. and Ottley sharing the big armchair, one sitting on the seat and one on the arm, and of long midnight talks on the philosophy or the theology of the Incarnation; and many memories of the annual Easter reading parties at St. David's, in which chosen members of generation after generation of Keble men were drawn into the magic circle of his friends. To them, as to us, though with a different meaning, "St. David's" stands for a lifelong inspiration. But more than the glory of cliff and sea, and the reckless climbs and matchless bathes, it was he who made our fellowship and our life the magical joy that in memory it remains.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

14, POWIS ROAD, BRIGHTON.

MY DEAR FASS,

I assume that you are still in London, and will get this therefore. It was to have been metaphysical to an extent which would have delighted your heart—but I am tired to-night, and so only remember the results and not the processes. I have written a few lines of introduction to *Evol*: and *Teleol*: and now given it up altogether—for Janet, and Zeller have both published monographs on it just now, and Vacherot has also written on it in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

I like Vacherot—I am coming to think more of Hegel. I mean to learn German. I think a judicious mixture of Scotus and Schopenhauer is *the true creed*. (But I must do the mixing.) I propose to write an article for the *Church Quarterly* on "Scotus and Modern Thought." The great point is that Scotus was a *realist*, and yet made *will* everything (cf. Schopenhauer). "I think all thoughtful ritualists are on the road to Romanism or Pantheism, according as the sacerdotal or the sacramental elements are uppermost in their minds," or do you think "All ritualists are either Papists, or Pantheists, according

as they are more political, or more philosophical " sounds better? This day week I am going to take Layard to the National Gallery. If in town you may come too. Then we go to Windsor, and to Oxford on Monday.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

March 19, 1875.

I am going to write you a line spontaneously: isn't that a wonder? But solitude will work wonders upon one. I am here, and have been here for the last few days, recovering or trying to recover from the customary collapse of the end of term (only with rather aggravated symptoms this time), and on Monday start for St. David's, or Tuesday. It is useless regretting that you can't be there, but still it would be jolly. As it is, Chirk and I and the Cox—and a stranger who has never known "David" will make the party. So we shall need a great many letters from you while there; besides you know the general, apart from the special, importance of a letter at "David." I have foolishly not brought your last away with me, and can't remember what it said about coming to Oxford, or the time of your Vac.: you named a time, and I have forgotten it.

If you have anything philosophical on hand, brood over it and smoke over it, and mature it. Particularly the *philosophical outworks* must be your business. There is too much tendency on the part of some of our friends to rush straight to the theological centre—and ignore altogether the fact that you can't begin in the middle. And I seem to need your support therefore more than ever, in the other work. (I think one might see one's way to a *logic* in the not-very-far-off-ness, I mean the manual.)

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

KEBLE COLLEGE,
Lent Term, 1875.

It is just going to strike a quarter past *two a.m.*, and so I have time to send you a line. One reason

for such preternatural activity on my part, is that I have just read my paper, and a very interesting discussion followed. (The interlocutors were Holland, Mylne, Copleston, and the Warden—and all except Copleston seemed quite at one with me.) Altogether it was very consolatory and hopeful. You shall have it in time, but I have promised it in Oxford first, because I want to get it read, while it is fresh in people's minds.

I am sorry to say I was unable to see Mackenzie¹ when he was up; being much bothered at the time by things which I need not now go into at length. He should *certainly* do essays regularly, and read good strong stimulating English; but of course not neglecting scholarship at the same time. I have not the faintest hesitation in saying this. I am thinking of *St. David's*, and *Chirk* will come. It is the place for Easter.

Give my love to your colleague McKenzie.² I am intensely glad you are together, for amongst other things it will make one letter do for *two*.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

ST. DAVID'S,

Easter Day, 1875.

I must send you a line of answer to yours, which I found awaiting me. St. David's is little changed, except that its Bishop occupies his throne in his own cathedral—and the brotherhood sadly needs you to give it a "Prælectio in Metaphysic" every afternoon. (We have settled that part of the habit shall be a white hood, of the shape of a towel, worn over the shoulders.) Chirk is very dear, and a true St. Davidite, in a far higher sense than I can be. He has certainly helped one in spending the last few days of Holy Week, which we have been here.

Have I ever mentioned to you Holland's "Holy

¹ This was R. J. Mackenzie, afterwards Rector of the Edinburgh Academy. He had just been elected scholar of K. C.

² H. W. McKenzie, then assistant master at Loretto, since head-master of Uppingham.

Party " as he calls it? I must talk to you about it when you come to Oxford, where, by the bye, both the papers you want are, so-I can't send them till I get back.

Do you remember our criticism on Holman Hunt's last picture—how he had caught the passage of the physical into the spiritual—in the expression; I think the Word " I thirst " is well expressed by it. Chirk and I spent the three hours in the dear old cathedral, as we did two years ago, I am glad to say. But goodbye for to-night, and God bless your Easter.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

THE PALACE, LICHFIELD,
Trinity, 1875.

One line from an exam.-wearied hand to tell you and McKenzie (my McKenzie, not yours) that my ordination is to be at last on Sunday next, I hope. When I have said this, and add that I have just emerged from three days' paper work and a *viva-voce*—you will not wonder at my not being in the most writing condition possible—the more so as I have several things to write to different people.

So remember me, dear Fass, on Sunday, and ask the same of McKenzie, with love to whom,
Ever your affect.

J. R. I.

*To be read privately in recreation time*¹

ZERMATT, 1875.

It's about time I wrote to you for some reasons, but chiefly because I never saw you in Edinburgh. But the second time I passed through it headlong and by dead of night. Then because you're on the Holy Party and I'm not. Thirdly, because you ought to be here. I have just come down from a glorious view at the foot of the Matterhorn—and sometimes want some one to talk to. I mean talk gibberish

¹ This was the first Holy Party at Brighstone, which he joined later (August 1875).

and nonsense to. It has repented me many a time that I came out here—I have felt so utterly unequal to it this year, and far more than ever before, and have made all sorts of good resolves, if I live, never to set foot out of my native land again—but they were resolve in my hours of weakness. Still it is a question whether one needs this process of complete animalisation, on the score of health—to cram yourself with fresh air all day, in order that you may be able to cram yourself with food in the evening (as I hope to do presently) and then sleep. There is something so cold-blooded about the process of deliberately indulging unlimited selfishness on the score of health. It implies (the smell of dinner has just reached me!) such a tremendous estimate of your health and what you mean to do with it when you've got it. Altogether I'm penitent, and would like to be on the Holy Party: (But don't tell the holy partyites) selfishness grows! Fass—grows apace, and then the wakings up of weakness in the night, when you think suddenly it is all over, and review in the five minutes yet left, the accumulated sum of nothingnesses—and yet it's all the heresy of works:

“ Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in dying.”

Have you read the *Unseen Universe*? There is plenty in it to provoke ridicule—more to provoke criticism. Its logic is infantine, and its theology sub-infantine—but it contains things to be read, marked and digested, and reproduced otherwise, on the ultimate character of matter, and its essentially ideal nature. . . .

A day's interval, and I am very cross because it's cold, and I am bilious, and so I won't write any more. I expect to be back (at least I hope so) in about ten days, and am still disposed to think about the tail end of the Holy Party (private), but I don't know. Understand this as it was written in the cold stupidity of over-exercise, and don't judge me hardly. I send a line by the same post to Mylne written later to say I shall hope to turn up on the 14th.

The letter given below alludes to the death of Reginald Winter of Keble College. In forwarding it the Rev. G. B. Vaux, a Corpus friend of J. R. I.'s, says :

I have good reason to be grateful to him and to venerate his memory. A walk and talk with him was better than many lectures. The elder served the younger. And after I went down we were drawn together by each of us being ordained deacon by Bishop George Selwyn, he at the Lent ordination at Lichfield, and I at the following Trinity ordination. . . . The letter I enclose was written before my ordination, and, as you see from the p.c., posted after it (wasn't that like him !). . . . You see how J. R. I. speaks of him [Reginald Winter] and how ready he was to learn from his pupils. This is what is so characteristic in the letter.

KEBLE COLLEGE, 1876.

I have delayed writing to you in the hope that Edward Winter would have come up by this time, but he is not coming for three or four days more, so I will not wait. The Warden has had one long letter giving what account there was of the end. It was ushered in by nearly a day, I think, of unconsciousness, ending in a peaceful sigh, with which his spirit passed. There was, I gather, therefore very little of last sayings, but all the previous conversations had been utterly calm and hopeful, and unterrified. He asked for the eighth of Romans to be read to him in his latest conscious moments, and was helped by prayers and hymns, and his mother described him afterwards as looking like a saint in an old picture (how that would have pleased him !). He had asked to be buried by our Warden, but it could not be managed. He was buried in Bradenham churchyard, also by his own request. It is only a name to me, but I must see it some day. We sent some jolly white wreaths down from here, with lilies in them, and had a celebration in chapel on the morning, which was largely attended.

I feel, like you, how hard it is to think enough of survivors, but Edward's letters have helped one, they have been so good, and his different friends in college are a bridge. But to you, alone, it must be far harder. I have often been thinking lately how much I owe you for bringing us together. We might have met otherwise, but it is more than likely we should not, and so I really think I owe mainly to you what indeed has been a help and blessing to me. Thanks for it most really, and pray for me that it may not be cast away. I shall think much of you next week at Lichfield, to which I am much bound now, and I am sure the few days' contact with its blessed bishop will be a help to you. It was so much to me. God bless you now, dear fellow, and then.

P.S.—This was written days ago, and I suddenly found it unposted in my pocket. I now enclose it with the letters, for which many thanks, and with a fragment from a sermon of Mylne's which some people in college asked him to have printed, and which I think you may like to have.

I may now add *congratulations*—on the event of the weeks past (if the sound of the word is not too secular), for I am beginning to *know* that it means new difficulties, and stronger temptations, and to hope (but it seems only hope) that it may mean new strength.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

1876.

What I have written on the back of this ¹ has the merit of simplicity and unity—and would also be the same as that used by the Missionary people, minus the missionary element—do you think it would do? It harps on knowledge ending in intuition—as I suggested the other day—and after trying various alterations I do not see my way to improving it.

Let me know what you think of this, and if it will do. Ask Holland.

THE PRAYER

Ant. Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty (they shall behold the land that is very far off).

¹ For the Holy Party, which maintained its collective identity at Oxford

V. Let me see Thy countenance, let me hear Thy voice.

R. *For sweet is Thy voice and Thy countenance is comely.*

O Lord Jesus Christ, who knowest the Father, even as Thou art known of Him, lead us onward evermore in the knowledge of Thee Who art the Truth, till at last we see Thy face, and know Thee as we are known of Thee, who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest one God for ever and ever. Amen.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

EVOLENA,

July, 1877.

To-day only have we in our solitude got hold of any Oxford news. We were prepared for receiving it by a partial chill and breakdown yesterday, and the loss of all our luggage. Consequently the sight of the two class lists (now I suppose more than a week old) was not encouraging, to phrase it mildly. I cannot help feeling somehow or other that I am not fitted for Greats teaching, and yet I don't know exactly in what point the weakness is. I suppose we must press people to coach more freely. The Mods. disgrace is a mystery to me, occurring to so many at once—but I trust it will not discourage them too much for this coming work. Jayne would, I suppose, be down upon me if I put into words some recent thoughts on the "glory of failure." Not that I have been thinking much lately—only animalizing, with the usual result of discovering that *qua* animal I am a distinct failure. But we have done nothing that would be of any interest if chronicled except meet at Chamonix and join and make great friends with and arrange to meet again—a no less famous person than Body—who is here for health and is absolutely and ideally jolly. I wish he could have stayed with us, and been something of a walking companion to Jasper,¹ who liked him much—for I find my walking powers much less than I had expected, and am consequently a very bad companion. This List will involve writing some letters, so I won't make this longer—but commend us to all your party, and just say that if any or all of them would write just a line or two to "Zinal,

¹ Jasper Holland, scholar of K. C.

Sierre, Valais," where we are going to settle, it would cheer us muchly.

1877.

I shall be in town Monday and Tuesday nights, at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, so send me a line to say where you are and what doing, and when you go to Oxford for the ordination.

My poor brother died yesterday morning—but it was one of those deaths that one cannot but look at chiefly as a release.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

HOTEL MT. CERVIN, ZERMATT,
187-.

This will be only a line—as it will hardly reach you before I do. In fact we shall probably cross in the same boat. I have delayed it in hopes of a second line from you about Cannock Chase, but as that has not arrived, I must send this without waiting for it. Your last letter, for which many thanks, curiously anticipated one of very like tenor from myself—so like that you may consider your own to be returned with a change of pronouns. In real fact—from temperament and other causes we both feel the Oxford life, I suspect, more than we quite know, and the result is that pained and jaded retirement into one's own shell, deeper and deeper as term goes on. It is like the effect of cold weather on an invalid. He feels that he must husband his resources, in a miserly manner—and then come all the jars and shocks and worries. Let us pray together and trust together for help in the coming months against it all—months which I partly crave and partly dread.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

BRIGHTON, 187-.

You know my admiration of the seven days' silence of Job's comforters—and will interpret me in the light of it. On the whole, as I have reason to think

you have had jam enough administered to you while at Oxford, I will not send you any more—indeed I could not. If you have heard anything more from Holland about your philosophy work proper, I should be glad to hear it, particularly the essay.¹

However, it is decreed, dear Fass: and I cannot now help thinking finally decreed. I don't know.

But an interlude of business—I am expecting to hear from Ottley of an appointment with Andrew Clarke,² some day this week. We might meet then and have a settlement about the future in "space" and time. But if by any chance that should not come off, we must do it by letter. What think you? Wherever it is I am rather longing for it to begin, for I do nothing here at all. There is a kind of monomaniac, who thinks he is china and would break if used. I have been rather of that kind lately, but I think I am much stronger now. (Fancy I have not tasted *tea*! since you saw me last.)

Just heard from E. B. O.³ to say to-morrow (Thursday or Friday) will probably be the day for Clarke—when I know which I will tell you. If to-morrow we might meet and discuss plans somewhere.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

ZINAL,
187-

I wrote a few lines yesterday, of which you will hear the gossip part probably, so I won't repeat it, tho' the result will be a miserable fragment, for in truth I never had a less eventful time in Switzerland. I don't mean by any means an unpleasant time as times go—only it has consisted of mild walks, picking flowers or looking up at mountains, and reading in the intervals (McLeod Campbell, Bradley, Mivart) in a way which doesn't much lend itself to description, and my companions have idio-

¹ Refers to a fellowship examination.

² One of the visits to Sir Andrew Clarke, as to his health and work at Oxford.

³ Edward Ottley, afterwards vicar of the Church of the Annunciation, Bryanston St., and Canon of Rochester.

syncretisms (except Holland [Jasper]), *e.g.* the Cox has an idiosyncrasy for much mountaineering, which is a form of sour grapes that I particularly abominate. He went over a big glacier pass the other day which I have at least three years thirsted to go over, and now never shall. We have fallen in with some mountaineering clerics, who are very delightful, mostly evangelical, but very real, tremendously real (and besides, one of them isn't at all evangelical), and they have lovely nicknames, and look in their usual dress more like "I don't quite know what." We spent last Sunday with them, and then they wandered away for a week on the mountains, and came back to spend to-day with us, wandering again to-morrow, and hoping to join us for next Sunday at Arolla. To-day we had a glorious sermon from the author of the *High Alps without Guides*, a lovely mixture of uttermost reality and mountaineering metaphors (and last Sunday the same from an aged companion who couldn't climb. He preached on fearfulness, and the other on fearlessness—but both so jollily).

The following letters are to the Rev. H. E. Trimmer :

KEBLE COLLEGE,
September 26, 1878.

Please do not ever think of apologising for troubling me on such subjects—if you think I can be of any help. And first let me say that the state of feeling which your letter describes is emphatically a right and not a wrong one—and need in no way prevent your trumpet from giving a certain sound, for the utterance of those very feelings is the sound you are called upon to give. You are familiar enough with the thought that Christian truth, in virtue of its very vitality, is and must be for ever outgrowing the clothes with which successive ages invest it—just as the secular thought of men has gone on inventing for itself more and more perfect language, as the world has advanced ; and I think if you will keep this distinction in mind, between the *truth* and its *expression*—the *spirit* and the *letter*, it will help

you. For we are living at one of those epochs when a resetting of the Truth, a restatement of it in more adequate language, has become imperatively necessary. All round us men are thirsting for such a restatement, and many and many are rejecting Christianity simply because it has never been put before them in the form in which their reason and their conscience alike demand. And every man who feels this inadequacy of the current theological statements, like yourself; much more every ordained teacher of others, as the clergy are; is, as you justly say, under a very great and serious responsibility before God to assist in the purification of the temple of our theology. The change that has to be made is like the change of the services at the Reformation, from the Latin to the Vernacular. Nor need you think it presumptuous to suppose such a change necessary. The theology of the past gains a fictitious unity for us, chiefly from our ignorance of it. The more we look into it, the more we find that it has changed its language again and again—and changed it under the guidance of that only kind of *Vox populi* which can be truly called *Vox Dei*—i.e. the gradually swelling murmur of thoughtful and earnest men, both within and without the Christian pale, claiming to correct the current teaching, because their hearts and consciences felt it to be unworthy. Now such a consensus of God-inspired feeling is beginning to make itself heard—and in a few years I believe and trust it will have reset many of the great theological truths in a language more “to be understood of the people”—and you need not fear therefore to find yourself thinking, what earnest and great men all round you have long been thinking too. Take for example the two doctrines you first mention: (1) The eternity of punishment; (2) The vicarious nature of the Atonement.

1. The truth which Christ came to reveal was the eternal antagonism between *God* and *sin* (not the sinner, mind, but the *sin*). God is love, and sin is the negation of love, and therefore God *hates* sin. And don't we ourselves do the same? Our true self

utterly loathes and hates the sins which we feel that our will has consented to. And we feel that our highest dignity consists in that loathing and that hatred; and that all our hope of progress in our life and character depends upon our retaining that horror of *sin as such*. This is an eternal truth, the antagonism between God and sin, as true now as in the middle ages, and as needful of emphasis now as then. But how did the middle ages express it, and why? *They* were freely accustomed, even the best of them, to show their dislike by *torture*, and they said "God eternally tortures sinners"—a very different thing from saying "God eternally hates sin." Now we have in the first place entirely abandoned the notion of the *pœna sensus* as so taught—and confine ourselves to the *pœna damni*, the pain of exile from God—and what ought we to believe about that?

One thing certainly I think: *i.e.* that as long as any human will, in virtue of its own strange prerogative of freedom, persists in identifying itself with that *sin*, which is the necessary opposite of God—such a soul must suffer the *pœna damni*—for they are only two statements of the same thing, and furthermore that, supposing such soul to be invested with a bodily organism of any kind whatsoever, there would seem no reason why the same law which makes *sin* the cause of physical suffering and disease here, should not continue to operate, and so in a certain sense the *pœna sensus* continue too. But still remember all along that it will be the *sin* and not the *sinner* that God hates, and when once the *will* has abandoned the sin, the sin will be destroyed and the sinner saved, and God will be all in all. There is abundant severity in such a doctrine, but nothing which we feel shocks our own sense of right and wrong. It does not pretend to solve the dark mystery, but it does place it in a light in which reasonable men may be called upon to believe it one day soluble, and so to hope. I will not go into the other doctrines you name now, as this letter has already grown long enough to try your patience, but to all of them what I said at the

beginning will apply—and though Maurice is not always conclusive, I think you may safely trust him as always pointing you in the right direction, and be sure that in no point has a single *vital truth* to be altered—only its human statement.

To the Rev. H. E. Trimmer

FALCONHURST, EDENBRIDGE,
April 5 [undated].

Don't imagine that any lack of interest in its contents has been the cause of my delay in answering your letter. For you can't think how glad I am to be able to keep up at intervals a connection with the bygone generations of Keble. Without that Oxford would be very forlorn, and I had been meaning to write to you at your priest's ordination just before I got your letter. I do feel so very strongly the importance of the clergy getting all the time for reading that they can, and especially, as you say, for some of that reading being secular—and I think that such reading will naturally divide itself into two groups. (1) Philosophy and some physical science—as bearing upon, and widening and deepening their *theological* work. (2) History and political science as bearing upon their many *social* and *practical* problems. If I were you I would keep this double division in my mind, and aim by degrees at doing a little in both regions—but still, if I may lay claim to enough knowledge of you to justify an opinion, I think the first group will be the one you will find most interest in. You cannot do better than read *Plato* (in *Jowett*, I think), and then certainly Butler's *Analogy* (not the sermons), Maurice's *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy* (especially the second volume of it, in which he approaches more to modern times). But I would combine this with some popular scientific reading according to your taste—*e.g.* one of Proctor's *Astronomical* books, or Huxley's *Lay sermons*, or Lyell's *Principles of Geology* or something of that kind, according to your taste. It gives so much more *reality* to one's theological and

philosophical work to be brought a little face to face with nature in some of its glorious scientific aspects—fills out one's meditations, and makes the words of the Creed so much more full of meaning (or of Canticles like the Benedicite). And then one cannot meet modern difficulties except by being in full sympathy with them. So many people are shaken by scientific doubts only because they don't know enough science. The more confidence and prayer one reads it with, the more glorious light it throws on all around. "Every good gift . . . cometh from above." But I shall tire you out if I run on, and I am afraid these suggestions are almost too sketchy to be of very much use—but still I hope they may have a little helpfulness for you. Remember me sometimes (dear Trimmer) in your prayers at the altar—for I need remembering.

The letter which follows, to (the Rev.) Charles Seaman, shows something of the suffering that attended him all his life.

KEBLE COLLEGE,
Monday, March 1.

MY DEAR OLD CHARLIE (for it must be the old name),—

I hardly know how to begin best; I think, on the whole, it must be egotistically, as of old, *i.e.* by self-exculpation. Never, never, did your letters reach me, either from Ammergau, or *since* (do I understand there is a pupil of yours here now? if so, please tell me who), or be sure I should have answered them. As it is, I have drifted, drifted on, at intervals waking up to wonder where you were, and whether you still remembered the days of old; and then my mother would ask at intervals, "Have you ever heard from Seaman lately?" and would then scold me for my negligence—and so it has gone on, not without hope of our meeting some day, or of our not being quite so far apart, though we did not know it—but in despair of ever renewing a correspondence, so you may imagine how rejoiced I was to see your

dear old fist again. I recognised it, and thought it scarcely could be, on the outside of the envelope. (You must forgive my handwriting, but I very often have to save time by writing during a conversation, and that is the case now.)—March 2. A day has gone, as it usually does, between my beginning and ending a letter, and I am now continuing with everything in the world looking as black as can be, and myself so depressed that I wonder how one gets on at all. I suppose it is the impetus of habit. This only by the way, and to show you that I am not very radically changed from the days of old. Ah! I do not feel much as if I were a brother to any one in the service of the Sanctuary—unless as a machine to be used and cast away—and even so a machine just unmechanical enough to frustrate its own usefulness. And yet—here in Oxford, in Keble, among friends who are, oh! so far too kind to me—and with work in philosophy and somewhat in theology, just where my interests have or should have lain—and with pupils too to care for, it is hideously wicked to write in this strain—at least to think in this strain (for writing does not make it worse, only less hypocritical), complaining ungratefully through it all of loneliness. There it is written, and so I shall leave it, and send it. But it does help one, dear friend, to have letters like yours, linking one on to things again.

I had hoped to have written something better than this, something of a history, instead of the outpourings of one's worst moment. But the very fact of this having proved itself impossible, will perhaps convey one's last few years of history best—externally passed up here—sometimes in the summer among the mountains, and then back here again, where are the kindest and best of surroundings; but internally up and down, believing in Lent, only to disbelieve at Easter, hoping on Sunday, only to despair on Monday.

I ought to be older, oughtn't I, than to write like this? Well, I won't any more then—but it is pleasant to be ungoverned where one knows it won't do any

harm. But now that we have stretched hands across the gap of years, and know each other's whereabouts, it must *never drop again*, and we must meet, some time (in August I may be in the Isle of Wight).

Ever yours as ever,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

Letters written to the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond (1879-80) just before and during a "term off" at Keble :

14, POWIS ROAD,
1879.

Yes, I'll come on Tuesday, reaching Victoria at 11.3. My high and mightiness is sadly perplexed and really wants advising, for once in a way, as to what to do for the next three months—and perhaps you can advise me for *κολοιός ποτὶ κολοιόν* and after all despite of our differences you are rather my kind of *κολοιός*.

I've nearly given you two or three outbursts upon that, particularly since I got home and fell a-brooding, but I thought I should be stronger if I stifled them—and save worrying you—yet, Fass, I don't know, it's always a questionable policy that same stifling. But I'm thinking it won't be right (as my mother is as well as ever again) to stay here very long. Even Cowleyites can only stand a few months' retreat, and I ain't a Cowleyite yet. I wish I was. I'm glad to hear, apropos of Cowley, that you're all so good—because I'm equally bad, in fact quite as bad as you are good. . . . Perhaps next Saint's Day, when you are in town, I'll see you there, as I don't mean to come to Oxford, but I should like to have a chat, and also to know what your plans for the winter are, as I haven't quite settled any yet—Dresden I think will fall thro', as Holland¹ is obliged to be back in England, and that leaves no particular reason for preferring Dresden to any other place—but I'm going to see Sanctuary² to-morrow—and may perhaps know something after that.

¹ Jasper Holland.

² C. Ll. Sanctuary.

This isn't much of a letter, Fass, to come after such an interval, but it represents my having come back a good deal stronger and more self-controlled on the whole, but not free from my periodical collapses—and also rather overstrung (a little like the end of a retreat) by the solitude here—rather more inclined than usual to worship “death” with my mind and yet shun it with my body. Pray for me, therefore, my brother, that something may be brought out of it all.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

CADENABBIA, COMO,

September 7, 1879.

It is just church-time, but as I have too bad a pain in my stomach to allow of my going, I propose to occupy the space thus vacated, by abusing you. It is too bad of you, considering that gift of the pen-gab which you have, never to have written to me, either to give an account of your Scotch doings, or to tell me why the class lists were as they were, or worst of all! not to tell me anything of the pious Peasemoreism¹ where at least I must have been daily conspicuous by my absence (who was to tell you how to pronounce your Latin, I should like to know, or what was the true view of thought in the eighteenth century?). I am just on my way down from the Engadine, in company with the Peirse family, and to stop at some middle distance between the arctic and tropical regions we have been stopping for a week on the lake of Como—which is very beautiful but rather languifying after the mountains, and are off to-morrow for two nights at Verona, then three or four at Venice (as we don't expect the weather to allow of more), and thence on to Florence, there to settle till the end of the month; when they go on to winter at Hyères and I make a new plan. Naturally the association of ideas makes me think of writing to you, if only for the sake of tantalising (though you'll probably answer that you ain't a bit tantalised by reason of the extra number of merits you have

¹ One of the Holy Parties at Peasemore.

occupied your time in storing up). I spent my last five weeks in the Engadine, which is supposed to be more tonic than any other part of Switzerland, and I must say I feel as if I had scored more by it than usual—notwithstanding the chronic loss of my temper at the sight of peaks that I could not scale—and chaplains that didn't agree with me. Many Oxford people were scattered about the Engadine. The chief loss we had was Donkin leaving us very early—not, however, before he had photographed us about once a day in all sorts of picturesquely artificial situations. (N.B. You should have seen him trying to pass the Italian "Douane" with a packet of sensitive plates which were only to be opened in a red light.) Have any new books appeared (bar one which I have on Gout and Rheumatism), and what has the August happy-family been talking about, especially Cheyne?¹ and what did any one who had read it think of Balfour's book?² I have read it with a great deal of pleasure, and it is nearly all quite true. The truth of the transcendental chapter I had to assume, as I didn't feel up to reading it again. Also how soon in the autumn may one go to Dresden, with a chance of finding occupation there—and what is a good hotel to go to? All this string of questions to be answered to the Poste Restante, Florence—as soon as ever you like. It is rather exile-like and selfish, going to all these jolly places—and by no means all jam. Make people write to me.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

BRIGHTON,
October, 1879.

As I write this, you will just about be having your first bread-and-butter pudding of the season,³ and you may be sure, therefore, I think tenderly of you. I am rather ashamed of not having answered you all this long time, but it's been a good deal from having too much to say—and so of course it's no good trying

¹ Dr. Cheyne joined one of the Holy Parties for a few days.

² *The Defence of Philosophic Doubt.*

³ Friday fare at K. C.

to say it. To begin with, it's no good talking about pictures because "Brunk never saw a Venetian."¹ Tintoret was only a man who happened by accident to live in Venice otherwise essentially holy and Florentine. But the real joy of Venice is the bathing on the Lido. I was always dragging Peirse away there, of an afternoon—that and gondolas! and mosquitoes! (You should see the Giotto's, too, at Padua.) Then again it isn't much good telling you what I've been thinking about, because I haven't been thinking about anything—except perhaps the exceeding sorrowfulness of the world.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

1879.

Thanks for your letter. I have just answered the Warden's at length—accepting your joint advice,² as he puts it very strongly—and things here have got much better. I shall join Holland, therefore, in Germany—for once away I may as well be where I can get companionship as not—but still I have qualms, Fass, and cannot help feeling for what, is all this preservation of life so carefully. I ought to bring something out of it all, after taking so much care of it. Pray that I may.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

FRAU LUDERITZ,
13, SIDONIER STRASSE,
DRESDEN,

Winter, 1879.

Here I am at last, and here I hope not to be long, so write to me as early with your plans as may be. You hold out a hope in your last that you could come somewhere, and I think that ought to be realised. Holland leaves about December 18, and

¹ An allusion to a venerable story of the criticism of an English on a German commentator on Cæsar (?) "Brunk thinks it was a square ship—I don't believe Brunk ever saw a ship!"

² Viz., to take a second term off.

thereupon I will join you anywhere in the wide world except Dresden. (Do not think me unkindly to a place you are fond of, but I do not think even you in your now regenerate state would live in Dresden. The climate + the heating of the houses is dreadful, and has pretty well crippled me with chills and rheumatism already, and the meals at the Pension compel me to break every Clarkian rule, and even so to exist with difficulty (though it is a very good pension), but the times and kind of food are hopeless—and the concerts make your head ache, unbearably. The epithets are strong, you will say, but I only wish to convey by them how unalterable is my determination to be away from it as soon as our pension is up, which will be about the date I name. (All which you may keep more or less to yourself, lest I should be thought wanting in due balance of mind.)

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

WEBER'S HOTEL, DRESDEN.

December 22, 1879.

The pen and ink are the best which Germany, your own dear Germany, can provide, and so don't grumble at the result. I have not had any letter from you forwarded from Munich, and suppose therefore that you did not write there; but I am rather ashamed of not having written earlier to tell you of my change of plan—which was consequent on your letter saying you could not come. Thereupon I thought better of the German climate and reopened negotiations with Sanctuary, with the intention of staying on here, at any rate for another fortnight from now. (N.B.—Note the change of address, which represents my permanent one, as long as I am here.) After that possibly Florence, probably England—but I am at present uncertain. Chirk is here, Skrine at Rome, Boyd of Hertford at Florence, Roscoe en route for Naples, so there are many possibilities, except that the Brenner is impassable. I think if I go to any place it will be Davos. I do so long to see the mountains in winter, and it would

tone one's moral and spiritual nature a little, if the coats of my spiritual stomach are still susceptible of tonic. I don't think I have given you, in my anxiety about plan-making, any very definite account of the impression these places have made upon me. One thing they have forced upon me very much, the intensity of the difference between Romance and Teutonic Culture—and that scarcely in Milman's direction—and so far I think a painful experience will have been of use to me when, or if, I should get back. I suppose people would call it affectation to speak of a time spent in galleries in the morning, skating in the afternoon, and operas in the evening, as one of pain—and something more than affectation if I called it sometimes unconscious pain. But Pater—or F. Benson would understand the phrase, though they might draw different corollaries from it.—But after all this was to have been a Christmas letter (why do the Germans not even include in their word for Christmas any allusion to the name of Christ? All their symbols of the time are a mixture of sentimental sensuality—very sentimental, and thoroughly sensual).

Send me a little history of the later doings at Keble, and with kindest regards to your mother and people.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

VIENNA,

January 31, 1880.

Many thanks for your last kind letter, the contents of which I had learnt first from the paper. He¹ was rather fond of me, considering how little I ever saw of him—poor fellow—and I felt sorry for the violent manner of his death. I cannot sincerely say I am sorry for anyone *being* dead now—only for their *dying*. For in the first place there must be a future somewhere among the stars; and if there were not—every advancing year is sadder than the last—and to die early is to die comparatively innocent and happy. Only there is the unfortunate, “*pour être*

¹ E. C. Rawlinson of K. C., drowned in the Cherwell, January 21, 1880.

mort il faut mourir." I am in process, as you see from this address, of following the Warden's and your advice—entirely wrong advice, but easier to follow than its opposite—and you will just have heard the most authentic information about me from Holland, he tells me. But I shall not be very long in Italy, as I want to have some little time in London and Brighton before going to St. David's, where I shall be ready to appear as nearly as possible at the beginning of the Vac. (I should have written about this before, as you asked me, but I had already commissioned Wilson to tell you so at the beginning of term), so send out appropriate cards of invitation,—and send me a post-card or ask Wilson to send me a post-card to say whether he is coming—(to Hôtel Britannia, Venice). I think the author of the *Imitation* is quite right on the effects of foreign travel. He must evidently have travelled much himself, before he wrote his book. Commend me to Common room, and tell such of them as care to know, that I still retain the *corpus sanum* which they so kindly hope may one day create for me a *mens sana*.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

14, POWIS ROAD, BRIGHTON,
1880.

" Travelling days are done," and I am here again, tho' not yet recovered from the cold, sore throat, and toothache naturally consequent upon a night journey through from Venice among frousty foreigners who would not open windows, and who consequently made it necessary for you to plunge out of a hot-house of a carriage into the cold night air, and inhale violently of the same, at every station thro' the livelong night. I hadn't time to go further than Venice, consistently with coming to St. David's (which I didn't want to miss, and to which indeed I am looking most yearningly forward), as I wanted at least a week with my people, and nearly a week in town, so I was obliged to come pretty straight back. And indeed Venice had ceased to be inviting,

being enveloped in a thicker, wetter, whiter fog than ever Oxford was—for days together. We were obliged to play billiards (our only resource) with different coloured balls, so impossible was it to draw fine distinctions in the darkness, we being chiefly a Loretto boy and me—the first specimen of Loretto I have ever really taken to, and taken to a good deal. Holland met him at Heidelberg and handed him on to me. There was an ex-Loretto master, too, who was tutoring him, I ought, perhaps, to have written before about St. David's, but there was no particular need, as you named all the necessary people; but tell the "Rat" and Peirse that they absolutely must come; tell them they both promised a year ago—which they did—solemnly. Peirse, I know, may be obliged to go North, but I think not if he's pressed, and the Rat has no pretext whatever for not coming. Just let me know early two things, that I may arrange accordingly.

1. The date of the walk over,¹ whether it is on Tuesday after term, as in that case I shall go down by the day train on Monday to Haverfordwest, sleep there, and join you in the morning.

2. Whether, on my sending you a list of them, you would mind packing about a dozen books for me, as I don't want to come up just the day term ends and do it for myself—from the natural shyness that one always feels at seeing a lot of people all of a hustle—after so long a time.

Try and prevent anybody from leaving early. They may come late if they must, but no "exeats" will be granted for leaving early—by order of the Superior, J. R. I. If by any accident Rat and Peirse should fail, one climbing character might be introduced afresh, but not more than one, I should think. I am very sorry about Johnstone, but don't you think he could be tricked into coming—Scholar² tells me he'll come about Easter.

¹ The regular programme for the party was to travel down to Haverfordwest by the night train, breakfast, and walk the sixteen miles (thirty-two hills) to St. David's.

² J. Cyril Morgan-Brown, known in these days as "Scholar Brown."

I haven't left myself space to say much else—but I think I've some gossip in store, when we get into the blessed wilderness.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

BRIGHTON, 1880.

I have written to Wilson naming my train and asking him to send me word how many will come by it, that I may order supper and beds. You had much better come by it if you can, and so get a night's rest before the walk.

Mind you order sufficient and suitable papers, as things will be interesting for the next few weeks.¹ I think a *Times* between us would not be too extravagant, and it gives things more fully.

I am longing for Monday, for I've had a sickener of sinful cities, and am proportionately sinful, and there is absolving power in the winds and waves. With love to the brethren.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

1880.

From my heart and soul I congratulate you, on your happiness, and your good fortune, for you will find it will make you stronger and bigger all round. I thought I would just write at once to say so without waiting till I could make a letter, which I can't do at present, as I owe several business ones. They have made me open the Lincoln's Inn idea, though I cannot help hoping it is too late, as I do it against my own soberer judgment, and I think I may say I have never yet acted on external advice against my convictions without finding it mistaken. But it must be settled one way or another by now, and it would be pleasant to be out of reach of further complicity in those disastrous class lists. Poor Mackenzie, who was with me, was evidently much disappointed, and I myself was rather so about Wilson, as I think he was worth more. I expect him to join me to-day, and Ritchie is here.

¹ The time of the 1880 election.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

ST. DAVID'S,
Easter, 1881.

I should have written before, but waited to hear from you in what stage things were, having in truth, despite your base insinuations, thought more of your plan-making than of my own. Meanwhile our chief local interest is a "ferry important wreck, indeed," on the N. side of the Head. We go every afternoon and watch the progress of its decomposition. The bills are just coming in, and I'm in such a funk about them.¹ Love to Scholar.

The writer of the following note on the early days at Keble College is Mr. J. Cyril Morgan Brown, the "Scholar Brown" of the letters, the first Keble man to get a first in Greats, a fact which the letters do not record, though they speak sadly of the failures.

It is not easy to look back forty years and judge clearly of events that happened so long ago. They have become blurred and hazy, and the mists of years have softened and confused their outlines. But to a Keble man who looks back to those far-off days one memory at least remains vivid—the memory of "Mr. I." To call him by any other name than that by which he was known and loved is impossible, and the universal use of the nickname was in itself a proof that he had found his way to the heart of every man in college. For this was the first thing that struck the new comer—the mixture of affection and respect with which *everyone* regarded him. All the sets, or cliques, or coteries, differ as they might on this subject or on that, were united in this. It was a little puzzling, to begin with. The first clue was given by his sermons, so original in thought, so lofty in style, so securely founded on the basic truths of religion, and yet so clear, so exquisitely phrased, that every listener was touched and swayed. Here

¹ The party this year was deprived of its usual "Bursar."

was a man who spake as one having authority, and whose appeal seemed to go directly to each individual hearer. And then there was his unvarying courtesy, and his incommunicable charm of manner. There never was a more perfect "gentleman" than Mr. I. Again, though his health increasingly prevented him from taking much part in athletic pursuits, he did what he could. He was known in college as a keen fives player, and to a smaller circle as a dexterous and fearless climber, and his interest in the successes of the college was unflagging and unfeigned. Lastly—though here I am conscious of being on dangerous ground—there was a strong feeling in college that Mr. I. was himself a bit of a rebel, and that infractions of rules and regulations were regarded by him with a somewhat lenient eye. Looking back over all these years, and trying to disentangle what Mr. I. meant to the undergraduate, and why he meant what he did, I find the answer to be: "We all felt that he was a saint, but a courteous, kindly, human saint, and loved him accordingly."

Those who were privileged to pass under his teaching found a lecturer to whom the problems of philosophy were living and instant facts bearing immediately on life and conduct, and no mere resurrection of riddles

*"Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
Worked on the bone of a lie."*

This, and the unrivalled clarity of exposition which was peculiarly his, made his lectures an absolute joy.

In writing these few words I have tried to put myself back into the position of the average undergraduate, who knew so much of Mr. I. and no more. Of what he was to those, and they were many, who were admitted into the circle of his intimate friends, I do not feel called upon to write.

The following are some reminiscences of Dr. C. J. Abraham, Bishop of Derby :

Go back forty years, and say, so that others may see clearly, what "Mr. I." meant to you then—you, a

healthy Philistine looking out on Oxford for the first time ! ” One has tried again and again, and only torn up the paper as hopelessly false and inadequate. Still the order is repeated. It’s not my fault if the impressions are not quite worth while, for the eye only sees what it brings with it the power of seeing, and the eye was mostly lacking, but did catch a glint and a gleam at times.

A spare figure, in gown of a type hitherto unknown, somewhat French or Cavalier, with trim rather pointed beard rich brown in tint, grave and austere, with eyes downcast at times but seeing everything, and lit by a sudden smile, crossing the quad with Jasper Holland purring softly at his side.

His lecture-room on a dull October morning—St. John’s Gospel—a freshman with a new black note-book, accustomed to questions on the Greek of Pauline epistles, met a new thing in his experience, and found himself behind a veil—the deep quiet of a murmured prayer; then for an hour out of a low armchair in a rather dark corner behind came the thrill of his voice, the sense of a Presence, truth very simple seen, conveyed, light that had shone and illumined Life. The Logos meant something then, meant everything—even the freshman felt that it did. It was all so near, quick and immediate. Later on one knew what “Mysticism” meant; it was already a familiar experience in *him*—all so natural, and on earth, gracious and warm and loving, but coming from far, and with the reverence and awe of the spirit world all about him. One learnt, too, what the human name of Jesus might bring with it in the sound. I forget how long the prologue of the Gospel lasted; it was quite a long time, and one was not the least anxious to get beyond it. For a year—and then this stopped, and for the rest of Oxford time did not return. It seemed a pity that one had it only as a freshman, but it was not really so, it was a golden thread—none the worse because one felt it all rather than understood. The black note-book is all that remains of Oxford lecture-rooms to-day, and

“ Mr. I ” is always linked with St. John in my mind. I may be wrong and it may be only a fancy, but in spite of the real grip of his tense argument, and the grace and beauty of his lucid luminous discourse and exposition and illustration, I have always thought that those short simple sentences, vision succeeding vision as it were, were the form of human language that appealed most deeply to him, to which he was most akin. It made him restless in his chair if the hush of quiet was ever broken in this hour.

“ Mr. I. is going to preach ”—I am sure it cost him much, though I never knew him well enough to ask—only I know that there were certain famous places he would never preach in again ; he depended on his listeners, though it mattered nothing if they were few. But his sermons in Chapel stand apart in the memories of a lifetime. Here again there was the French air about him, I think, though I know little of them—Lacordaire or such-like, delicate, courtly, restrained, simple, the touch of a spiritual physician, sometimes surgeon who probed deep. He seemed to me to come out of another age in his spirit, and all the while the matter belonged to to-day, wholly kindred to his age and time. You only have to read one of his sermons to know how closely knit the thought is ; try to analyse or compress them—it cannot be done ; but at the moment they were wholly direct, spontaneous, coming out of his heart full of the wonder and pity of man’s life—*Cor ad cor loquitur* was as true of him as of Newman. He was dealing with life in its sensitive centres, not with knowledge or doctrine or feelings as such—but very tenderly with some, very fiercely with other, but out of an inner tenderness always. And some phrases have lingered in memory and never leave one, and have rung true ever since. Turn the pages of one or two volumes, and all that I heard are there, and they bring back the vision of his face and manner—out of the quiet sheath leaped the sword of the spirit, all utterly real, but with a reality which seemed to belong to the South, and not our cold Northern world.

Yet he was English of the English in mind and nature. Once I remember he gave some teaching in evenings in Lent on habits of devotion. I never heard him speak after Oxford days.

“ Say about taking an essay to him,” says a kind suggestive friend—I can’t for the life of me. I forget all about it, and that means that he must have been very forbearing and patient, I am sure, for in those days one soon began to move with assurance and importance “ in worlds unrealized,” and it must have been very trying, but he always kept his gravity and kindly sympathy, passing his hand over his beard solemnly, as the shapeless mass of ill-considered, invertebrate stuff was poured out . . . and then he would talk about the real idea as if you had been dealing with it all the time, and liked to hear what went on in the essay club—and whether anything memorable had fallen from the pundits on “ Some aspects of truth.” To a mind so deep and clear, the ideas which masqueraded as thoughts must have been amusing—but there was never a caustic comment, and always infinite trouble to help you to see. I remember his saying once that no reward for labour equalled the gleam in a passman’s eye when he really did get hold of something that had never gone home before. It was always clear enough as Mr. I. made you see it! no fumbling or talking round anything, but always so simple and plain that you felt you had been rather a person of insight. Often it got hazy afterwards, somehow, but something remained as a possession generally. “ I should have thought the facts might have taught you that: aren’t they God’s silent commentary on moral questions?” “ All sin really comes from lack of imagination—doesn’t it, if English people could only grasp what imagination is.” “ If you can only get your theory right, it’s the only thing that can work out in practice.” “ Isn’t all true religion mysticism?”

The Philistine was much puzzled at the books and pictures that he loved; they were for the most part not of the furniture of his school mind, but it did

not take long to get real interest in them and he still thinks that in the main there is nothing to equal them for daily bread for strength and wholesome refreshment. There were depths he could not plumb, but at any rate it wasn't an affected interest, and it grew. Many of the books were not well-known ones. I bought a copy of one he was keen about at the time, and alas, have lost it. I remember his showing me a sentence that caught him: "The tragedy of life lies in the conflict of duties."

One summer he let me come with him to Switzerland, my first venture abroad. The buying of just the right boots and his ice axe—it hangs now in my study. There were six of us, and only two are left. We went through Ghent and Cologne, and his twinkle of amusement remains with me, at Harry Drew's calling him back to look at a Belgian cart with a dog in the shafts, and to watch a man coming along in sabots. Many other pictures too, mostly centring in Zinal, Zermatt and Arolla—very different places then—Zinal he loved best, always in a hurry to get out of the Rhône valley; the joy of the climbs, very modest ones, but new to all but him, in Lo Besso and Col de Zinal and Grand Cornier Pass. The cheery little guide, with his proverbial wisdom on the walk; the night in the hut, and dance in the cold dawn outside next morning, as the rose of dawn flushed peak after peak after the greenish deathly hue of the snow—Wilson of course in bursting spirits; "Mr. I.'s" twinkle again as Drew implored him not to make such a fool of himself as some one might see him—above the 10,000 ft. limit! Climbing was a real joy to "Mr. I.", especially on the rock free from snow. He came to himself in that air, and loved the whole science, and adventure of it—most of all he loved planning and changing plans of travel, and got all the fun and interest out of the places we didn't go to as well as those we did. Saas Fee and Mattmark gave us almost as much pleasure as if we had been there—and I never saw them till the fateful July 1914. He got more fun out of Wilson than anybody, delighting in his humour, his grumpiness, his dramatic power,

his profound silent melancholy, his personal charm and ability, his great direct personality—his rages dissolving into shouts of laughter at himself—his nicknames and catch phrases.

Easter at St. David's with him was always a joy. It was really a reading party there, and most of the day was work, but he had long known and loved the cathedral, and the Dean whose life-work was in its stones; and there was the morning bathe in that bright sea off the steep cliffs, and the two hours' climb of infinite variety in the afternoon—here on the good hard rock he was in his right medium for climbing, and every bit of rock face had its legend and its name. There was a rigid ritual that had to be observed in approaching St. David's: sleep at the Salutation and walk out the seventeen miles; only once, at Solva, does the road leave the highland, and you are looking down at last upon the beautiful group of Cathedral, St. Mary's College and the Palace, before you are aware that you are near the city, so sheltered is it from the long wind-swept, treeless country you had tramped along all day—at times on the broad grass-grown walls. Once we saw a mighty storm together from the south-west, rolling in upon St. David's Head—the biggest waves I ever saw from the land. But mostly the memories of him are on the rock face extended, and with a theory about the right next foothold; or in the bare house, round a cosy fire after supper, watching "Duke" in his dreams; or listening to Wigan's prattle on how much more he would have to read every hour than he had yet been able to accomplish if he was to get through his books for Greats once in time.

Seldom did I see him after Oxford days, but the thought of him somehow was never very far away, and to have known him and learnt from him one of the blessed things of a life that has been much blessed.

In the year 1882, at the suggestion of Mrs. H. Drew (then Miss Mary Gladstone), John Illingworth pub-

lished the volume of *Sermons preached in a College Chapel*, and he always said that in the appendix to this volume was to be found the germ of all his after books—that he was in fact only writing out what was already foreshadowed there.

It became increasingly clear, to his friends and to himself, that, as the *Oxford Journal* put it, “unfortunately his work and his health did not agree,” and it was felt that he must give up his lectures and leave Oxford, if he wished to do any further work in the world. He accepted, therefore, from Jesus College the living of Longworth, and at the same time, June 1883, became engaged to Miss Agnes Louisa Gutteses, who was then a nurse at the Acland Home, Oxford. In Longworth he spent the whole of the rest of his life.

The following letters to Miss Gutteses show something of what went before the dual event, and of the spirit in which he entered on his new duties. The letter from the then Warden of Keble gives some idea of what was required of her in the matter.

To A. L. G.

WESTMINSTER ARMS, WEST MALVERN,
Sunday, 1883,

DEAR NURSE GUTTERES,

It *was* good of you to write, for my last was such a horrid letter, and I had been meaning always to write another, but never feeling well enough. The fact was, when I wrote it I was in one of those tired states that you wot of, and could hardly think. And so I went to the Home at last, and so I got well again (as my being able already to write this testifies). It was just long and intense sleeplessness, and if I had gone sooner it would have been better. You have *one* thing to congratulate me on—*i.e.* the prospect of some work—for I have accepted the living of Longworth, in Berks. It is a long neglected parish, on high

and dry ground, about nine miles from Oxford, so that it offers a hope of work, of health for it, and of making my ties with Oxford permanent. It weighs anxiously on my mind, and I will ask your prayers for it. I expect to be settled there about July, with a Keble friend for curate. . . .

To A. L. G.

MALVERN,

June 18, 1883.

I must send you a few lines of answer to your letter, to say how intensely welcome it was, and how it cheered me. For I am looking forward with much fear and trembling to my new work. Country parishes are supposed to be easy work, but I don't feel as if it would be so, after what I am told has been forty years' neglect, and souls are souls whether in town or country, so you can imagine what a help it will be to remember that one's work is being prayed for. I shouldn't trouble myself, if I were you, about my plans for next year. My experience is that what we expect *never happens*, but that quite another purpose than ours is ceaselessly working itself out through our actions—an old enough truth, but one that takes time before we are sufficiently convinced of it in our own case, to say with *confidence* (it's easy enough to say in cowardice) "Thy will be done." But I didn't start to write a sermon. . . . I leave here to-day, *ever so much better*, to be instituted by the Bishop, but I don't suppose I shall be settled in Longworth till the end of July.

To A. L. G.

ADDRESS, c/o THE WARDEN OF KEBLE COLLEGE,

Sunday, June 24, 1883.

I write this, because I don't see any chance of saying it—and I trust to your intuition to see in it the cause of the hampering of all my recent letters. It is—I must write it straight—to say I have long been loving you with my whole heart, and to ask if

you will share my life and work. . . . I know (and that is why I shrink) the work I am asking you to give up, but surely it will be for a kindred work, and not a less real one; and if that is anything, I know that you can give a power and hope and usefulness to my life that others cannot. I don't like to say much of myself, but at least I know this, that *if* there is any work in me, you can bring out the last fragment of it, as you would feel if you knew how much your letters help me now. There—it is too big and solemn a thing to me, and I feel too much hangs on it to write a long letter, but meeting you like that to-day, without being able to say anything, made it too painful to bear in silence any longer.

To A. L. G.

June 25, 1883.

Could you meet me, say, just beyond the G.W.R. station by St. Frideswide's, and spare time for a walk and talk?

From the Warden of Keble to Miss Gutteres

July 2, 1883.

DEAR MISS GUTTERES,

Mr. Illingworth is a friend in so special and close a sense, and with so many associations as to himself and others connected with our friendship, that I cannot help writing a few lines to the lady who is to be such a friend's wife to thank her, and to wish her well.

You have indeed given yourself to one to whom God has given rare endowments of mind and soul; accompanied as such endowments sometimes are by much more than a common burthen.

I do not know that I have ever met any one in whom one saw more illustration of the law that the gift of special power of intellect and insight is accompanied and even conditioned by special capacities of suffering.

To help him to bear that weight, or rather to take

it half away by the sympathy of love, and to bring those powers to the full fruit in his Master's service which he so earnestly desires, is indeed a great and noble task. May God help you with His own grace.

I cannot say how much Mr. Illingworth might not do in ways and kinds where so much cries and calls to be done and so comparatively few are both able and willing to do it. He has the gifts of a master, or as one would rather say of a true servant.

There have been weary years of anxiety and doubt, while it has seemed that he was not gaining strength physical and mental, and the future was undiscernable.

Now the way seems open : and the light bright upon the forward path. I cannot say what gladness, what deep thankful pleasure, it will be to see him, by your help, walking in it, with increasing power.

Perhaps I have written more solemnly than is wont on such a matter : but you will not I think blame that ; it is the measure of the warmth of my feeling.

I will only add the hope that you will allow my wife and myself to look upon you henceforward with a share of the friendship which has bound us so long to " Mr. I."

Believe me, dear Miss Gutteres,

Yrs. very truly,

E. S. TALBOT.

From J. R. I. to A. L. G., who had been for a day's Retreat at Holywell, Oxford, before going to her home in Devonshire to prepare for her marriage.

July, 1883.

Thank you so for this morning's letter. I tried to be with you much yesterday, and had a long conversation with you which you shall have when we meet on what I want your love for me to be, and mine for you. I shall want you to have that holy, quieting influence that you had long since, to control me, as you did then, and rest me, till my excitability and weariness are gone, if God in His mercy so grant.

You can do it, for you did it then. For I think it will take long to quiet the sort of restless fever and solitariness in which I have been for months. Indeed I much think it may be necessary to stay in England, rather than endure the rush of railways. We will see when we meet. . . . God bless you, dearest. I believe that my health and power for work will be given to your prayers.

To A. L. G.

July, 1883.

I must inflict one more line upon you to say that at last a good night's rest has modified many of the gloomy anticipations of yesterday's letter, and I am off in an hour or two to Malvern, where my curate joins me, to take care of me for two days, and to work off Longworth business letters for me. If there *is* a thing I like, it's to get someone else to write my letters for me, so take care! . . . You see, I'm as childish as Hans Andersen, who, "when he had a pain, prayed the good God to take him away, but when the pain went, thought he'd like to live a little longer." With which anecdote typical of my character I'll say good-bye.

P.S.—Since writing this I've just got your lucky reminder about the banns! which I am told is true, so shall I come on *Friday*, or would you prefer Saturday?

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

NYMET ROWLAND RECTORY, NORTH DEVON,

July 20, 1883.

Our communications are few and far apart, but once it was not so, and I can't help a line therefore, in memory of a similar one from you long ago—to tell you that I hope to be married next month—on the eve of becoming the country parson of Longworth in Berks (about eight miles from Oxford). Her name is Gutteres, and her home here, but it can only be a name to you at present. In one thing I am going to be faithful. I am going to get a week or so at St. David's.

John Illingworth's affianced wife had been brought up in her father's country rectory till she was nineteen, and had looked forward to entering the Community of St. Mary the Virgin at Wantage, after her time as a nurse was ended : he having also, strangely enough, at one time imagined himself as entering the noviciate at Cowley. But another vocation was ready for her, and at twenty-three she entered it. They were married on August 2, 1883, in her father's parish church at Nymet Rowland, North Devon, communicating together and with all the family first at 8 o'clock. From there they went for their honeymoon to St. David's in Wales, the scene of so many of the old reading parties. There, wandering over the rocks and over the ruins of the cathedral and Bishop's Palace, John Illingworth loved to recall the old memories, and to tell of Good Fridays spent by "Holy Parties" when they would be shut into the cathedral, and spend the Three Hours in silence behind the massive screen ; or of lighter times, when men who are now dignitaries of the Church, climbed over the mantelpiece and round the walls of Bryn-y-garn, their lodging-place, or took midnight bathes on New Year's Eve, in the rocky pools, or jumped perilous clefts, or in other ways dear to youth endangered their lives—such leaps and climbs for ever after, to them, bearing the name of the daring one who ventured it. So that his wife was shown "Chuckle's Leap," "Chirk's Bathe," "Bangy's Bound," "Wigan's Wriggle," etc., under which endearing titles we hide the better-known names of those who bear them.

To the Rev. Charles Seaman

BRYN-Y-GARN, ST. DAVID'S, SOUTH WALES,
August, 1883.

It was indeed a pleasure to get your kind warm wishes, and to see your once so familiar hand again.

There is a great suggestiveness in the way a true friendship once formed may lie dormant half a life time, and rekindle at a touch—and the past live again. . . . I daresay the same notice that told you of our wedding will have shown you that I have also lapsed into the country parson—or, rather, am about to do so. Though the leaving Oxford work was a great wrench, and I don't think I shall ever be equally fitted for any other—still it was to be : and as I am settling only eight miles from Oxford, I hope still to be within hearing of its echoes. It is curious to speculate upon what paths our minds have been pursuing all these years—of all the many windings of modern thought—but I daresay we should not find ourselves very far apart, if we could meet again, for in my experience, however much minds may wander, they generally return to the lines of their youth, and in those we were never far apart.

FIRST DAYS AT LONGWORTH

“ How is it that we really come into immediate contact with the Christian creed in our own-experience at the present day ? Not primarily as a doctrine at all, but as a living and breathing and organised society of men and women all around us, whose creed is only the explanation of their actual life. And that actual life consists in the conviction of those who are sincerely living it, in the progressive communion with the Father, through fellowship in the mystical body of His Son, effected by the operation of the Holy Spirit within them. First we meet the living Christians . . . and then we learn the principle . . . that underlies their life. And so the doctrine first reaches us commended by the whole weight of the life which it visibly and palpably enables. To test the nature of this life we must not look at the multitude of its merely nominal or conventional professors, but at its noblest exemplars, those who have proved what its latent capabilities really are—the recognised saints of old, or the hidden saints of our own day. And, so tested, we recognise a life in which sin is progressively overcome, and the true energies of the soul thereby set free to find their full development ; and consequently a life in which personal individuality is not lost, but emphasised, every “ diversity of gifts ” finding its appropriate realisation. Further, the sole animating motive of this life is love—active, practical, self-sacrificing love of God and man ; fruitful, therefore, in good works for others, or, in modern language, essentially altruistic. And it is all this because it is founded on the faith that ‘ God is love ; and that whoso dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and He in Him.’ ”—J. R. I., *The Doctrine of the Trinity*, ch. xii., p. 240.

CHAPTER III

FIRST DAYS AT LONGWORTH

“ There they dwelt, with the King, for His work.”

It was a strange home-coming which awaited the bride and bridegroom at Longworth Rectory. The rector had entirely forgotten to apprise anyone of their return. So that when they drove up tired and hungry in a night in mid-September, only a caretaker was there to receive them—no food, no beds ready, no candles or soap even. The furniture all over the place in entire confusion. So that the bride's first duty was to get at those things which were necessities, make the beds, and send for such eggs and bacon as were procurable. All this to the deep disgust of the parish, who had been prepared to welcome the new rector and his wife with bells and other signs of greeting. Fortunately the Rev. W. H. Wilkins, an old Keble pupil of the rector's, was already installed at Longworth as curate, and, having been told of the state of things, he came over at once with offers of help.

Thus not very auspiciously began the time at Longworth, which comprised, as it turned out, the entire joint life of the rector and his wife. For although he was four times offered work elsewhere, it was always felt that in Longworth he had chances of health, and so of work, which would not have been

his in another place, or at any rate not in any place which was offered him.

Longworth had been, as one of the letters says, for many years a much neglected parish. When the Illingworths went there, they found a quarterly celebration of the Holy Communion only, and that at midday, and a quarterly collection at the same service. The rector immediately started a weekly Communion at 8, and daily services, and in addition a midday Communion once a month. At first there were collections only at the Communion on the first Sunday in the month (for sick and poor), and the quarterly one as before for Church expenses. But gradually the congregation asked for more, and at last there were collections every Sunday, morning and evening. And as time went on the parish gave liberally to outside objects, as well as to the various organisations in the place. On one point, in spite of continual persuasions from many quarters, the rector stood firm from first to last. He would not have a surpliced choir, and he would not have it in the chancel. He found it at the West end of the church, and at the West end it always remained. He maintained that the singing in a parish church should be congregational, and that the best chance of making it so was to have the choir at the back. And certainly the singing at Longworth *was* very congregational, a welcome contrast to many other places in this respect. This was in great part due, no doubt, to the very excellent and zealous choir, which was our pride from the first, but it is not likely that the object would have been attained had their position been altered.

The only organisations found in the place were the Coal and Clothing Clubs, started by one of the excellent curates who had from time to time worked

there, and the Sunday School, kept going, as well as the visiting, by Annie Floyd, a devoted lady who was for many years to come a pillar of the church work in Longworth. The rectory was very soon put to constant use for parochial purposes. The Mother's Meeting started early in 1884, and was held weekly in the dining-room. The register is still in existence, and some of the original members are members still (1916). Almost directly too, a weekly class was held in the rectory kitchen for any boys and young men in the village over fourteen years of age who cared to come. They painted, and played games, and learnt to draw, and do fretwork, and carving, and picture framing, and other things; and the rector would play chess with them, or come in and watch them as they worked and played, and always took the keenest interest in them. As the years went on, a Bible Class, with about twenty-seven names on the list, and an average attendance of about sixteen boys and men, was added on another evening, and old members would turn up unexpectedly, so that we often had in this way a soldier or a sailor, one of our "old boys," and very proud we felt of them. The "Sausage Supper" spoken of in some of the letters refers to the yearly festival of these classes, of which, as of the Mother's Meeting, the register of names exists for almost the whole of the thirty-two years during which they were held. Then very soon Miss Annie Floyd, of whom more will be said later, began her admirable Bible Class for women, and held it every week in the Rectory dining-room, and continued it till her death in 1904. The girls came also every week to sew and play games, and the rector looked in on them all, and raised the spirits of all when he did so.

Among the "dilapidations" was the reflooring

of the old tithe barn. It was at once seen what an admirable parish room it would make, and therefore, instead of taking up the stone floor and renewing it, the village carpenter, Bartholomew Painton, was engaged to cover it with wood and to erect a permanent platform. And so the "Rectory Barn" became the centre of the village life. Here were acted plays, ambitious and otherwise; here were given entertainments of various kinds. Dances were held, and parish parties, and school treats and "jumble" sales. Both great political parties had the loan of it for their meetings. Here also the village came for lantern services, missionary meetings, Mother's Union meetings, and later for miniature rifle shooting, carpentry classes, nursing lectures, basket making, Morris dancing, and indeed for all the various things by which village life is carried on and made interesting, cheerful and useful.

To the rectory too, from the very first, gathered the rector's old Keble friends. While they were still young they acted with the villagers, sang with them, danced with them, and often at Christmas turned out the rectory rooms and danced there, or played "dumb crambo" and other games, and always the rector would be stage-manager to the plays, and would be the keenest actor at dumb crambo, and would be the centre of all the happy party. For then and to the very end of his life he was always at heart a boy, and that in spite of "fightings and fears within, without" of no common kind. While in graver moments he would gather his guests round the fire while he read to us poems of Robert Browning's, or passages from Ruskin's works, or the bits on music to be found in Dr. H. S. Holland's books, or Dr. Newman's. He had that great gift, a most beautiful and moving voice, which was, I think,

one of the secrets of his wonderful hold on people's affections.

For many years there was no large house in the parish, and this perhaps enabled the rectory to come into closer touch of friendship with the farmers and their families than might otherwise have been the case. The rector skated with them in winter, and played tennis with them in summer, and great friends they were and good helpers in the work which was carried on—the most willing, the most delightful of helpers.

The description of a Christmas spent at Longworth Rectory, written by Dr. Holland, an American priest, which follows the letter to Mr. Richmond, and which is taken from the *Living Church* of June 20, 1891, gives some idea of how it struck an outsider.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

January 30, 1891.

I have treated your most welcome and heart-warming New Year card badly, but not so badly as you think—for I got my wife to write a letter to you asking you to come here when you came south—but this letter after a long absence came back, "Birtles" not yet being famous enough to constitute a sufficient address. But do come here and see us sometime if you can, it is really rather nice here in the spring—and you need only write and give us a day or two's notice. We are just emerging from the miseries of the frost and beginning to smile again. We had an American Hegelian¹ and writer in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* here for Christmas who would have delighted you; he woke up one's Hegelianism and left one or two things in my mind that it would be jolly to talk over with you—besides that I want to have repeated some things you said at our last meeting about personality,² as I am trying to write a few chapters upon it. To-day has been a

¹ Dr. Holland.

² See below, p. 90.

real St. David's Day—reviving all the old memories. Couldn't you intrigue to be made vicar of St. David's, and I would be your curate? With kindest regards to your wife.

Dr. Holland writes :

Longworth is twelve miles from Oxford, and they were twelve miles of dense fog through which the hedges along the road could scarcely be seen when I first drove to the rectory. . . . A stone house very large and very old, vine-clad all over with vines now leafless, and in ample grounds enclosed with high stone walls, at once both rectory and manor. It stands quite apart from the village, where dwell farm-hands and their families—a simple folk whose fathers lived here before them and whose children will keep their places after them, emigrating only to the churchyard. To these, with the families of the few farmers around, important enough to wear dress-coats when they go out to dinner, this rare genius ministers. His quaint little Norman church was built about two hundred years before there was any America in the known world, and not much America is in its known world yet. No railroads, no telegraphs, no street cars, no strain and bustle, but graves around as if to shut these things out from its quietness, or let them enter only by passing through the thought of death and being rightly judged as they pass. There I felt the *sursum corda* of the Christmas Eucharist and heard a village sermon simple as the life it spoke to and as homely. It was about homes and Christmas as the Home-day, and how Christmas might be kept all the year by making homes happy with happy tempers and mutual gifts of self-denying love. The people sat in square pews like small rooms, each family partitioned off to itself with floor privileges for the children, whose pastime no outside eye could see but the rector's, perched in his high pulpit like a hawk over the entire brood, but only like the hawk in having so high a perch. Had there been any flights in the sermon, I might have fancied the symbol of the pulpit to be that the

preacher waving his surplice sleeves like wings should seem to his people as the angel of the Everlasting Gospel flying through mid-heaven. As it was, the sermon came down, its wings spread to cover the brood and keep them from harm.

Is this the man, I wondered, who wrote *The Incarnation and Development*? Have any of these people read his essay? Do they know his greatness, except as the echo of it comes back to them from his university sermons? And yet so far as I could learn by four days' sojourn in the rectory, the preacher was as content as though he were the angel of the Gospel and Longworth his mid-heaven. He had withdrawn hither from Oxford, broken down in health, which years of rest had now mended. The country around him was beautiful, and beautiful his country home in the midst of it. Oxford, with its libraries and scholars, was within easy walking distance—only twelve miles away, a mere "airing" for an Englishman in good weather, yet far enough to keep off the annoyance and distraction of too much society, and to leave a chosen solitude for such study and meditation and slow elaborate writing as appear in that *Lux Mundi* poem of an essay with an art that conceals its art.

However, the rectory was not exactly up to its idyllic mark in Christmas week of 1890. The weather was too cold. Rural England was not a bit rural—looked like Labrador; and the houses—at least the old-fashioned, thick-walled, big-roomed house built for mildness, whether of summer or winter—could not be warmed, not even by such hospitality as my host's. So I had to look out on the tiresome pallor and try to imagine its green and gold, with nightingales in its hedges and larks in the sky, while I shivered in my overcoat and in a shawl wrapped round the overcoat; shivered over the fire, shivered while the carollers sang their Christmas carols at the door, and the mummers acted St. George and the Dragon modernised into King George and the French; shivered amid the Christmas games which my host and hostess and their company played desperately and for dear life—animal grab, dumb crambo, and

snap-dragon! My! how cold the farmers of dress-coat degree did look in their low-cut vests, and the ladies in their silks! But we rose to the occasion—rose like a *prima donna's* voice quivering, shivering up in mock warble of delight.

But when the company was gone and the house was still, and the warm-hearted lady of the house sat by the hearth and knitted, or stirred the fire, or added a fresh log from the box at hand, philosophy became the theme, then Abt Volger's music gave the shivers a genuine rhythm and dance-swing that took the chill out of them for the time.

He was a lover of Browning and of Dante, and strains from them ran through his speech. He had studied Hegel under the inspiration of Green, and knew the American Harris, and reckoned a neatly bound and almost complete set of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* among the treasures of his library. Illingworth, Aubrey Moore, Scott Holland and Gore—what a company to have been in the same university class, and together under the same master mind! And though Nettleship and Ritchie of the left wing were with them, it is not strange that Mark Pattison said: "Green's *honey* goes to the ritualistic hive."

Dr. Mackarness, Bishop of Oxford, came on March 11, 1884, and held a Confirmation in Longworth Church. He said then that he could never hold another there until the interior was made to look more seemly. Immediately, therefore, steps were taken to raise the necessary funds: and certainly a change was sadly needed. The grass of the churchyard was level with the windowsills, and in consequence the church smelt and felt like a vault, while moss and even small trees and ivy grew inside at the west end! The seats faced north, south, east, and those in the chancel west! All turned

towards the pulpit as to the centre of the church's worship. There were a few of the old oak seats left at the back, but, unfortunately, too worm-eaten to be preserved. The rest were high pews made of deal, and had been purchased from the neighbouring parish of Hinton Waldrist, when it was restored about fifty years before. One of the old seats when removed was found to have nothing but the boards between it and an open vault! The side chapel and piscina were blocked up with pews, and the beautiful arches at the west by a gallery. It is of this condition of things that Dr. Holland writes in the account given above.

In order to raise the money required, letters were sent in every direction, sales of work were held every year, and many entertainments given. The rector was quite determined not to begin the work until the necessary funds were at any rate well in sight. At length, mainly through the generosity of his personal friends, the money was collected. Then it was found that in addition to the draining, and reseating, and cleaning of the walls, the foundations were unsafe, and the building required to be underpinned, and of course this involved much extra expense, and more weary efforts to raise the money. The restoration was begun, I think, about the year 1888, and completed so far as the nave and the heating were concerned in 1897. The seats were cleared out of the chancel, and the altar raised and made to look more dignified, but no more was done to this part of the church until the American gift in 1913 enabled it to be continued. Although this was so long a time after the years of which we are now speaking, it will be more convenient to give the whole story of the restoration in one place.

The condition of the chancel had long been an

eyesore to the rector, but, having spent all the money which had been collected on the nave, there seemed to be no chance at all of its being put in order. All the funds which could be raised, had been raised, or so, at any rate, we felt. G. A. C., to whom reference is often made in the letters, came to know how very much the rector wished that the work could be done ; and at her instigation, led by Dr. Manning, rector of Holy Trinity Church, New York (who had once been to Longworth), some American churchmen—her countrymen—joined together and sent a sum sufficient to do what was imperatively called for, and a little over. This to the really immense satisfaction of the rector. The chancel walls were cleaned and pointed and repaired, and secured by buttresses. A new oak door replaced the very poor one then existing. A pulpit, copied from an old Jacobean model, and so matching the screen, was put in, and the said screen was cleaned and repaired. The very last thing done in the church before the rector died was the carving of the words " Sursum Corda " on the small blank space at the top of the screen. These particular words were placed there by his own most express desire, but he did not live to see it done—he was by that time too ill to leave his room. There is a small brass plate on the pulpit with the following inscription on it (written by Dr. Manning):

" This Pulpit with other gifts was presented to Longworth by some American churchmen as a token of their gratitude for the writings of its rector (J. R. I.) A. D. 1914. ' In one Spirit we all were baptized in one body.' "

All the Ornaments and furniture of the church are personal gifts from many different people who



APPROACH TO ST. MARY'S, LONGWORTH.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH, LONGWORTH, 1915.
From Photos by E. Bowles.

have loved it and worshipped in it. The vases, hymnboards, Bible, kneelers, and most of the hymnbooks were provided from portions of the Lent savings given by the villagers, and the proceeds of the sales of the work done by the village children during Lent.

There is, unfortunately, no photograph of the church as it was in 1883, but the one here given shows it as it was when we left it in 1915.

In the year 1893, that M. C. L. to whom so many of the letters are addressed came to live at the rectory, and to work in the parish. She lived with us for three years, and her work with that of Miss Floyd left a most indelible mark upon the place. As she came to see us every year after she left, she was able to cement the old friendships made in the village during her time there. She had a Mothers' Meeting in Southmoor, the hamlet which was her special care, and the rector used often to go and give an address there. During her stay with us, on June 15, 1893, the first "Quiet Day" was held in the parish, conducted by Dr. R. C. Moberly. People came from many miles round, numbering perhaps about twenty with those who came from the village. These were continued for something like ten years, dropped for five or six, and revived in 1912. They were always much appreciated by those who attended them.

In the year 1896, or thereabouts, the rector gave to his wife for a birthday present money sufficient to rail off the lower part of the rectory paddock as a village playground, there being no other available, and to erect there three swings, a seesaw, and some seats. It was always abundantly used, and it was a real pleasure to the rector to hear the happy voices of the children coming to him as he sat at

work, though when, as was sometimes the case, there was mixed with the voices of the children the crying of some baby, it was a greatly mitigated pleasure! It is also true that possibly not quite so many apples were garnered at the time of harvest as might have been the case had no children been near the trees before that time, but on the whole they were wonderfully well-behaved, and it was felt to have been a deed well worth the doing.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

LONGWORTH,
May 12, 1884.

Bless you for letting your thoughts revert to me in Holy Week. I think when one has fastened one's tent pegs in the desert, one yearns back more than ever to the dear days before the emigration of one and another and another began. But with all desire I don't know whether we shall be able to come and see you. I am fixed here or hereabouts till the 1st of August, then mean to get away—and have some half-crystallised engagements for Wales and Cornwall in August for a sort of joint party somewhere on the coast. But they are not so absolutely fixed yet as to prevent the possibility of getting North—only I suppose August is just about when you come away, is it not? I have let my curate have July, so I can't get away sooner. I yearn for some talk, for the last six months have brought me a great accession of vigour you will be glad to hear, and my only outlet for it is the somewhat wind-baggy one (mixed metaphor worthy of you) of preaching. (I preached away Holy Week, at All Saints', Clifton, and liked doing so much. Randall is splendid.) At Oxford they have no time since Green died to contemplate the Universal, they are all so frightfully busy in deducing the particular, whether in the form of

× is some dissenter ∴ × ought to be. . . .
or

× is some woman ∴ × ought to have a second in Mods., etc.

Let me hear between now and August whether you will still be northward then, and with kindest regards to your wife.

As the Illingworths were hardly ever separated during their married life, there are very few letters written to "A. L. I." The few that follow, and one or two more scattered through the Memoir, may be interesting for the light they throw upon his character.

To A. L. I.

G.W.R. HOTEL,
London, 1887.

It occurred to me that there might be difficulty in getting a bedroom, and that I had better secure one here, if I could. I just got their last, and it was a real piece of luck, for what do you think, it was the cause of my getting about one-twentieth of a bow from my gracious sovereign all to myself. In other words, I found myself at the starting point of the whole procession as the Queen arrived by train, and so had to pass the hotel. First there were six carriages of bosses who looked like exaggerated caricatures of the "Peers" we saw at the Savoy, in uniforms that didn't fit. (It never occurred to me before that when the officers of the household are changed with the change of government they leave their uniforms behind them for their successors, but it evidently is so.) Then the Queen, in plain black, without even a jewel of any kind showing, so that you thought at first you had made a mistake, till you observed that she was bowing to you—but the postilions and the horses, and the uniforms were magnificent! But I am wasting (?) precious sunshine, and I can't stand this pen much longer. I have done the Grosvenor thoroughly and am much pleased with it, so I haven't wasted time.

This had better be my address till I return, as I can call for letters here if I go to the Mastermans, so write here, directly you get this, also directly the doctor has seen you, to tell me what he says, and

above all things "keep your pecker up" (*anglicé* appetite). But if you are feeling very languid, get someone else to write, only I must have a letter somehow.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

December 14, 1888.

I have been meaning to write for some days to call your attention to *Seth's Hegelianism and Personality* in case you have not seen it mentioned, as I gather from the review I have seen of it that it is good, and to your point, being a strong defence of personality.

I am very glad you have got to the writing. Someone is wanted on our side to keep up the touch of abstract thinking—as circumstances seem driving most of us to one form or another of "applied" thought, and the only people who are doing the other seem to be the Greenites of the Left (Bosanquet, Bradley?). And yet we know the Greenites of the Right are the only true interpreters.

I hope our meeting¹ may be the earnest of some renewal of intercourse, for it left me full of revived memories and pleasant thoughts, and I have re-introduced *Falconhurst Patience* with much enthusiasm in consequence.

With kindest regards to your wife.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

August 5, 1893.

Venerable Fass (I gladly add the "Venerable," but cannot drop the "Fass"), I have been meaning to write for ages, to say how glad I am to hear of your Archidiaconal Functions.² Personally, I admit, the position would drive me mad—but I expect you like moving about a diocese, better than I should do—and you will become the hat splendidly. I sup-

¹ A meeting in the autumn of 1888, at which we discussed "Personality." He was contemplating writing on the subject for the Bampton.—W. J. R.

² The recipient of this letter accepted nomination to the dignity in question, though he afterwards withdrew his acceptance.

pose it will make any chance of your getting here though even less likely than ever.

We are going to St. David's next week, a party of five or six for three or four weeks—and I shall not forget you there.

We have had a lot of diphtheria and things here, now happily over, but making one rather long for a change. And oh those Bamptons! I could manage six, but eight! Ugh!

To A. L. I.

BRIGHTON,
March 20, 1895.

I have seen my mother twice, but she has been quite unconscious since Sunday, and I should think it is uncertain how long she may linger, but I suppose hardly another twenty-four hours. There is of course no pain, she is simply sleeping away. I haven't much to add, except to entreat you to be patient with yourself, and to try hard not to use your brain, as that is the only condition of getting sleep. It would be so nice if you were quite better when I got back on Saturday.

It is a little *triste*, but I am making the best of it, and am off to Chichester to-morrow.

Much love to Donna, from whom I hope to hear good news. *Do* take care of yourself.

I travelled down with R. Ottley, and commended you to his prayers.

To A. L. I.

THE DEANERY,
CHICHESTER,
Friday, 1895.

My mother passed away at 3.30 last night. The whole end has been most peaceful. I am more pressed for time than yesterday, so will add no more. I have just got two bulletins of you, and am fairly satisfied with them, but do be careful till I come back. Many anxious inquiries here after you.

To A. L. I. (*who, having stayed behind to act as secretary to the village Flower Show, when the rest started for Cornwall, was now seeking rest and refreshment in a week's solitude at Saltash*).

1895.

This is to welcome you when you arrive weary and cheerless in the land of self-imposed exile, and to remind you that you can join us any day from Saturday onwards, if the solitude grows insupportable. I hope your Bank Holiday was not as wet as ours, chiefly lest you should have caught cold with your feet on the wet grass. It was the worst day here that we have had, and broke down my otherwise admirable temper for nearly five minutes. . . . Do take care of yourself, and come on directly you are bored—which I am sure you must be in two or three days.

Thanks ever so much for that last letter, it is a pretty little letter, but I don't agree about solitude all the same.

To A. L. I.

1897.

I am so glad to think of you being so happy [at Freeland], and I think the mere being so must do you good. . . . I have settled for the Mothers to go to Wantage, and *without you*, as I am certain that is what the doctor would approve, so dismiss all further thought of it, and we will manage it for you. D. and I will come over soon, but it is difficult with these dreadful winds to fix the day. . . . D. and I had some cycling, but the wind and dust do not make it very nice, and I am trying to write, but with imperfect success. The laburnums are just coming out, and the garden is looking very pretty.

To A. L. I.

1897.

I thought you would like me to supplement my postcard by a longer line just to say that the cold

seems much better and that I am now feeling remarkably well. . . . I hope you are having an Air Retreat—in which case you oughtn't to be reading letters, so here ends.

I have thought much of you to-day, and hoped you were enjoying yourself.

To A. L. I.

August 2.

This should meet you and greet you on the morning of the 2nd with many happy returns of the day, even though you do consider separation as the happiest kind of happiness! You will know that I am thinking much of you, and will have various means at Wantage, I daresay, of enjoying yourself "in your own way." God bless you, dear one. Your letter and enclosure of yesterday were very welcome. Mrs. T.'s was a delightful little note. We have had capital weather so far, and been out, walking, climbing, or loafing on the rocks all day since we arrived. . . . Remember that if you get lonesome by Saturday week, we shall be at the Western Hotel, Penzance, for that night.

To A. L. I.

LONGWORTH,

I suppose a line from me will help the process of getting well, so here it is. The architect came, and told me I must spend £50 at once, or the wall would tumble down. So I promised it, and I'll trouble you to collect it, as you got me into the original mess.

The result of all this was that the practice¹ dragged till 7.15, and the angels caught cold! We are going to have another on Friday. There's a lot of news for one day.

And now take all care of yourself, and come back rested, there's a dear!

¹ For some village entertainment.

THE RECTOR

“ A sacramental religion has a natural influence upon the manners. For by bringing our bodies into constant connection with spiritual realities, it naturally affects their behaviour. And though this may seem to some a trivial thing to mention in our present context, it is not really so ; for behaviour has a more powerful reaction upon character than men often suppose. True, there may be great social polish upon the surface of a corrupt society, behind which a man may ‘ smile and smile and be a villain,’ hard of heart and coarse in thought ; a politeness which makes vice easier by robbing it of its grossness, and is justly therefore suspect. But Christian good manners are the converse of this : they work from within outwards, and are the external reflection of interior truth and love. And such manners are intimately connected with the reverence which gathers round a sacramental system. . . . And all this from the same high principle which led our own spiritual-minded Andrewes, in a later age, to make his ‘ postures and gestures ’ a subject of prayer ; because the bodies of Christians are living sacraments, temples of the Holy Ghost, manifestations of the indwelling Spirit of the Word made flesh.”—J. R. I., *Christian Character*, ch. viii. p. 165.

CHAPTER IV

THE RECTOR

“ In necessariis unitas :
In dubiis libertas :
In omnibus caritas.”

WHEN John Illingworth first came to Longworth, he came in entire ignorance of country life. He did not know a cabbage from a cauliflower, or a beech tree from an elm. His first sermon in a country village, as he used often laughingly to relate, preached, I think he said, to three old women and one boy, at one of the early reading parties, was on the “ complexities of modern life ! ” He did not know, and would not believe, that a less sum than 2s. 6d. was of use to anyone, and had to be protected by empty pockets from the many beggars on the road who were quite willing to share this belief ! He had really hardly ever spoken to any people of the working classes, and was exceedingly shy and nervous of them at first. But all this was soon altered. In a few years no one knew more of the country or loved it better than the rector. No one could better read the signs of coming changes of weather in the sky and in the air. The people came to consult him on most unlikely subjects, once, as I remember, on the construction of a drain-pipe. The birds would gather round him and eat the crumbs he threw them as he breakfasted in the garden. And as for diffi-

culty in talking to the people, I have often been surprised when I have been cycling with him to see how many were the greetings exchanged between himself and the workers by the roadside, not only in Longworth, but in villages for miles around. And when asked how on earth he knew all these people, he would answer, "Oh, I often meet them as I go about."

He was very unlike the sort of man who is usually thought of as a "good parish priest." But if to gain the love and trust and respect of your parishioners, and to make them love and reverence holy things is part of a parish priest's work, then John Illingworth did play the part assigned to him as a man. He was not, and never could have been an organiser. His frequent saying of such things, "Oh, I leave all that to my wife," has made the words pass into a proverb in the family of one of his friends. But in this "leaving of the serving of tables," whilst he gave himself to prayer and ministry of the Word, he was surely only following in Apostolic footsteps. He did not visit the people from house to house. But he was diligent in visiting the sick and sorrowful; and many a time I have heard the people say that a visit from the rector "did them more good than the doctor." They always spoke of him as being so gentle and as sympathising with them and understanding them.

And not a few, I am sure, would say that to him they owed their first real hold on religion, their first realisation of what the love of God might mean to them of peace and trust.

Then Sunday by Sunday he gave to his people those gems of sermons, never more than a quarter of an hour in length, and always, as one of his friends used to say, "packed up in a little parcel at the end" so that they could be carried away, of which unfortun-

ately no trace remains, except in the lives they influenced. He preached always without notes,¹ and if anything in the lessons or any person in church struck him, he would sometimes entirely alter the subject of the sermon in the middle of the service—during the hymns, one would suppose! At first these sermons cost him so dear, from sheer nervousness, that he had to go home straight from them and change everything he wore. But this was not so as he gained confidence, and found that he did not break down, and became stronger; although reference is made to this as still true in a strange church in the following letter:

To A. L. I.

THE LODGE, KING'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
Sunday, 4 p.m.

I thought you would like a line to hear that I had just got through my second event, though it was like preaching in a Turkish bath.

To A. L. I.

THE RECTORY, KETTERING,
Monday.

I have just a few minutes before my train, having spent the morning cycling *on a man's machine!* (there's a triumph). I preached last night, capably but I fear not effectually, and am feeling much better than I did at Cambridge, tho' I have seen very little of Wilson, who was much occupied, except at meals, and is now gone to Rownhams.

¹ His earlier sermons, *e.g.* those published in *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*, were also *preached* without notes or MS. They had been written, slowly with labour and pain, thought out into words, words in which the thought remained in his mind, without committing to memory. I remember one occasion when he was unusually nervous, and took the written sermon in his pocket so that he might fall back on the MS. if necessary. No one would have imagined from the delivery of the sermon that it had ever been written, but I had read it in MS., and it was preached in the words in which it had been written.—W. J. R.

However I have arranged to return here to-morrow night, in his absence, as he has a jolly curate at home, and it will be more restful than hurrying on to London.

I will write if possible to reach you on Thursday morning, and tell you how the Quiet Day goes off.

To A. L. I.

4, ALDRIDGE ROAD VILLAS,
Thursday.

I sent that P.C. yesterday, lest you should miss my letter and think I was ill or anything. The Q.D. went off all right, and I certainly felt much more capable than at Cambridge. To-day D. and I are going to meet Bernard Wilson (!) at the New Gallery, if he can bring himself up to the scratch, but his misogynism is more blatant than ever, in consequence of the marriage of all his favourite curates. And this evening Mr. Badcock has taken tickets for the Opera, to hear *Tannhauser*. Fancy that. So if I don't enjoy to-day, I certainly ought to. . . . The Synthetic Society dined at its first meeting, some in morning dress, and others in Court dress with swords. (Balfour with a sword.)

He used at first, as will be seen, to take retreats and preach away from Longworth, but it became increasingly clear, as time went on, that such things were not for him, if he was to preserve balance of mind and health of body.

To A. L. I.

? 1890.

I am rather tired, so only a card to say bless you, and keep on writing to me. I am very flourishing, and not overworked, as nobody comes to listen, so I can say what I like. Churton's an angel.

To A. L. I.

UPPER CHELSEA RECTORY.

I sent you rather a wretched scrap yesterday, but I think you would rather have a daily line of nonsense, than a long letter at the end (especially as you wouldn't be likely to get it). Five sermons are now over, and I'm very fairly fit. Things will end here on Monday morning, so that I shall probably be home before Wednesday. If I feel very tired I shall postpone Brighton and make up for the extravagance by not ever writing to you any more till I have saved ten shillings' worth of stamps! (We have spent quite one shilling by now between us!) I have managed to see two or three picture galleries in the mornings and the Japanese village, but I am very restless and don't stop long anywhere—so expect me home with a mildish sort of fever. If I don't write to-morrow, you'll know it's to save a penny, but it won't mean that you're to stop.

To A. L. I.

17, ATHOLE CRESCENT,
EDINBURGH.

1893.

I have just this moment arrived (8.30) and they are all in church, so I thought you might like to hear that the journey was over. The addresses are at one daily, that is all I know at present. By my sending this line I think it will arrive on Monday, and relieve all your anxious hearts. With love to Mabel and Donna.

Paget has been very ill. Gore has influenza for the third time. Bickersteth will take a parish mission for me.

To one of his co-missioners at Edinburgh

February 16, 1893.

DEAR MR. BUCKHAM,

I have not been forgetful of the photo that I promised to send you—but I have waited to include with it a fragmentary mental photo: which I like

better—not I trust for any vanity of authorship, but because it contains a few of the thoughts that lie nearest to one's heart, and show if not one's real self, at least what one's real self would wish to be—so I hope you will take it as a contribution to the continuance of our intercourse so pleasantly begun.

Remember me and my country solitude in your prayers. (The "Mental Photo" was a copy of *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel.*)

To A. L. I.

HOUSE OF RETREAT,
LLOYD SQUARE, W.C.

Thursday night.

There is a five minutes' pause, so I thought it would be kind just to send a line to say how grateful I have been for your letters, and that I am getting on all right. It is pretty hard work, but a good slice of it is over now—and I feel like lasting through. Don't mind this being only a scrap.

To A. L. I.

The last address and I think the last interview are over, and I have survived! Indeed I think there is more of me left than there was last year, but I shan't make this a long letter, partly because the fact that I am well is the whole of my news, partly because now that I take up my pen I begin to feel that I am pretty well played out, but not beyond the power of rest to recover. On Monday I go to Mr. Badcock, and Wilfrid Richmond will also be in town, so I may see him. . . . Give my love and gratitude to Bickersteth.

From the Bishop of Lincoln (Dr. E. King) to J. R. I.

HÔTEL AUBÉPINE,
BALLAIGUES,
SUISSE.

August 24, 1905.

MY DEAR ILLINGWORTH,

I cannot tell you how thankful I am for your kind letter, and willingness, D.V., to take our retreat next year.

It is a greater comfort and satisfaction to me than I can say.

Your teaching sums up and expresses the thought of my life in a way that I have looked for with earnest desire. It will be a matter of great gratitude for me that you should come and express it to my clergy as I could not do.

That God may continue to guide and bless you, and enable you to be a guide and blessing to others is the sincere prayer of yours sincerely and affectionately,

E. LINCOLN.

The rector had a keen sense of humour, and used often to tell us of a sick visit he paid to a very old man in the village. He had said an extempore prayer with him, as he always did, and when he got up from his knees, the sick man said in admiring tones, as his sole contribution to the office, " My, what a headpiece you have got ! "

Although he did not attend much himself to the various organisations which were carried on, yet he was always ready to help when asked, and in cases where he felt himself personally responsible, no one could be more minutely careful than he was, as to every detail being considered beforehand and that everything should be done as well as it could be done. When confirmations were held in Longworth church, for instance, it was the rector who settled exactly which seats were to be allotted to each parish, and exactly how they were to leave their seats and re-enter them. He was very fond of his confirmation candidates, rejoicing over their perseverance, grieving over their lapses.

He had always a certain aloofness about him, which made people shy of him at first, but I believe that scattered over the world there are many of his old boys and girls who cherish for him a very real

affection, and one of the last things he did, only a very little while before he died, when he could hardly bear to see anyone for more than a few minutes at a time, was to have two of our soldier boys on their way to the Front into his sick room, and before they left, he bade them kneel while he gave them his blessing. He loved our little village church, and though it is improbable that he would have himself stirred to get it restored, no one was more pleased at the change than he, nor more particular about the way in which it was done. He was always most anxious that the altar should look really imposing at the great festivals, and that everything should be done to make it, and therefore the service connected with it, the real centre of the church.

He was a most convinced Churchman : penetrated by Catholic truth ; bathed in the sacramental idea ; believing firmly in the appeal to eye as well as to ear, which was, he often said, the natural outcome of a belief in the Incarnation. No one entering Longworth Church, for instance, could for a moment doubt which of the " round of fast and festival " was then being observed. Even if, as after Miss Floyd's death did sometimes happen, the sacristan forgot to change the colours, or put out the wrong stole for baptism, or marriage, or funeral, the rector always appeared in the right one, even though it was liable to be crooked and the surplice hitched up at the back ! He always preached on a subject selected by the Church for that day, and was very particular that the hymns should have reference to the service for the day and season, and that the chants should be carefully chosen to suit and not mar the words of the psalms to which they were sung. He would never have tolerated for a moment a setting of the *Te Deum* which made two verses go

to one half of a double chant, as if it expressed only one truth, as is too often done in places where they ought to know better. On the great festivals the children used to go in procession round the church, one of the boys carrying in front a cross made by the village carpenter, and two others carrying banners, singing as they went. On Palm Sunday every child brought and carried branches of the willow, which in the country is counted to be palm, and waved them as they went. The rector rejoiced in these processions and was always very particular that there should be "palm" in the altar vases on this Sunday, as also honeysuckle (the flower of the Holy Spirit) on Whitsunday. He was very keen, too, that the church should be decorated as well as it could be for the great festivals, and would always come round and look at each person's work and encourage them by his appreciation of the trouble which they had taken. He was particular that it should be made to look bare and solemn on Good Friday, so that the contrast might be the more striking when Easter came. It might not be worth while to emphasise these points, were it not that since leaving Longworth one has found that even this very moderate conformity with the mind of the Church, as expressed in the Book of Common Prayer, is by no means as universal as one had supposed it to be.

When we first knew the village in 1883 the standard of morality was appallingly low. There were very few houses where people had married before a child was born or about to be born, and in many houses immorality was flagrant and unashamed. Illegitimate children were hardly regarded as subjects for shame at all, and penitence for such things seemed to be unknown. The girls would not stay

in their places, but were always coming back. But this side of things really did improve in time. A series of small rewards was offered to girls who kept their situations, a print dress the first year, and a black one for each succeeding one; and as years went on Longworth maids were much sought after and did exceedingly well. One was always in training at the rectory, staying there for a year and then having a place found for her. And gradually the blackest spots in the village disappeared, and women began to be ashamed if their daughters came home to be unmarried mothers, and the village lads got to be more trustworthy in their relations with the girls, though one fears that people coming to the place not knowing what went on fifteen or twenty years ago, do not even now regard morality as the strong point of the village.

In 1894 the rector asked the Rev. Cyril Bickersteth, C.R., to conduct a mission in Longworth, and Sister Dora, S.M.V.W., came to help. There were no very startling conversions as a result. Longworth is a hard place to move. But perhaps from twenty to thirty people made their confessions: the church was full for nearly every service, and a great many made their communions and made resolutions. And looking back one feels that really a great work was done. There were those who for the first time in their lives came into contact with vital religion as a fact in their own experience, and knew what it was to be conscious of sin, and of forgiveness, and of a personal relation to God. We always felt afterwards that there was a real experience to which we could appeal. And as the years went on there was a marked difference in many, not sudden, but gradual. From the Mission dated a weekly cottage meeting held in an empty cottage in the village and con-

tinued till the dearth of houses made it imperative to give it up, and a boys' Bible class at the rectory took its place. The rector used to take one or more of the meetings every season, and glad indeed we were to welcome him, and he frequently took the Bible classes. He also gave several courses of Church history lectures, some with lantern slides and some without. He had a most disconcerting way when lecturing with a lantern, of walking to and fro in front of the picture, quite oblivious of the fact that he was not exactly transparent! He was a first-rate lecturer, as indeed after his experience at Oxford he should have been. Many friends came to give addresses at the cottage meetings, Sister Dora and Mrs. Raikes, wife of the Vicar of Marcham, more frequently than most. Prayers were said for many things which we felt came under the head of "daily bread," and we all came to believe most heartily in the certainty of the answers to prayers offered "at the meeting." Money for the heating of the church was given, and cottages were built and houses found, in answer we all felt sure to the prayers of the two or three gathered together and asking "in His Name." The sick and sorrowful were prayed for by name, and more than once the conductor was interrupted by one or other of the women saying, while still on their knees, "You've forgot ——" whoever it might be who had been forgotten. They were happy times; some of the happiest memories of many happy years are connected with them.

And yearly on Ascension Day, by the Sisters' invitation, we went off in two or three vans and spent a delightful day at the Sisterhood at Wantage, going to the morning service and children's service at the parish church, and returning in time for Evensong at Longworth, spending the rest of the

day with great merriment in the Sisterhood gardens, and going home provided by their kindness with most lovely peppermint cushions which imparted a fine aroma to the drive. The rector always saw us off rather sadly in view of his lonely day, and welcomed us back with delight. Whatever other day might not be known beforehand, Ascension Day was never forgotten in Longworth! Some of the letters given below refer to these festivals.

In the year 1912 two men from the village, one a gardener, the other an agricultural labourer, went for a three days' retreat to the Bishop's house at Cuddesdon, sleeping in tents in the garden, and having their services in the chapel. The first, I think, in England to do so from a country village. They came home fired with the determination to start the C.E.M.S. in Longworth, and, as the letters show, succeeded in so doing.

The reredos to which allusion is made in the letters was presented to the church by the Misses Bunce of Edgbaston, Miss Kate Bunce painting the pictures, Miss Bunce working the silver frame. It was given in memory of their father, the editor of the *Birmingham Post*, and they chose Longworth as the place to which the memorial should be given, because their family had at one time occupied "Longworth Lodge" in the parish, and monuments to their family (widely different in character) were already in the church.

In the year 1901 a new piece of ground, given by Mr. Sydney Bouverie-Pusey, was added to the churchyard and consecrated, as one of the letters says on October 30 of that year.

The history of Longworth during these years would be incomplete if Mr. Philip Badcock's name were left out of it. Introduced to us by M. C. L. he spent part of nearly all our holidays with us, and

after his daughter's death in 1893, came to Longworth Rectory for Christmas, and often for Whitsuntide as well. If, as was the case once or twice, he could not come, the villagers used to say, "It didn't seem like Christmas without Mr. Badcock." Whether he came or not, however, a large box of toys for the Sunday-school children always made its appearance, containing, among other things, beautifully dressed and greatly coveted dolls, the work of his housekeeper. When we were sorely pressed for lack of suitable houses, it was he who built the two charming cottages in the village, which are occupied by the parish nurse and the organist. It was he, too, who provided the barrel organ of which mention is made as being such an excellent thing for the village dances, and the church restoration during the first years was made possible in a large measure by his generosity.

In the year 1906, Mrs. Lessing, our then Member's sister, started an industry in Kingston Bagpuize (and allowed Longworth to join) for the production of metal pillow lace, copied from old Italian patterns. Beautiful work was done, and indeed still is done, in the two villages, and some of the women and girls became very proficient in their art. Their earnings have made a considerable difference to them, and it is moreover for the girls, as the cultivation of roses carried on by Mr. Prince is for the boys, a great education in the love of beautiful things, and thus very good for them in more ways than mere money making.

With these words of introduction, the letters which follow will explain themselves.

To M. C. L.

March 7, 1900.

It doesn't look or feel much like spring just yet, but the water is gradually drying up, though we

have still a considerable-sized lake in the paddock. The poor little spring flowers have all caught cold, I'm sure, and droop their heads, so I console myself by looking forward to a meeting at Wellington when the weather is more genial. I had a pretty little letter from Mr. Badcock the other day, to congratulate me on the D.D.¹ I am glad you liked the Tennyson book; it was decidedly suggestive, I thought. I am returning to my old love and reading Waverley of an evening, despite of knowing it almost by heart. Scott is the only person to whom I can do that. . . . A poor letter this, but due to book-writing, which absorbs all one's capacity (particularly in weather when you have to turn your back to the window, lest you should cry).

To M. C. L.

November, 1901.

On Saturday the Bishop² came. He was quite delightful, and so was his chaplain. We had the neighbouring clergy to dinner to meet him, and on Sunday all the more distinguished laity of the congregation, and I think he won all hearts. He is as bright as I ever knew him, and no one would suspect the presence of his great sorrow at heart. He was most impressive at the consecration, and the congregation fell into an orderly procession and behaved beautifully—while a brilliant sun illuminated all. It was very solemn to think that one was perhaps consecrating one's own place of burial—certainly that of many who were present. I conducted the Bishop to and from the pulpit with ceremonious bows, which N. says were most impressive—and altogether we made all we could of him as a spectacle. On Monday he sent his luggage in by his carriage, and *walked* into Oxford—so he must be really vigorous. But if he often does it, I rather pity the chaplain. . . . On Sunday evening we read aloud, the three of us in turn. Bigg in his new translation of the *Imitation* says T. à Kempis himself put the

¹ See p. 174.

² Dr. F. Paget.

book on the Communion third and not last—regarding it like all true Mystics as a means only to an end—and the end the mystic state (rather confirming my views of mystics v. sacramentalists). . . . I had a very pressing letter to go and preach before the Aberdeen University, but said no.

To M. C. L.

March, 1902.

Yesterday I took three services *and* a funeral *and* was vaccinated. The latter operation was performed on the whole household—as the small-pox is within eight or nine miles of us—and I thought might any day get nearer. It has chiefly been a struggle for existence against the cold since I last wrote. The last two days, I must admit, have been glorious, but it is a struggle all the same, and writing creeps along only, like a thing that is almost frozen. The confirmation went off well, and was followed by tea to all the candidates in the barn, and the Bishop¹ went in and saw them for a minute. He and his chaplain were as nice as ever, and the latter says that the Bishop really loves coming to Longworth, so we may not have seen the last of him. He impressed people as very tired, and I thought so too, but also as very holy. He is so bright. The chaplain preached in the evening on “Eutychus”; whom I never heard preached on before. He drew a picture of a pious woman having induced him to come to church, in hopes that it would impress him, and greatly disappointed to find him nodding. It doesn't say so in the Bible, but it was graphic at any rate. I have just read *Kim*, have you? I think it is rather good and amusing. Otherwise I don't seem to have done much. Longworth seems more monotonous this year than ever. I don't mind the monotony when I can produce writing out of it, but when I can't it seems dreary, and in the extreme cold, as I say, that is very difficult. . . .

¹ Dr. Frank Paget.

To M. C. L.

June, 1902.

The chief event since we last met has been the arrival of the two Misses Bunce. Some of their work is really beautiful, and glorious in colour. One paints, and the other frames in silver, and her proposal for the reredos is a triptych with the Madonna and Child on the left, the Crucifixion in the middle, and Entombment on the right, all three being crowded with adoring angels, all scarlet and gold. Of course to have the three chief moments of the Incarnation in this way below, crowned by the risen Christ in the window above is eminently suitable—but I am a little uncertain about the effect to the eye of a crucifixion just under the window, also of the two schemes of colour so near each other. But I think the thing by itself will be quite beautiful. They live at Edgbaston, and know Shorthouse well, and say he will never leave the house, nor write again. . . . I have at last finished my preface¹ and hope to send it off to-day. I could not get it into shape, and have wasted ages over it. (Apropos.—Miss Bunce says Shorthouse had *John Inglesant* on hand for twenty years!)

*Written to the artist after a visit to her studio in
Edgbaston to see the picture*

DEAR MISS BUNCE,

I should like to add a line to my wife's letter, to say how very inadequately I expressed my appreciation of your beautiful work—and how much more deeply I realised all the patient labour and inspiring love that it embodied than I was able at the time to put into words. It is not for me to thank you for it, for such a gift is not made to the human custodian of a church but to God—but I should like you to feel how truly I appreciate the spirit of it all.

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

¹ To *Reason and Revelation*.

To M. C. L.

ST. JOHN'S DAY,
June, 1904.

I have sent my MSS. to the publisher—leaving the last chapter to finish, which I hope to do in about a fortnight's time. I am rather glad to get it off my hands. . . . Our reredos is up and dedicated—and the artists were pleased with a little sermon I preached in explanation of it—and the appropriateness of the collects I used in the dedication, and a lesson about women in blue and scarlet and metal work—which no one seemed to know was in the Bible. So it went off well. A daughter of Dr. Dale, who is a great friend of theirs, came to stay with us for the Sunday to see it.

To M. C. L.

February 8, 1905.

I went into Oxford on Monday, and was canonised—a quaint ceremony. I remained hidden in a transept till after the first lesson, and was then fetched out and presented to the Dean, who thereupon led and inducted me into a stall. N. came in too, and we had a pleasant night at the deanery. I took advantage of having time in Oxford to go and see Father Longridge, whom I had not seen for ages—and he showed me all over their new buildings, which are much more extensive than I ever knew, including a complete cloister. They have a side chapel, very low, and with a green toned East window in front of which a red lamp was burning, producing a very picturesque effect.

To M. C. L.

May, 1905.

Mr. Barnes (Miss Vanburgh's¹ brother) is here now—and reads Browning aloud by the hour to us every evening. The fifth worker is going! N. says Longworth is a kind of snark to parish workers. They no sooner see it than they "softly and silently

¹ Miss Irene Vanburgh, the actress.

vanish away." I hope you are somewhere where you can enjoy this lovely weather. It makes one always want to gather all one's friends round and picnic out every day—days like this. Mr. Barnes (whose first stay this is) is a capital cycling companion, with the keenest eye for nature, as well as love of art—a decided acquisition.

To M. C. L.

January, 1906.

I am very sad to think of you in those familiar places all alone. And yet their bygone associations count for something. And perhaps you will not be so sorry when you hear that I have had the most marvellously prolific week of writing. I have written steadily every day, and produced nearly half a chapter¹ in the week—which beats all records that I remember. So that I am hopeful again about the book. And perhaps it was worth losing London to get such a good start. I have also in the mornings trotted nearly round the parish, especially the outlying parts, with invitations for our parish party. . . . Yesterday we had a terrific gale, which blocked our drive—also the road to church, and blew down Smith's² pear tree, and ruined the beautiful cedars at Hinton—so what it did elsewhere I can't imagine—or what it was like on the coast.

To M. C. L.

June, 1908.

. . . I have just come across a quite up-to-date philosopher—who thinks that the sense which poets, etc., have of "communing" with nature points to a consciousness underlying nature—a universal sentience—a common enough notion with mystics, but rarely defended by pure philosophers. It set me thinking about the very real companionship that one finds in nature—as contrasted with the solitude

¹ *Doctrine of the Trinity:*

² The Rectory gardener.

I feel in an empty room. I never feel as lonely out of doors as I do in. I think that must point to something. . . . Yesterday there was a village dance, and as N. had a headache, I ran it *all by myself*. Nobody else present except the pure villagers—and it went off admirably, so see what I can do! The organ is a great gain, as it enables anyone to play the dances. Billy played most of the time last night, having been accustomed to do it at fairs. There is a very pleasant freshness in sitting out in the rain, and the dryness of this letter may show you how well protected one can be. I must say I am glad not to be “Pangling” in stuffy London rooms, but perhaps I ought to be. . . .

To M. C. L.

July, 1908.

“Another of our troubles over!” as Smith said after the school treat. The lecture is over. And to my surprise I delivered it as well as I ever delivered anything in my life—quite in my old best style, with full confidence and no nervousness. I say this because much of my refusal to preach of late has come of the fear of the physical disability of good delivery. And this looks as if that was diminishing. It’s very curious in one’s old age. . . .

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,
September, 1908.

The book¹ is begun—only about two pages at present—but the beginning is the great thing. I began last week once, but N. said it wouldn’t do, so I had to begin again, and now it will stand, so I am hopeful. . . . We have had Miss Bunce here for the last week, and yesterday “Chirk” came to luncheon. He is terribly crippled now, and can’t walk across the room without a stick, but bears it most cheerfully, and looks so cheerful with it all. He must be very good. Miss Bunce decorated the altar for our harvest festival, and made an arrange-

¹ *Doctrine of the Trinity.*

ment of vases which resulted in making the flowers appear like a daisy chain. It was most effective. You should try it, though her special object was to harmonise with the lines of her picture. Talbot's holiday at the Riffel was marred by Gilbert's being taken seriously ill with heart and chest, and having to nurse him. Holidays are trying things!

To M. C. L.

February 17, 1909.

I went into Oxford yesterday, and so had not time to write. It was beautiful cycling, and bracing—in fact I enjoy this weather, as long as I can be out in it. It is sitting in that you feel it most. N. has nearly got rid of her cold, but it has been long and troublesome, and she has had to give up church and classes for a fortnight. . . . I am getting quite accustomed now to preside at dances, and do it better at present than I write. However, I hope the writing prospect is brightening a little. Just at present I am giving an outline of the theology of Plato and Aristotle.¹ There must be so many readers who don't know it that I thought it might be worth while, instead of just mentioning their names, to go into a little detail—which is wonderfully interesting. . . . I had a letter from a man in Vancouver the other day to ask if he might consult me on some theological questions. N. has been giving her children questions to answer about Lent. One writes that "In Lent we ought to try and live better," etc., etc., and then struck by the arbitrariness of such a limitation of goodness, she adds at the end, "In fact we always ought." I thought that a delicious touch of child thinking. The larks are upspringing, and there is a great sense of spring in the air, despite the cold.

To M. C. L.

*THE GARDEN,
May, 1909.*

. . . Yesterday we had the excitement of a fire in the village, just at the back of the rectory, at

¹ *Doctrine of the Trinity.*

breakfast time. So I felt bound to take a peripatetic breakfast while I "assisted" at the fire. However the whole village rallied to it, and in an hour it was got out. What I feel about Switzerland is that it is no fun unless you go on ice and rock, and I am too old for that now, alack, alack. Tame existence in Switzerland is not so nice as by the sea, and then I yearn for the sea again. . . . We shan't get away till we come to you. That will make September to June! As a result I am sending chapter iii. to the typist, but it's a poor result after all.¹ . . . I think the cold and illness exhausted one's energies too much. . . . Here has been an interval, in which I have been to Matins, and paid five sick visits, three of them at Southmoor. To-night is N.'s "Sausage Supper." What a year this will be for apples. I don't think I ever saw so much blossom on every tree that one sees. The one in front of the house, under which I am writing, is a picture. . . .

To M. C. L.

January, 1910.

Since I last wrote we have had N. S. T. with us for a whole week—a most delightful and wonderful person with, I should think, a great career before him, of one kind or another. One thing that interested me was that he thought my book² apposite to the time, and it was satisfactory to hear this from a member of young Oxford. He has just left and we are in the middle of the election excitement, as there is a conservative meeting in the Barn to-night—heavily police-guarded! And to-morrow we vote. Since writing I have been to the Bethlehem Tableaux at Marcham. Most beautiful! H. M. C. sang a solo—which was jolly—so was much of the music—but the tableaux themselves were almost perfect. . . . N., by the bye, unlike you, is glad she hasn't got a vote, as she wouldn't know how to give it. . . .

¹ *Divine Transcendence.*

² *Ibid.*

To M. C. L.

January 11, 1911.

Yesterday Way brought over an undergraduate to see me . . . and Coles is sending me another, so I'm in touch with them again. I gather that the subject of my book is very opportune. But this only makes me wish that my treatment of it had been more adequate. The proofs are creeping on, and the table of contents being gradually compiled in the intervals of confirmation classes. Fancy, at last the two old John Edmonds are going to be confirmed *in their own house*. It's very good of the Bishop. We have more candidates than I have ever known (25). Jack Simmonds came to say good-bye last night. He is going to Canada. I'm sorry to lose him from the village, but it is the best thing for him, and I hope will be the making of him. Smith's wife died last week and was buried on Saturday—in a spot she had particularly asked her husband to ask for. She was wonderfully brave and patient and uncomplaining, and so has Smith been. I feel for them very much. . . . I don't know what to lecture to clergy about in the summer, and by April I ought to be beginning it. It ought by right to be a chapter of a new book, so what do you think I ought to write about next? Have you any ideas in your mind? It's rather nice to be getting through the winter with so little severity, and to-day looks going to be quite sunny. I don't wonder they worshipped the sun!

The lilies arrived in good time and were beautiful. N. has been made very happy this Xmas by having the Crum¹ children to play with. One wet morning they were dancing to the barrel organ in the barn—and the little boy came up to me, and insisted on my dancing with him! It is long since I did.

To M. C. L.

March 11, 1911.

. . . We have had a diocesan Church Army Van in the parish for the last fortnight, but I don't think

¹ See p. 140.



J. R. I. IN RECTORY GARDEN, 1911.
From a Photo by Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford.

it has done anything towards attracting outsiders. It has mainly been attended by churchpeople. . . . Did I tell you I was at last reading Bergson, the most recent French philosopher, and I find him very suggestive and interesting?

To M. C. L.

March 1, 1911.

Our Confirmation went off very well. Not only the candidates, but the crowded congregation (there was only just room for the Bishop to get through the chancel) were very well behaved. I got into the pulpit about ten minutes before the service and gave them a few straight words from the elbow on the subject—and I also chucked out neck and crop a small boy whom I found pommelling another on the front seat of the chancel—with excellent effect on the remainder. The Bishop stayed two nights with us and was very jolly. I read him some specimens of my book and he very warmly approved. Then, on Monday morning, on his way to Buckland, he motored to the John Edmonds', and confirmed the old couple in their own house. It was a touching and impressive picture, for he put on all his robes, even to his pectoral cross, and the result might well have made an impressive picture. . . . I think Skrine is more active than I am. He preached the Bampton Lecture on Sunday morning, then jumped on his bicycle and got here to luncheon by one, to bring a confirmee undergraduate, then cycled back, after tea. People are evidently not all too old at sixty.

Of this Confirmation Mrs. J. H. Skrine says :

I had taken a girl candidate of my husband's to Longworth for Confirmation. Having left her to join the long, decorous line of white-veiled maidens, who would presently walk two and two through the village to church under Mrs. Illingworth's care, I found myself awaiting them there with a numerous congregation. The rector moved about making his quiet preparations. Presently his tall, cassocked

figure appeared in the pulpit. On the good mothers and friends and the younger children gathered about the vacant blocks of seats there fell an instant hush. He was speaking to us in a quiet sentence or two about our "parts and duties" in the coming ceremony, and the help we were to render to these boys and girls in their great hour. "You are here," he said, "to surround them with an atmosphere of prayer."

To M. C. L.

April, 1911.

We had rather remarkable Easter Day experiences. Seventy-three communicants (sixty-one early), which is immensely beyond any previous record, while about eleven more from Southmore, and therefore from the parish, communicated at Kingston. Nothing has approached it before. We are going to try and revive a monthly service to keep it up. That is the difficulty. The Rivers family moreover rang peals on the bells at 6 a.m. and various other times in the day, and the music was good, so that it was quite a bright day. . . . You will have a lovely day for your journey down on Monday, and I thought of you approaching the various dear West Country places. Remember me on "Native rock," and at the "Song of the Sea." Ah me! Shall I ever bring myself to get there again?

To M. C. L.

July 4, 1911.

I have just written eleven pages to an anxious enquirer, and so you must put up with a very flabby pen, but I always give letters of that kind precedence, and endeavour to put my best self into them. . . . Did I tell you we have put a new window into the church? The south wall of the chancel. It is only Powell's glass tinted like the east window, in small panes. But the result is to subdue the discord between the reredos and the east window, by bringing all to one uniform tint, which I think is very satisfactory. Our communicants are keeping up wonderfully since the last Confirmation. Last Sunday we

had a total of forty-five, which is more than most Easters, and makes the early service rather tiring.

To M. C. L.

December, 1911.

The lecture on the French Revolution was a great success, and he¹ has consented to give a course of four or five through the winter, which will be a capital thing. Last night was the second of the Social evenings in the Barn, and there were over ninety present. They seem to be thoroughly popular, and by giving tickets (or rather selling them) we are able to keep it practically to our own people, which is what we want. Mrs. Cooper, the organist's wife, is evidently a great acquisition. The thing was entirely her suggestion. Yesterday you would have been amused to hear N.'s estimate of my writing. I read a piece over to her, of which I was doubtful—as I often do—and she said, "Oh yes, quite good, so good that I thought it must all be a quotation." So you see the estimate of the prophet at home. I went to N.'s Lantern Lecture on the *Pilgrim's Progress* the other night, and thought it very good and most moving. Mary sang a hymn most beautifully.

To M. C. L.

April 2, 1912.

Here is a true Browningsque April day, which is a thing that we seldom seem to have in April. Yesterday I took in my confirmees, and we had a very impressive service in the cathedral. The Bishop² confirmed the married people together, with a hand on each head, and his addresses were splendid. The first on the "I do" was identical in substance with what I had said in my classes, which I thought would be a good thing for the candidates, as they would see that I had said the right thing. The second was a good deal on perseverance, which he explained to consist in never giving in, in spite of any number of failures, which is what I so feel myself. He was also very

¹ Mr. Lester-Garland.

² Dr. Charles Gore.

good, and I thought rather original, on Baptismal Regeneration ; if I understood him rightly, he seemed to say that it meant that the baptized always had the right to claim forgiveness on repentance, that they were within the covenant of forgiveness, and would be forgiven as often as they repented. This is very different from the early Tractarian doctrine, which actually felt difficulties about post-baptismal sin, and it sounded to me much more satisfactory and rational. Altogether the Bishop was very impressive and inspiring. Our Stainer's Crucifixion (it is done by the Choral Society, not the Choir) went very well, and it is to be given again to-morrow, but the conductor is unwell, so we have fears. . . . I hope that you will have a Good Friday and Easter that you like. Remember me in your prayers then.

To M. L.-S.

LONGWORTH,
April 10, 1913.

DEAR MAY,

I have got your letter written before Palm Sunday, and I shall have to answer it rather shortly if I am to catch this week's post, as I have had various things to do lately that have taken up time. . . . I am glad you remember your time with us last Easter. I thought of you this Easter a great deal, and I remember how I feared you would wash away its effect in the following week, as I believe you somewhat did. I hope it was not so this year. I do try and pray for you, dear May, as I hope you do for me. It is very difficult even with the help of letters to picture you in that far off land. Tell me a little more of the people you are with, besides their names. Are they starting a farm? It sounds very interesting, so did the doctor's praise of your nursing. I expect you have been a great help to your sister-in-law at this time. I am glad you enjoy the scenery so—and that it is so fine, and those sunsets must be wonderful. The monkeys would be less to my taste. Billy¹

¹ A village friend of M. L.-S., who always came to Longworth Church and waited to walk home with the rector ; reference is made to him in several letters.

brought me up a p.c. with a lion on it, which I think he was very pleased with ; he had evidently brought it to church on purpose to show me. He never tires of talking about you. I hope that the freedom from daily worry that you speak of will help you to go on building up character. I seem always preaching, but the fact is I am always so anxious for your development, and fearful of your being carried away too much by all the excitement of your new surroundings. I think you blame yourself needlessly about "*feeling*" this or that (and shall I add sometimes not enough about *doing* this or that?). I shall have to stop here, to catch the post. I am indeed grateful, dear May, for all your warmhearted affection and value it. Keep up your prayers at all costs, and be sure of always being remembered in Longworth church. Ever your affectionate,

J. R. I.

To M. C. L.

October 2, 1913.

I thought I should be able to write yesterday, but I had to go to so many services, and then to bicycle in the intervals to keep well, and couldn't get time. They liked the Quiet Day immensely. There were about ten who went right through it, and a good many village people in the evening. Two or three neighbouring clergy came. I didn't feel disposed somehow for silent meals, so had lunch with Coles in the study. I used to like them, but I think in your own house, and with people you know, they seem artificial, and tend to promote indigestion. Coles left this morning to begin another similar thing this evening ; I don't know how he can do it. But I suppose these saintly people are somewhat supernatural. Meanwhile they seem to have been having a lively time at the Church Congress, but I would rather have been here than there. We all agreed that Mr. Badcock made a very touching picture, and he went right through the whole day from half-past seven in the morning to half-past eight at night. I am glad to say my eyes seem really on the mend, and I am quite hopeful

about them. . . . The Crum children are gone away at last, and we both miss them. You would hardly think of *my* getting fond of them. They used to come and play in our garden.

To M. C. L.

October 14, 1913.

Did I tell you that *Immanence* has now appeared in Chinese, which has long been a great desire of my heart? We are having this week a first piece of church work done, by carrying a drain from the stoke-hole under the wall of the church, and down the hill, which we hope will effectually prevent water from accumulating in the stoke-hole. And I mean then to try and get three buttresses erected which I am told ought not to cost much more than £60. That will make the structure safe, and then money can be collected at greater leisure for the roof, which is not a pressing necessity.

To M. C. L.

November, 1913.

What do you think of me at my age, joining a society, and wearing a badge!! It all came out of N. sending those men to that Retreat. They came back fired with a desire to found a branch of the C.E.M.S. in the parish. And the other night some members came over from Oxford, and had a meeting lasting (with supper afterwards) for two and a half hours, and they had a form to fill, and I was to be president, and so had to sign the form, including the request for a badge. What with that and the stuffiness I was quite ill after it. To-day I got my last chapter back from the typist,¹ and have begun chapter vii. on God's relation to the world being free. . . . Yesterday I went to the Crums and had some good piano playing, the first I have had for a very long time, and I think it did me good.

¹ *The Gospel Miracles.*

To M. C. L.

November, 1913.

Here is the November winter upon us. It is curious with what regularity it always comes about the same date. We are alone again. For Sister K. H. left yesterday, and so did Mr. Barnes, who came down by telegram for the week-end, so that we had a full up Sunday. He read the lessons in the morning and Browning in the evening. We also had Miss Walker, who travels round the diocese to teach Sunday-school teachers how to teach their children, very bright and lively, and a splendid teacher. She gave three instructions and listened to N. teaching the Sunday School on Sunday. . . . Sister K. H. went to the drill of the boy scouts in the barn one night, and was much delighted with it. They are very zealous at present. To-morrow we have the monthly Mothers' Union service, which again is just at book-writing time.

To M. C. L.

December, 1913.

Here's another wonderful day! . . . The Church of England Men's Society held its first committee meeting at the rectory yesterday, and passed a resolution that all members (there are twelve in all) should communicate monthly! I was much astonished, as some had hardly done so *yearly* or not more, but they are a picked lot of men, and will do what they say. I was particularly glad to find the policeman quite active among them, for it means a great come on for him. It ought, I hope, to do a good bit for the village. I am writing this again in the garden with full sun on me! I have got on a little with writing again now and am a little more satisfied with it. Here the wind suddenly carried away my letter, and as nearly as possible blew it into a deep pool of petrol left by a motor, so there are drawbacks to writing out of doors. I suppose you will now soon be off, but I don't envy you. I don't love leaving home in the short days and long

evenings. All the people I send Xmas cards to, but one, will be abroad, so I don't think I shall send any. We have got the church buttressed satisfactorily, so I think it is now safe, and I hope to get the chancel cleaned and tinted. The shortest day will soon be over.

To M. C. L.

February, 1914.

February so far is being better than January. Yesterday we had a gathering in the Crum's barn to see a boy scouts' inspection. They have reached a very high perfection of drill. To-night there is a dance in our barn, and N. is well enough to supervise it in person, and to-morrow the C.E.M.S. have asked me to give them a lecture at their monthly meeting on Church History. And where between all these things is a poor author to get time for his books. And now Lent will soon be upon us, and I shall have an extra sermon a week. Miss Dougall is coming home shortly from Canada, and has promised when she arrives to conduct a missionary reading circle here. We have got the cleaning of the chancel begun, to the extent of the scaffolding being erected. I hope it will greatly improve the look of things. I have always thought, from the look of it, that our screen dates from Dr. Fell in Charles I's time, and I have recently discovered that our paten and a handsomely bound new (at the time) register *do* actually date from him, so I think the other highly likely. What a world of strife and warfare we seem gradually drifting into. There is a very true article on it in to-day's *Westminster*. Did you see the twenty-first year's number of the *Westminster* the other day? It was rather interesting. I am glad to say N. seems really picking up again and resuming things. And now Confirmation classes are the next anxiety on hand.

To M. C. L.

March, 1914.

We had Mr. Barnes for the week end, which we always enjoy. He was as keen and interesting as

ever. And on Thursday Constance is to arrive. That date has become a fixture with her now, which is rather nice. Did I tell you that a neighbouring cleric has been found to conduct Stainer's Crucifixion for us (I remember now that I must have, by the comment in your letter, but I didn't think the arrangement had been made when I last wrote). The only drawback is that we can't have it on Good Friday, which is what I prefer. Every critical person says how bad it is, but that does not alter its good effect upon the villagers, as in the parallel case of religious pictures, which are often most effective though very bad art. In fact, all such things are relative, indeed the best of religion has to support itself on very crude foundations. I am hoping to get my chapter to the typist this week. N. has had to put her principles in her pocket this afternoon, and have the Crum children to tea, because they are going away before the end of the week. The alternative of not having them at all does not seem to have occurred to her! Presently I expect they will be playing hide and seek all over the house!

Mrs. Costar, of whom the following letter speaks, came from Wales with the Illingworths when they returned from their honeymoon at St. David's, to be cook at the rectory, and remained there till her marriage with one of the choirmen in the employment of Mr. Prince. No parish festivity was complete unless she was there helping, and her sudden death was a real sorrow to the rectory as well as to the parish at large.

To M. C. L.

May, 1914.

I expect you will hear from N. this week, and so will only want half a letter. She had a big budget of birthday letters, and a lot of beautiful flowers, with which the room is now full. She will have told

you of the sudden death of Mrs. Costar; she was buried yesterday, with a crowded and evidently very feeling congregation, Prince giving all his men a half holiday that they might come, and he at the head of them. I thought that very nice. And to-day at the same time I have just been conducting a wedding—so the world goes round. We have settled to go to Weston the first week in June, in the hope that if I can keep all right till then, a little sea air may help to stave off the hay fever. I am rather hoping that my attack of "flu" may make me immune for this season. They certainly seem very similar things. The small flies that infest the garden have appeared in the drawing-room contrary to all precedent, and I begin to fear it may be due to my not smoking; they are a great nuisance. Prince wants to have our Banksia rose photographed in colour. He says he has never seen the like.

To M. C. L.

July, 1914.

Here we are established at the Holt-Bryant house, which is a very nice one, quiet, and tree-shaded, and very unsuggestive of Weston. We had a great send-off yesterday, the greatest we have ever had. For, a few minutes before we started, three Crum children arrived, and then when the motor (which they were lending us) came, it contained all the rest of the Crum family, who then changed places with us and cheered us off, the smallest boy waving his hat. A day or two ago we were at a garden party at Lady Hyde's, and one of the amusements was a man who cut out silhouettes. He did them most cleverly, and I was made to be done—and they were so pleased with it that they mean to send to London for some more, they told me. It was a wonderful performance. He cut out without stopping for two hours! It proved a very amusing way of making things go. The air here seems quite as jolly as I remember it, and I had a long morning cycle by the sea. I do hope I shall get some good out of it. I am sure that the crowds are a distinct satisfaction to me, a

return of the instincts of the Londoner of my youth. Helen has arrived, but without her cycle, which will not come for some days, so I shall not get rides with her yet—in this capital cycling country. To-day she and I watched donkeys on the sands with much satisfaction.

To M. C. L.

November, 1914.

We have our intercession service at 3.30 on Friday, and, including recruits, we have about forty-two or forty-three names on our list. Preaching gets very difficult, for you can't be always on the subject, and yet it is so difficult not to be, when you know how it is absorbing all minds. It must be very interesting to have the wounded with you, and get first-hand news of the front and what it is like.

This chapter may fitly be closed with the relation of an incident which, though small in itself, does very well illustrate that thoughtfulness and courtesy which was one of the rector's most prominent characteristics. During the last month at Longworth, the birthday occurred of one of the village children—the grandson of our sexton, and nephew of the rectory gardener. He brought us all some of his birthday chocolates and, as he was leaving the kitchen, put one of the biggest on the table. Asked why he did this, he replied, "It is for the rector." So it was taken up to the sick room and placed on a table by the bed. Perhaps a week after this, when the invalid was allowed to sit for an hour in his chair by the fire, his wife, who was by the window, said, "I see Tommy Rivers in the garden." The rector immediately replied, "Oh, I want to see Tommy Rivers," and, crossing the room, he leant out of the window and, calling the little boy by name, said, "Thank you, Tommy, very much for the chocolate you sent me."

CONTRASTS

“ If it is good for us to have been in the trouble of pain, still more is it good for us to have been in the trouble of parting. For, if even our Master could say of His earthly presence, ‘ It is expedient for you that I go away,’ much more must that be true of every lesser human parting. As long as we cling to the visible presence of our friends, as all in all, we are clinging to a shadow that will fade from us with the setting of the sun. Then comes the awful blank of parting, to open our eyes, and teach us the true conditions of every real human friendship, as having only its point of departure in the outward and visible region, but its goal in that spiritual communion which outward accidents cannot affect, but is only possible through union with Him, in whom all spirits have their being. And so the use of death and parting is not to end our human ties, but to translate them into that region where alone they can be everlasting.”—J. R. I., *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*, “ Trouble.”

“ Any serious belief in God carries with it a belief in His relation to ourselves. The moral law becomes His personal commandment, and the circumstances of life His providential rule. And this belief inevitably influences the conduct of its possessor in a way that, in turn, reacts upon the belief itself, strengthening and confirming it as time goes on.”
—J. R. I., *Reason and Revelation*, ch. viii., p. 146.

CHAPTER V

CONTRASTS

“ Who turneth the floods into a wilderness: and drieth up the watersprings.

“ Again, he maketh the wilderness a standing water: and watersprings of a dry ground.”

Psalm cvii. 33, 35.

IN the winter of the year 1904 a quite overwhelming trouble overtook the parish of Longworth. The present writer was in Retreat at Wantage that October, and she well remembers the weight of personal dread which came over her during one of the addresses, in which the conductor bid those assembled notice how it was not the expected trial which most commonly met retreatants on their return to their homes, but the unexpected. He dwelt on the fact that the holy women went on Easter morning to the tomb asking, “ Who shall roll us away the stone ? ” But the quite unforeseen thing which met them was the empty grave. So one went home wondering what it was to be, and bracing oneself to meet it. And very soon and very suddenly Miss Annie Floyd died. Even now it is impossible to think of those days without emotion. Miss Floyd had kept the Sunday School going in the long, dark time during which the last rector lay bedridden. She had been the guide and friend of the village during those years, and when Dr. Illingworth became

rector, she threw herself with ardour into any work which was proposed. She was our best Sunday-school teacher, the trainer of the choir, the most diligent visitor, an admirable conductor of Bible classes, a most generous subscriber to all parish funds. Above and beyond all this, she was extremely devout ; her duties as sacristan were all performed as indeed labours of love. It was a lesson in reverence to see her at work in the church—changing the hangings, arranging flowers, preparing the altar for Communion. She was from the first a devoted adherent of the rector's, finding in him, as she often said, what she had long wanted, but not found before. She learnt Greek with him in order to be able to read the New Testament in the original, she walked with him, and had long discussions on theological subjects. She was a woman with an extraordinarily prudent tongue, so that of her, as of the rector, during all the years they were in Longworth, no one was ever told of foolish things they had said, which was far from being the case with the rest of us ! Her visiting was diligently and lovingly done, and her influence in the parish cannot be measured by words. On November 26, in this year, her birthday, the women of her Bible class presented her with a prayer desk, as a mark of their affection, which pleased her immensely. Then on the following Sunday morning, for the first time since we had known her, she was absent from the eight o'clock communion. I went in to see what could be the cause, and found her not well, with a bad cold. She came and played for the morning service, and then went to bed, and on December 1 she left us.

The rector used often to say that if Miss Floyd had lived at an earlier date, she would probably have been informally canonised by local acclamation,

as no doubt often happened in Cornwall, and probably accounts for the number of churches dedicated to otherwise unknown people which one finds there. And so a St. Anne's Porch or a St. Anne's Lych would have been added to the church to commemorate her life in Longworth. But this kind of spontaneous, instinctive, poetical notion of reverent piety seems to have vanished from our England for the present. Can there be a greater witness to this fact than the naming of flowers then and now? Contrast our Pentstemon, Salpiglossis, Eschscholtzia, or the names we give to our roses, with their "Our Lady's Slipper," "St. John's Wort," "Madonna Lily," "Foxglove," "Cowslip," "Ragged Robin," "Hart's Tongue," and dozens more that one could name. And so we let our saints sink into oblivion, but their works remain and follow them.

The following letters tell something of what it meant to the rectory and to the village.

To M. C. L.

Tuesday, December 7, 1904.

It has naturally been a time of great strain with us for the last few days, and personally I dreaded the funeral. But that is over now. It was most impressive. The church crowded—and though two hymns had been arranged, the choir of their own accord sang a third—as the coffin was brought to the church. It was quite one of the great funerals that I have been at in its quiet way. But to have to keep one's voice from quavering through it all was terrible, and the sense of after relief immense. On Wednesday afternoon last I read and prayed with her, and I don't think she then had any notion of danger. That evening she lost consciousness in delirium, and never regained it, nor did she appear to have pain, and now that all is over, one can see how gentle and simple it

all was *for her*. I thought you would like to know these details. It leaves N. alone for all the parish work, and I am afraid she feels this terribly. However, for the moment various friends are helping. Miss C. is coming to play in church for a week or two, and Miss S. to help the Sunday school. C. L. has been a splendid help in the house all this time. She has a great gift for throwing herself into a breach, and is wonderfully unselfish when there is anything to be done.

To M. C. L.

Tuesday, December, 1904.

This day fortnight I trust we shall meet ! And please stay as long as you can. One wants one's friends just now. In Miss Floyd the very last person in the parish who was in any sense companionable is gone—all the people to whom one had grown accustomed are gone, and strange faces have taken their places. Miss Cunliffe is coming over to help the music for the next Sunday or two, and Miss Stott to help the Sunday school, which has somewhat lightened N.'s sense of overburdenedness. People are very good in the way they throw themselves into a breach, and I am sure you wouldn't like to be less nice than other people. *So stay as long as you can*. Do you know I have heard more of that book of mine ¹ than I ever did of any other so soon ? I think it must really be a good deal better than I thought. But I have now reached the climax of possible reputation—for a Birmingham paper informs its readers that the deanery of Rochester has been refused ² by J. R. Illingworth, "the well-known philosopher." Can anything beat that ? I have just been reading Newman's *Apologia*, which I had never read before, and I can understand why he wrote it mostly in tears, for he seems to have felt the opposition of his enemies so terribly. It is certainly tragic reading. I am trying to think—but without much success—there seem too many worries to allow of it at present. I can never think while there are worries around,

¹ *Christian Character*.

² But it wasn't offered, I think.

like many people can. N. had a sale of work last Tuesday. It poured, and not a *single person* turned up. She does have crushing luck in her efforts to raise money.

To M. C. L.

Tuesday, February, 1906.

Last week we sat in the garden. This week we are crouching over the fire, and you, I suppose, the same. *Typ. Devel.*, Bk. V., chap. 5, is finished!!¹ But I have the usual feeling rather strong on me that it's all no good and about nothing at all. Still I hope to peg away and get another chapter finished before Lent is over. Life has been so extraordinarily uneventful even for Longworth, that one is obliged to chronicle one's own small beer. Still one has got through the winter well and amassed five chapters, so there is much to be grateful for. And indeed when one contrasts a few months of uneventfulness with the frightful eventfulness of the previous twelve-month one is duly grateful. And then how full of possibilities is the uneventful. It was by it and it alone that Miss Floyd was prepared for heaven. For when you think of it, there was really not an event in her life. And then how much the uneventful calls for from day to day. Yes, I was wrong to use the word uneventful. I had a p.c. from C. L. from Portofino—a pretty looking little place, but I should think smelly—rather like Sennen would be without any tide to wash things clean. Miss C. has gone to Glion. It is all very tantalising—particularly to-day—with snow lying for the first time, and murky air. I am giving the substance of my chapter on the Lord's Prayer on Wednesday evenings this Lent—and have begun chapter vi., which begins with quotations from the Fathers on the unknowability of God—the agnostic element in them. St. Clement of Alex. even says that in union with our Lord we still only attain to know what God is not, rather than what He is. I think it useful to bring out this affinity with modern thought—don't you? Because the average

¹ *Doctrine of the Trinity.*

person thinks they were nothing but dogmatic and jolly cocksure.

Perhaps this is the place in which to explain that the various books as they were being written were always named in the home circle *Typical Developments*, Bk. III. or IV., or whatever it might be, after the volumes so-called in Mr. Burnand's *Happy Thoughts*, works which were great favourites at Longworth Rectory when "reading aloud" was to the fore—and of which the rector knew almost every bit by heart. A rather amusing incident came once of this habit of his. A party of us were talking over the book then on hand, and I was asked what was to be its title, and whilst I was thinking what to answer, a friend replied for me, "It is *Typical Developments*," and wondered why we laughed.

A little while before this, the Edmonds, a family entirely devoted to the parish and the parish to them, left their farm and moved to another place. Miss Annie Edmonds, who was superintendent of the Sunday school, came over Sunday after Sunday for her duties there, so long as they were only three or four miles away, but when they went to Fairford this was impossible. Then for several years a friend living in a neighbouring village drove over and spent each week end, and superintended, and taught, and sometimes played the harmonium in church. And then we tried to get workers from outside. Of these events the following letters tell.

To Miss A. E. Edmonds, accompanying a small bureau presented to her on her leaving the parish.

October, 1902.

MY DEAR ANNIE,

I hope you will not think it invidious to be singled out when all your family have been so much,

and done so much for Longworth. But we thought that your long and unflinching work for the parish in the Sunday school and other ways, might justify us in trying to symbolise what we owe to you all by this particular little gift to yourself.

Yours affectionately,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

To M. C. L.

1905.

H. C. is going to play the harmonium for some weeks definitely, which cheers up Sunday.

1905.

Did I tell you that H. C. has been laid up with "flu" and so we are again without an organist, and I don't know when she will be back.

1906.

We are jogging on now with two workers and a nurse—but all three rather crocks in their different ways, and the crockery rather falls on N. They may *work*, but they certainly increase her burdens.

1906.

H. C. is arranging to come over every Saturday and take a Sunday-school class, for the present, which will be a help and enlivenment.

1909.

We are expecting a lady to look at the cottage to-day, and she is going to stop the night—one of our many experiments. One applicant described herself as "highly cultured," so we told her she was "too late." Another would "set a thoroughly good example in the parish." Aren't people funny?

So things went on, never quite impossible, but always most difficult, until at last "the wilderness" became once more "a standing water," and "water sprang up out of dry ground."

The sale of the Pusey property, consequent on the lamented death of Mr. Sydney Bouverie-Pusey, brought the land into several different hands. Two of the farm-houses were transformed beyond recognition and became the homes of friends, who were friends indeed. It is impossible to say how great an addition of happiness their coming was to the rector's last years in Longworth. He was always sure of a friendly welcome, and some stimulating talk, if he went to their houses. They threw themselves unreservedly into the work of the parish, relieved the financial pressure, did everything it was possible for them to do. And though at first he entirely refused to regard their motors as anything but disturbers of the country side and of his cycling, yet in time he grew more than reconciled to them, and rejoiced to be sent off for his holiday in one and fetched back from it in another. And what those friends were to the rectory during the last few months at Longworth it would indeed take volumes to tell. Looking back one is inclined to say that they could not have been endured but for the help and sympathy so generously given. He formed one of his last and warmest friendships with the daughter of one of the houses ; she was with him in his last moments, and to her some of his letters are addressed.

The letters to M. C. L. below reveal a little of what he himself felt about this great change in the village life.

To M. C. L.

Here is a lovely spring day. Yesterday we went into Oxford to take my candidate to be confirmed at the cathedral. It was very impressive—the cathedral in afternoon light—the nave full of white-robed candidates—and the picturesque bishop (Dr. Paget) with his beautiful voice—such an enormous

number too of confirmees. I hope mine felt the impression. She is a very charming person. I have just had an extraordinarily clever letter from H. C. on London. She feels it much as I do—but can put it on paper in a way that I can't. It distinctly reminded me of Holland's description of the city. But I expect it means it is pretty bad for her to be there. It's too exciting for her. . . . The two buyers of the houses here are immensely enlarging them, and putting in, one gas, and the other electric light! Think what a novelty for Longworth! I haven't finished my chapter yet. It is on the O.T., and the Prophets have gained a great interest in re-reading them. I don't think any new criticism in the least affects the real weight of the argument from prophecy—in fact I am not sure that it doesn't make it more forcible. But I must break off now and get to it. . . . Think of me in your prayers.

. To M. C. L.

December 23, 1910.

I am too late for to-day's post, having just been writing a title-page and heading for my chapter.¹ You do not in your last letter say anything about when you are coming; I suppose Tuesday. Think of our having actually reached the shortest day. Any aconites that appear after that may fairly be hailed as flowers of the new year. We have had a sorrow since I last wrote in the sudden death of the new owner of one of the big houses—Mr. Hewitt—who I think I told you was so generous. There was something very charming about him which had made us feel really fond of him in so short a time—and all the people in the village say the same. And there is something very pathetic in the thought of the time spent in rebuilding his house and planting trees which he was never to enjoy. It is so exactly the case of the rich man in the gospels, with the difference that he was, from all that we could judge by, really good and very tender-hearted and thoughtful for all his workpeople and servants. Edward

¹ *Divine Transcendence.*

Ottley has also passed away very suddenly at the last, and painlessly. . . . All these things make one feel older—but, alas! without feeling correspondingly gooder. N. and I are sending you a joint present—a book which she thought you would like, but which was too much for her unaided finances, so I said we would share it. Did I ask if you had read Mackay's sermons in the *Church Times*?—marvellously clever, I thought them.

To M. C. L.

June 20, 1911.

Here we are in the coronation week, and glad enough not to be in London. Since I wrote we have had a lantern lecture on the coronation by our new squire's brother, Archdeacon Hyde, which was extraordinarily interesting, bringing out all its intense religiousness, and sacramental ceremonial. And on the Tuesday the whole population is to be entertained at the Hydes from one till nine, when there is a bonfire! They have made most gala decorations and taken endless trouble. I hope it will be fine. Sister K. H. has been with us some time and still stays on—a most interesting person . . . with a quite intense interest in the modern world, and ecstatic love of flowers and colour. I think these Sisters are many of them very remarkable people—because there is Sister Etheldred¹ in another way. . . . I feel rather an idler, now that I am not putting pen to paper, and it can't very well be otherwise till I have brooded a bit. Neville Talbot is coming here soon for a few days, which will mean talking things over.

To M. C. L.

June 26, 1911.

Thank you so much for the cards and the scent and the birthday wishes. Sister K. H. illuminated me a lovely little book-marker with a passage from Browning about growing old upon it, which was very touching. She has left us to-day, and says she

¹ Daughter of George John Romanes, F.R.S.

will come over and see you. She is a most interesting personality, and wonderfully developed, I should say. Our gathering at the Hydes was a great success. They had taken endless pains and trouble to make everything pretty and attractive, and kept on the go themselves the whole time—with the result that everything went off brilliantly. The entire village of all classes was there, just four hundred sitting down to dinner, and everybody seemed happy. . . . I think it must have made much for their popularity with the people, and they richly deserve it. It is a great blessing to have got such people when it might so well have been otherwise. I am glad you are looking forward to Tintagel. . . . Our next visit is to Birmingham, and then the *Lux Mundi* meeting, and then a lecture in Oxford, and then I hope we shall start on the 31st—another anniversary.¹ It gets very solemn, this passage of the years.

To M. C. L.

July 9, 1912.

This is weather at last. I was eight hours out of doors yesterday, and expect to be the same to-day (including breakfast and tea). We have various entertainments this week. For to-morrow the Hydes give a treat to all the school-children, and on Thursday to all the church-workers and church classes. They are very good in their readiness to do that sort of thing, and as they have a houseful at present, they ought to make it go. We are expecting two of them to tea in the garden presently. . . . Our garden, which was a flowerless cinder last year, is a glorious blaze at present of nasturtiums, poppies, and St. John's wort and roses. Certainly a garden is a great blessing. I remember Creighton saying to me long ago, "Be sure you stand for a fellowship in a college that has a garden." Poor C. L. in her London slum says that her garden is her great joy. It is from her description about the size of Mr. B.'s, and I remember as a child what a similar one was to me.

¹ The accident, see p. 216.

Do you know Brown's poem about it? I have begun chapter iv.,¹ which is on prayer as virtually containing the whole principle which is attacked in the case of miracles in itself. N. says she sees the tea people coming along. I was going to say that chap. v. will then, I think, be on the attitude of mind that is receptive of miracle—that will bring in the revelation to babes that you are anxious for. Did I tell you N. gave me a garden tent on my birthday? I am writing under its shelter now.

To M. C. L.

December, 1912.

I cycled into Oxford yesterday and so could not write. December certainly began badly, and I suffered from cold in church as I hardly ever remember, but it has improved since, and to-day I have had a delightful cycle. . . . Writing is looking up again a bit, and I hope to have another chapter finished before Christmas. Here interruptions—and I shall just have time to finish for the post. The Crums are all back again, and four of them have just been calling. N. simply loves them, and it is a great addition to her life to have them here, and Campbell Crum is coming again, we believe, shortly, which is always a delight. . . . I think days like this when they do come, and if you haven't to go out again at night (which I have to the boy scouts), are as delightful as any in the year, and after all this month the days will lengthen.

To M. C. L.

May, 1913.

We have had R. L.-G. here for a week, so I have had a cycling companion between the storms. To-day Mr. B. has come for a week, and I hope he will have better weather. A new churchworker has also come for the night to see if she would like to settle here. She wanted to be a missionary, but had not

¹ *The Gospel Miracles.*

the health. We both like her very much, and at tea she is to be inspected by Miss C., who is the severest critic of all. Yesterday was Mr. Crum's birthday, and his grandchildren acted a little French fairy play, and then we had a birthday tea and cake with things hidden in it, one of which, a ring, the smallest grandchild nearly swallowed, and it had hastily to be extracted with fingers from his mouth—it was a very pretty picture of family life. . . . If this worker comes, it will be a real boon to N. by lightening the Sunday-school work, which is too much for her. . . . And now for the "critical tea."

To M. C. L.

May, 1913.

What a sad Whit Monday it was for the poor holiday makers. I was so sorry for them. Our Scouts all went to a fête at Ardington despite of the wet (Major and Miss Crum accompanying them) and won a prize for tent-pegging. On Friday N. is going to a Quiet Day at Abingdon conducted by Stuckey Coles, which she is looking forward to very much. I think I told you that a churchworker was coming to inspect the place. Well, we all liked her very much, and she liked us, and so is coming to take up her abode here on Thursday next, in Bessie's cottage by the church, and N. is full of hopes for efficient help in the Sunday School, especially as she has been a governess in the past. N. had an unusually successful birthday, for everybody sent her flowers—Canterbury bells, roses, and a rhododendron (from me), and the Crums inaugurated a procession of boy scouts bringing the flowers with them, and then a picture of the east window done by Miss Crum, and a photo of her Mothers got up by themselves. She was very happy over it all. In the afternoon they sent flowers (140 bunches) over to Holland for East-end workers that were coming up to him to be shown over Oxford. I hope it may have been some compensation for the miserable day they must have had, poor things. By the way, the Indian never turned up, the weather being pro-

hibitive, but I expect him some day this week. . . . I have just sent off chapter vi. to my typist, which is a comfort. There is a glorious rhododendron in front of me as I write in the garden, which I gave N. two years ago in a pot, and is now flourishing in the garden a mass of blossom.

To M. C. L.

October, 1913.

We have quite an unusual number of sick people to be visited just now, otherwise there is not much to tell of. The Crums have been away all October and come back on Saturday next—and they always bring some interest with them. . . . I have got at my writing a little better, and hope now to go on with it. N. has got a nice little book of Father Congreve's addresses that I have been looking at. I remember the impression of frailty he gave one when taking one of our Keble retreats thirty-five years ago or more. One would never then have expected a long life of work for him. . . .

To M. C. L.

December 10, 1913.

Yesterday I motored into Oxford and out by the most beautiful evening light. (Donna, I've begun to like motoring.) Everything prospers except my book. Did I tell you that we are giving free breakfasts to the village children before they go to school (*i.e.* to the poorest of them)? They average about twenty a day. We found that some of them were going to school without any breakfast. So we are turning some of the offertory to that purpose. . . . This wonderful weather goes on, and I begin to hope it may last till Christmas now, which will be a help through the winter. I never think one minds the cold so much when the days are getting longer. The two buttresses to the chancel are now finished, so I consider that has now been made quite safe for a long time—and now they are going to do one at the west end—and after that clean out the inside of the chancel, without opening out the roof.

To M. C. L.

December 27, 1913.

Thank you so much for your present, which arrived on Christmas Eve, and the lilies were beautiful! We had sixty communicants on Christmas Day, which was very fair, but also tiring. . . . Next week there is to be a Bethlehem play in the barn—managed by the Crums, (the dresses are magnificent)—and at the school treat there is to be a cinematograph (given by Mr. Crum). I intended to pay for the buttresses to the chancel out of my American gift, and told Richings to send me the bill, but Mr. Crum intercepted and paid it himself!! . . . This year they abolished the promiscuous carol singing, and had them all round in a body (thirty-four girls yesterday) personally conducted, with the result that N. and Miss Crum tramped round yesterday with them in the drizzle from two till nearly five. However, they don't seem much the worse to-day.

To M. C. L.

January 7, 1914.

. . . N. had been dreadfully over-working since long before Christmas, and in consequence is now laid up with the flu. But she has turned the corner, and is a little better now, though much taken out of. I had a touch of it before her, but managed to take it away without getting bad, though I am severely treated to-day, for I have just spent an hour in the Crum's barn to give my benediction to a dancing class—and have got to go into our barn to-night to do the same in N.'s absence, to a servants' party, and of course it's very cold. We had a cinema show for the children's treat . . . and on the two following days . . . a beautiful play got up by the Crums, acted by their children and those of the village. The dresses were superb, and much of the acting was reduced to tableaux, with a beautiful total effect. But I only saw it in rehearsal, as on the two days I had my cold, and so avoided the barn. I think I cured myself by hard cycling for four days

running. As cold has to be, I think I would rather endure it in my own house and bathroom than on the P.L.M. Ugh! I shiver to think of it.

To M. C. L.

March, 1914.

I am rather frozen and uncomfortable, with these big winds, and have not the pen of a ready writer. I have just had a letter from Macmillan saying that they are so well pleased with the success of their shilling library that they mean to add to it, and would like my *Christian Character*, to which I assented. . . . We have got a design for the window, with two symbols, the pelican and lamb and flag. But it will harmonise with the other, which, though it has a figure, is strictly symbolical, as indeed is the reredos to a great extent, so that all will be in keeping. We are going to have a new room added to the Sunday school. It will cost £55, but Lady Hyde has promised £25, and I think we shall get it all right. And now I am to be motored over to see a pulpit, which matches our screen. . . . I have for the next few weeks Confirmation classes, and the Wednesday sermon, and am pretty occupied therefore, as it takes the interval to think what to say. Our neighbour Miss Dougall has got a new book out, which I see spoken well of. . . . I hope the weather will soften, and the glass rise; I don't know whether it is the effect of March on the liver, or Lent on the imagination, but I always think this is a trying time.

To M. C. L.

March 18, 1914.

Not so well again, renewed my cold somehow, perhaps from N. who has a bad one—so am rather dismal. Friday last, our Confirmation day, turned out to be the record snowstorm of the year—but fortunately it stopped snowing about three o'clock, so we were able to get to church without getting our veils wetted. Otherwise we thought we should

have had to put them on in church. The Bishop¹ was as good as usual, and impressed them very much, and the new flag was flown from the top of the tower for the first time in his honour, also some new vestry curtains put up. They are Morris work and very nice, given by the Crums. Now that the classes are over I am working off some old arrears of letters—and then hope to get at the poor old book—which has been again threatened by an invitation to take part in a diocesan convention at Reading. It is not till February, but I with my slow methods should have to begin preparing it long before, and besides, it isn't really quite my line. N. is, most unwisely, I think, going into a Quiet Day in Oxford to-morrow. She says the spiritual reaction is sure to do her cold more good than the physical risk does harm. But I doubt it. I'm afraid it wouldn't be so with me. One hopes each week that some warmth may come. I never remember such a March, or is it that the years are telling?

¹ Dr. Charles Gore.

THE "LUX MUNDI" PARTY

“ Further, the religious man finds a fuller satisfaction of his social nature in the company of those who like himself are striving to live ‘ as unto the Lord,’ and who consequently possess that deeper reality and truer capacity for fellowship which that life must inevitably bring. Thus while ‘ honouring all men ’ he ‘ loves the brotherhood,’ since it is only within the brotherhood, the company of those who are penetrated and sustained by the divine love, that his own desire for love meets its really adequate response.”—J. R. I., *The Gospel Miracles*, Appendix I., “ The Nature of Man.”

CHAPTER VI

THE "LUX MUNDI" PARTY

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

MR. RICHMOND has already told us (page 33) how, in 1875, a party of friends, of whom John Illingworth was one, joined themselves into what they affectionately called the "Holy Party," and each year spent some weeks together in the companionship of meditation, study, and talk.

This yearly meeting has been continued without intermission ever since, though one year it consisted, as J. R. I. used often to tell us, of Dr. H. S. Holland alone!

In the year 1887 it was decided that a volume of essays should be written, embodying the common view of Christian doctrine which had gradually become the possession of this gathering of friends.

In September 1888 they met at Dr. Holland's house, 1, Amen Court, to read and decide on the essays written. As a result Mr. Arthur Lyttelton was asked to rewrite his essay on the "Atonement," and as it was found that there was nothing on the work of the Holy Spirit, the editor was asked to write an article on that subject. In the summer of 1889 they met at the Westminster Arms, West Malvern, and finally prepared for the press the book entitled *Lux Mundi*, the deciding vote for the title being given by J. R. I.

It was then settled that the meetings in future should take place at Longworth Rectory, and there, June 25 to 28, 1890, they came for the first time, and continued to meet there until the rector's illness in 1915 sent them to the Bishop's house at Cuddesdon, for another period of the life of the Party.

From the rectory visitors' book are taken the names given below of those who formed the first conference held there :

CHARLES GORE, Pusey House, Oxford.
 FRANCIS PAGET, Christ Church, Oxford.
 WALTER LOCK, Keble College.
 H. S. HOLLAND, 1, Amen Court.
 EDWARD S. TALBOT, Vicarage, Leeds.
 ARTHUR LYTTELTON, Selwyn College, Cambridge.
 R. L. OTTLEY, Cuddesdon.
 R. C. MOBERLY, Great Budworth.
 W. J. H. CAMPION, Keble College.

The signatures of those attending the last Longworth Conference, from July 3 to 7, 1914, were as follows :

C. OXON.	WILFRID RICHMOND.
EDW. WINTON.	WINFRID : O. : TRURON :
HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND.	WALTER H. MOBERLY.
WALTER LOCK.	NEVILLE S. TALBOT.
L. G. MYLNE.	R. L. OTTLEY.

Of the authors of *Lux Mundi*, Aubrey Moore alone never came to Longworth. He died soon after the publication of the book. As one after another of the party left us for another world, others were elected into it. Thus, in 1891, the present Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Strong, joined it ; in 1892, Mr. Campion having died, the Rev. Winfrid O. Burrows became a

member. The Rev. Wilfrid Richmond, a member of the original "Holy Party," joined us in 1896. Dr. Moberly and Dr. Lyttelton died in 1903, and the Rev. Richard Rackham was elected; only, alas! to be with us for two meetings, before he, too, was called beyond the veil. In 1910 Dr. Moberly's son Walter was chosen as a member, and in 1913 Neville Talbot, son of the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Paget having died in the summer of 1911.

It may be imagined what a stir such a gathering made year by year in a quiet country village; and what a joy it was to the rectory. By the villagers they were always known as "the gentlemen," by the rector as "Lux," by themselves the party was, I believe, called "Longworth." As for twenty-four years one saw them meet and converse and pray together, one did have presented to one's mind a picture growing constantly in intensity, of that which friendship and human intercourse is meant to be and is, if built upon the true foundation. It was a wonderful privilege to be allowed to be with them evening after evening, and as one after another was withdrawn from earth, to think of them as nevertheless sharing in, and assisting in the talk, and surely in the laughter also: for in such a body of friends a number of "family" jokes is sure to grow, nothing being so unfailing a soil for true mirth and gaiety, as the absolute security of each in each which such long friendship matures.

The villagers used to begin early each year to consider if their peas and chicken would be ready for the "Gentlemen," and their rooms were put at our disposal when the rectory overflowed. The same rooms were for the most part occupied by the same persons and habitually bore their names. The rectory gardener, who had the traditional racy tongue of

that tribe, being asked by a stranger what the members of the conference did at their meetings, replied that he believed they "pulled each other's books to pieces," and on being told that someone whom he had known last year as, let us say, an archdeacon, was now a bishop, and he must on no account forget the fact or the luggage would get wrongly placed, said, "Well, they do get on so fast, there's no keeping up with them," and indeed they did continually change their titles and addresses !

Each day was begun with a celebration of the Holy Communion in the parish church at 8, then after breakfast and Matins at 10, they settled down to two and a half hours of steady discussion of some previously decided subject. The afternoons were devoted to walks among Mr. Prince's beautiful roses or elsewhere, and between tea and evensong there was another two and a half hours' talk. In the evenings one and another would read aloud to the rest.

Of late years the conference days always included a Sunday ; the rector gives some account of these in letters which follow. The village children, impressed by his reading of them, used to speak of Dr. Talbot as having "preached" the lessons.

Those daily services were times never to be forgotten. That group of people at any rate did not believe that devotion was only possible if carried on in whispers ! One remembered the accounts given of the services in the Primitive Church, when we are told that the "Amens" resembled "claps of thunder," and one was warmed and encouraged for the whole year to come. It may be permissible to pause here and say that if the educated members of a congregation knew how difficult it makes it for a young labourer, for example, unused to the modulation of



EAST WINDOW, ST. MARY'S, LONGWORTH.

From a Photo by E. Bowles.

his voice, to join in a service when the people round him seem to think that reverence and soundlessness are synonymous terms, they might for the sake of their untutored brethren revise their habits.

But indeed these were privileged days, eagerly looked for before they came, sorrowed for when they ended. The rector did not often, latterly at any rate, take a large part in the discussions, but he loved the time and valued it greatly. It is to be regretted that no more account of them is to be found in his letters, but as the friend to whom so many of them are written, used to join us for our holiday soon after they were ended, no doubt it did not seem worth while to put much record of them on paper.

In the year 1900, at the instigation of Dr. H. S. Holland, the party gave a very beautiful east window to Longworth Church to commemorate their tenth year of meeting there. Mr. Heywood Sumner, the artist, was asked to embody in his design the main idea of the book *Lux Mundi*; and the window, a photograph of which is here reproduced, shows the living Christ "reigning from the Tree." The rector often explained its meaning to us, and showed us how it was the fact that only two fruitful branches remained—all the unfruitful ones being cut away—which made out of the tree, a Cross. The Old Covenant is typified by the rainbow at the top, and the beautiful little Morse which fastens the priestly vestment is most touchingly made from a "flawed" bit of glass, which Messrs. Powell, instead of throwing away when the colours in it were not rightly mixed, put by for some such use as this. We always felt it to be a fitting commentary on the text below, "I am come a Light into the world. I came not to judge the world, but to save the world."

A brass has lately been placed beside the window,

so that future generations may know how it came to be there. The inscription on it is as follows :

This Window, erected in 1900, was the gift of friends of the rector, John Richardson Illingworth, who had been fellow-workers with him in the volume entitled *Lux Mundi*, and who year by year met at the Rectory and together joined in the worship of this Church. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another."

It was only after the inscription had been written that the letter given below was found, showing that the text embodied in it had often been in the rector's mind.

To M. C. L.

September, 1901.

What you say about our reserve over religion is very true, but isn't it very largely due to our English fear of unreality, fear of saying more than we feel justified in saying, or of leading others to do so? Because I should have thought that with one's really closest intimates one did talk freely of religion, without any sense of unnaturalness. And it is one of those intensely intimate personal things that never could be freely talked about except to our closest intimates. I have all my life been fond of that passage, "They that feared the Lord *talked* often one to another; and a book of remembrance was written before the Lord." I think I told you of Jowett, in one of his letters, saying he could not at the moment write of religion, and that there was "nothing else worth writing about." And of course one does feel increasingly every year—that it is the only reality—and the only secret of love and beauty—again and again I feel that I should have died or gone mad without it; my great sorrow is the poor thing I make of it in my own case, despite of all my convictions about it.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,
November, 1907.

I am writing quite comfortably in the garden (November 12!). Isn't it lovely? Thank you so much for your letter and for what you say of the prayers and the book. I suppose I shall soon get a review or two. But so far the Bishop of Birmingham and Mr. Barnes are my chief critics. The former has read it through or got through it somehow in about two days—and approves in strong terms, so I hope that may be taken as a good omen. "But," he says, "you have settled an old controversy . . . by *inventing* a text."¹ And sure enough so I have. P. 158. "Whom he justified them he also sanctified." Curiously N.'s book came out the same week—the first time that such a combination has occurred. It has otherwise been an uneventful week—dull and commonplace and affording nothing to write about. So you must take a slice of my book by way of getting at my thoughts.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

1889.

It was most grateful to get a spontaneous letter from you, reminding me of the days when we used to exchange cards at this season, and of the Riviera and Florence—a memory always tinged with sad thoughts of what a brute I often was at that time. But though I have repented of it much and often, I still find a tendency to be the same to any one who comes near me in very cold weather. So try and remember me only as I was in summer time, or at St. David's in the opening spring. I do so hope now you are settled in England that we may meet again for something more than just a spasmodic conversation, just to whisper secretly to each other that we are "forty" and be consoled by having confessed the sad fact to sympathetic ears. I am afraid there is a tone of "fortyness" about *Lux Mundi* which has made it much duller than I hoped.

¹ See previous letter, in which also a text is incorrectly quoted.

Years ago one would hardly have thought that the united efforts of the writers would only have issued in adding one to the countless tomes of dull divinity—safe, sound and unreadable—yet so I fear it is. Moore had some good jokes, and Holland some wild outbursts, but they were ruthlessly expunged—and I had such a pretty purple passage whose orthodoxy was not equal to its rhythm, and so it had to go. But it is kind of you to say what you do and encourage me—for I am indeed very earnest in wanting to write something more, pressed on by that sense of fortiness aforesaid. It's quite true what you say about a metaphysic, and yet it is there, it exists, still waiting to be expressed. Some of those younger Balliol people seem to be trying their hands at it—and they can't succeed, because they haven't the theological centre. Were you at the Bishop of Brechin's retreat¹ when he said "Exoriare aliquis"? But these are things more to talk of than to write of—or one's letter would so soon become a volume. Let me hear something of your work at Crewe—it would interest me thoroughly.

At present I am in a worry that you can, I feel, sympathise with more than most people, from somewhat kindred experiences. The Brazilian affair has been a heavy blow to my mother's income, and I shall probably have to move her from her house, which her mental and bodily condition will make intensely distressing. Please pray for me about it.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

June 28, 1890.

The *Lux* people have just left, and I am rather talked to pieces—but there is enough of me left to write you a line. Thanks very much for your letter and offer—but if you are at all likely to write yourself (and why should you not?), it would be a mistake to let me have anything which is already sufficiently *written* to go into your own book—anything, I mean, which might lead me to borrow your *phrases*. If you could let me have your central thought in a letter or

¹ See pp. 33, 187.

when we meet, would not that be better? Our departments, as you say, would be different, and there would be very little chance of either overlapping the other, while kindred ideas differently developed would be doubly useful.—But don't give me anything which would burn the bridges behind your own chance of writing on the subject.¹ The *Lux* people were asking after you, but I knew little of your late doings to tell them. (It is the form in which the H.P. is now kept up, a yearly meeting here for *talk*, but the *silence* of the old days was better.) Kindest regards to your wife.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

1899.

Thanks for your note on Cause, which I read with much interest last night. I think it would be very nice to talk about.² Myself I think it a more important question than even "still use of incense." Just look at my note on "Freewill" in *Immanence* before we meet, as it also bears on the point, though not coinciding with it—it was also intended, of course, to be popular in form of expression.

About arriving. The whole party, or most of them, will be leaving Oxford Station about 6 p.m. on Friday in various vehicles, and some one I gather will be cycling—probably Holland—so you had better arrange with them (indeed Moberly assumes at present that you are driving). I do not think I can promise to meet you, but come through Cumnor and *Appleton* (which is the way they drive) and I will if I can.

Ever your affectionate,

J. R. I.

To M. C. L.

March, 1900.

Next week Mr. Heywood Sumner is coming to see the window finished and stay the night. I rather look forward to the idea of a little opalescent jewel work to look at in church, and I am hoping that the

¹ Viz. "Personality," see pp. 81, 90.

² Viz. at the *Lux Mundi* meeting.

rainbow at the top will be lovely, as a rainbow ought to give great scope for colour.

To M. C. L.

May, 1900.

To-day is brilliant and springlike and full of hope. Meanwhile the window is in! And very beautiful. Many of the people are disappointed at its not having more colour in it, they don't understand subdued and subtle colour, but I delight in it, and especially the opalescent or shell-like tints in the white part of the glass. I shall preach on the symbolism of it, and perhaps that will help them to understand it. I have also got to Chap. III., p. 12! so I am getting on. If Chap. III. is finished by Easter, I shall feel justified in looking once again upon the sea with you, and am looking forward to it already. The artist came and stayed with us, to see the window in, and reminded me a little of Richmond,¹ as he was full of delightful artistic talk.

To M. C. L.

February, 1903.

We heard from Gore two or three days ago that A. Lyttelton could not live many days. Our *Lux* party has bound us all so close together that one feels it very much. It is so solemn to think of him having to wait all this time and know that it is the end. His friends write of him as wonderfully "uplifted." I think we should always have been mortal as to our bodies—but without sin, that we should have had more knowledge of the beyond and so seen through death, and not had to fear it, much as one goes to sleep with the assurance of rising fresher in the morning—which of course is what some saints feel now—but only *some*, and they only *saints*.

To M. C. L.

June, 1904.

I am sitting in the garden where *Lux* will shortly appear. Sanday was to have come over for a paper, as before, but his wife has died this week. Death

¹ The artist.



"LUX MUNDI" PARTY AT RECTORY, 1902.

H. S. Holland. R. C. Moberly. Arthur Lyttelton. Walter Lock.
J. R. I. Charles Gore. L. G. Mylne. Winfrid Burrows. Wilfrid Richmond.
(and the "White Umbrella" mentioned in many letters!).

From a Photo by Edward S. Talbot.

thickens more and more round our party, and it gets more solemn every year. Oh, if only one could feel about death, as one reasons about it! And believe what one writes.

To M. C. L.

June, 1904. St. Peter's Day: my Confirmation day—I was good then.

I have to go unexpectedly into Oxford. Roffen's bag containing all his correspondence has been lost on the road—a perfectly immeasurable misfortune—and I am going in to see if I can hear any news of it. The party went off well, but was marred by the absence of Holland, who was awfully sad at not being with us. And now I have got to worry along with my last chapter. Telegram arrived, "Bag found," so going into Oxford abandoned. It had fallen off the trap on Cumnor Hill. It doesn't say much for the powers of observation of four people in an open carriage. And now for a hustle on with my chapter, which must be concluded as soon as I can. Holland comes on the 9th, and sometime another American.

To C. L.

June 27, 1904.

Fancy your remembering my birthday! It was good of you. Thank you so much. It is nice to think that one has not yet outgrown the faculty for adding to one's friendships, or the possibility of being regarded as a friend. For it is a comfort to think that one's life can still go on being enriched in the one way worth having, despite of increasing physical decrepitude. I had a magnificent birthday, sitting serenely in my seat, while three live bishops took the services for me! And now we are in the middle of our *Lux Mundi* meeting and talks, in an interlude of which I write this in the garden. We are a party of twelve in all this year, one of the biggest. Last week the new reredos was put up in the church, which you must come and see; it is certainly very beautiful, and a glorious bit of colour which is most effective.

To M. C. S.

June 27, 1904.

This was truly wonderful, and awfully good of you. Thank you so much, both for the letter and book. . . . I had a most regal birthday, sitting in state in my seat while three live bishops preached and read my lessons for me! and now they are all gone again, and we are alone with our roses—which were never more glorious than this year. I am writing in the garden surrounded by their scent, though I would gladly exchange it for a whiff of the Cornish sea. We are coming to Tintagel and Polurrian for our holiday this year, but not till August. It is a pity we could not meet there.

To M. C. L.

April, 1905.

We have a sister of one of my recent Oxford acquaintances just come to stay, and finding that they had a house at West Malvern, I asked if it was near the Westminster Arms. And she said, "Isn't that rather a famous place; didn't some celebrated men write a book there?" So they must have kept the tradition of *Lux Mundi* in the place.

To M. C. L.

June 26, 1905.

Thank you for your dear birthday letter and presents, which were the first I received, for Nora, though she had carefully got me a present, was so preoccupied with *Lux* that she forgot all about the day, and so I lay low and said nothing! But you ought not to have given me two such nice things. N. gave me Shelley and the *Morte d'Arthur*. The great event is over, and Mrs. Talbot and the Bishop are staying over till to-morrow. The roses and weather were at their best, and I think they all enjoyed themselves. We had a very big thunderstorm, but it came at night, so was not so objectionable as by day. In the evenings Talbot read Shakespeare, chiefly the comic scenes of Falstaff—which were a great success. Among

obita dicta, Mrs. Talbot expressed a liking for the desert book that you liked so, but whose name I have forgotten, and Holland and Gore screamed against Sir Richard Calmady.

To M. C. L.

July 2, 1906.

We talked at *Lux* about sin, the different aspects which it wears to the naturalist and the moralist—then about the Education Bill—on which there was less agreement in detail than I expected. It really does seem to have got into a hopeless muddle. Then on the Church being too aristocratic, and the need of democratising it in the present day. (Bishops £1,000 a year.) Then about the alienation of the people from the Church, on which again there was some difference of opinion.

To M. C. L.

July 3, 1907.

The party is broken up, and only Richmond left—he staying till to-morrow. It was a good time, but not such propitious weather as it might have been, and now to-day is worse than ever. My head is very thick and stupid after it, so I shan't try to make this much of a letter, with the less regret because we shall meet so soon. . . . We had very good readings aloud of an evening—"Empedocles on Etna," Smart's "Song to David," Browning's "Strafford" and the "Blot in the Scutcheon," last part. The last is needlessly horrible and the horror long drawn out. I don't like it.

To M. C. L.

July, 1908.

The party has just gone. But what do you think? They arrived a day before we expected them! Imagine our momentary despair, and their horror (one of them immediately called out, "Is there food enough?"). But by great good luck Holland had mistaken the day too, and proposed to come a day before the rest, as he

and we thought. Consequently we had asked the curate to meet him, and had dinner enough. (The curate having to be sent back dinnerless.) Also in her affection for him, N. had had all the rooms got ready that he might take his choice. But for this, we might have had a most awful disaster. Suppose we had been going to finish the last rather unsavoury remnants of cold mutton—as often happens when we are alone—and the whole party had appeared! As it was we thought it rather a triumph. We had some interesting meetings, the only drawback being Gore's necessary absence. Talbot gave a great deal of very interesting gossip about the Conference. Gore had been allowed to go to part of that, but had to speak from a chair. But he is getting on capitally.

To M. C. L.

June 30, 1909.

The last Luxite did not leave till yesterday evening, or I should have written sooner. . . . The chief feature of our gathering was a surprise at the end of it. The Bishop motored into Oxford on Monday afternoon, to take a wedding—and came back bringing Mrs. Talbot with him. Her coming had been kept an entire secret between him and Nora, and took us all by complete surprise! It was naturally a great delight. Did I tell you that failing maids, N. borrowed a neighbour's butler, who is a friend of hers? You should have seen the party when it first arrived, and was received by him in the hall, in full evening dress! We had some good talks, and were only once prevented from meeting in the garden—and everyone was very jolly. Yesterday we had the first real thunderstorm that we have had this year—and that not a bad one. But it is queer weather. I hope it will brighten for the holiday. I believe I ought really to have gone to some cure place for my rheumatism. . . . Did I tell you I had the number of my sixpennies from Macmillan. They have sold a little less than 65,000 copies. I expect that is really rather good for books of the kind.

To M. C. L.

July 26, 1910.

Holland has just left—the last of the lot—and I shall just have time for this, before the post goes. We had a very jolly party, enriched by the addition of Walter Moberly, his father's son, so we have taken in the new generation. But the weather was terrible—cold and rainy—so that we could never meet out of doors. And then in the middle the Bishop of Southwark got a telegram to say that May had twins! making five boys under five and a half years old. They all seem very happy over it however. Gore preached in the morning, and Richmond in the evening. Holland has just been telling Nora that he quite acquiesces in my being here—which he used not to do—because he finds my books are so widely read. That is comforting, because he is a person likely to know. In the evening we read the Falstaff scene about the men in buckram—whereon N.'s comment was "Men are curious things." And another night Clough—and Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*. And now we turn to thoughts of Bradshaw and packing.

To M. C. L.

July 18, 1911.

The blessed days are over, and were as jolly as ever. Oxford was with us, and Strong came over for a day, and we had two magnificent sermons from Birmingham and Oxford, and the lessons read by Winton, so we were in great glory. Also a large number of the recent confirmees came to the celebration which Oxford took—and that pleased him very much. I have consented to interfere with my habit for him and address his candidates for ordination in September. And now I am looking up notes for a lecture to clergy which is on Friday next—and then I can give myself unreservedly to packing my bag for the holiday.

To M. C. L.

May 12, 1912.

There is a history of the C.S.U. in the Commonwealth which brings out to me who can read between the lines the very interesting fact that when five of us started the first "Holy Party" at Brighstone in 1875, it was the germ of the C.S.U.—of Mirfield, and of *Lux Mundi* and all the other writing of the party. Rather a prolific fact. And now I must put on overalls and start for some exercise in the wet, for it looks likely to be a nice rainy day!

To M. C. L.

July 2, 1912.

The last of *Lux* is just gone. They went off in dribbles, two at a time, getting gradually less and less, which perhaps diminished the shock. We had some very good talks, and the Dean was present, which always immensely enlivens the proceedings. I have had some copies of the *Freewoman* sent me by Mrs. Humphry Ward to show to the Bishop. It is not denied that a section of the Suffrage party aims quite definitely at the abolition of all permanent marriage, and discuss the subject very openly, together with all the kindred subjects. The question is how large a section of the party it is, and whether it is really large enough to be dangerous—if the party wins its power, and that is where the opinions differ. Mrs. Humphry Ward and others think the danger very serious, not possibly that they will be able to carry explicit measures, but that they will loosen the whole moral tone of women. The Bishop, on the other hand, thinks they are too small a minority to effect this. But I am inclined to think that the former are really more behind the scenes, and have their fingers more on the pulse of the women at large. At any rate they feel quite as keenly as the most ardent suffragettes, and are as tremendously in earnest. The Bishop's position is that any reform movement is sure to have a number of bad supporters, but that you must chance that. I write all this because you are puzzled at my last

letter. . . . It was interesting to have the Bishop elect of Truro with us.

To M. C. L.

June, 1913.

It is over ! They are gone. They began to go on Monday afternoon, and finished this morning. The Dean was kept away at the last moment and Gore was not here. . . . Those were the two drawbacks. On the other hand Neville Talbot was a new acquisition, with his magnificent height and glorious colour (superior, said Holland, to any meerschaum pipe), and we had good talks and glorious weather. Miss Crum, who helped N. with the flowers, slipped in on Monday morning at 8 o'clock, while we were all at church, and redid the drawing-room, with a beautiful scheme of all blue flowers, which are round me as I write.

To M. C. L.

July 8, 1914.

They have come and gone again, and had a very cheerful time. And now there is only a short visit to Cuddesdon between us and the holiday. We have not made any settlement for after Morthoe, and shan't till we see how long we like to be there. We might stay there to the end. Miss B. has done me a lot of good, but I have still a good deal of local trouble though well in general health. I am much looking forward to going away. H. M. C. is bringing her cycle to Weston, and I hope we may get some cycling together. I don't know any place where there is likely to be a very nice church, except at Weston. Did I tell you that we are taking our two maids there, to do the personal work for us, as the L. T. brings his own servants. Bee is coming here for the last few days before we go away. We had some interesting talks at our meeting. Neville Talbot very much to the front—a coming personality, I should think. His brother is going to the house of the Mirfield people in London. . . . They grumbled at me for not having my book ready, and I am rather annoyed myself.

THE MAN

“ ‘ He went about doing good ’ ; not now and then, but it was his life. He lived solely for God and others, and it is not only *what* He did, but *how* He did it—with little touches of tenderness and thoughtfulness. Make it your aim to gain delicacy of touch which *puts love* into your service of love. Let every phrase, touch, look cause His love to shine through you upon those with whom you have to do, leading them on to realise that God has not left them to struggle on alone in a loveless world.”—J. R. I., *From an Address given at St. Mary's Home Chapel, Wantage, May 29, 1899.*

CHAPTER VII

THE MAN

“ Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy :

I dwell in the high and holy place, and with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.”

ONE of “ Mr. I.’s ” most marked characteristics was his entire unworldliness. I do not think that worldly honour, or dignity, or money or possessions ever had the smallest attraction for him. Nor ever, I think, did any small or petty thought enter his mind. However angry he might be in the earlier days, there was never a touch of resentment ; it was a flare, and then over. He had always a deep vein of penitence and personal humility running through his nature, so that he suffered acutely whenever he felt he had lapsed from that which he knew to be right ; and that it was real penitence, he showed by his unflinching determination to gain self-mastery in the end. No sooner did he realise that he was down, than he was up again, more resolute than before not to be beaten. Certainly if to die fighting is to die victorious, John Illingworth was a victor in the fight. And often during the last days when he lay on his bed dying, he would beg us with tears in his eyes to pray that he who had preached to others might not himself be a castaway,

He was always, and remained so to the end, a very nervous, highly strung, sensitive man. Liable

to great and really terrible waves of depression ; so suffering the fear of death, that he often said " the fear of death is always before me " ; upset by the smallest ruffle which disturbed the peace of his home ; overwhelmed with a sense of unworthiness, never believing himself to be of use, full of terrors, which he could not put into words. During the earlier years of his life at Longworth he was often ill, but nevertheless, during all the thirty-three years he spent there, he can only have missed taking his Sunday services about twenty times. And as he learnt better how to manage himself, and what he could do, and what he could not, he became stronger and more master of himself, and less moody, and more equable, and year by year more lovable, as I think the letters show.

It was not only from the artistic side of life that he had in a large measure to cut himself free. He had also to refuse the more exciting forms of work. As, for instance, when he was invited to deliver a course of lectures in America in the year 1890. He accepted the invitation, and we were getting ready to go, when he found that it would really involve a round of visits, several other lectures, and, I think, of rather a different sort from those which he was preparing. So although they cabled, " Come on your own understanding," he gave it up. And once again, when asked to deliver the Gifford Lectures, in the year 1902, his sensitive conscience and love of perfection made him refuse. He said he could not possibly do his best with them in the two years allowed ; and he could not bear to do less than that. This was really one of the great renunciations of his life, one to which he often sadly referred ; just as it was a great pleasure to him when the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the Hon. degree of D.D. in the year 1900.

The letter which follows gives his own view of the case as regards the Gifford Lectures.

To M. C. L.

March, 1902.

Woe is me! It's a weary world. Here is the University of Edinburgh electing me unanimously to the post of Gifford lecturer on Natural Theology, tenable for two years, with an income of £700 a year! And I've got to make up my mind whether to accept it or not. I love Edinburgh and much liked the people there, and it's a very congenial subject, but on the other hand I should be expected to produce a book worth reading, on the subject. And I don't feel capable of doing that in the time. Also N. would like the income. Isn't it a weary world. The only other event since I last wrote is that N. was looking very tired, not to say ill last week, and Helen, finding her so one day, proposed to come and stay and take all her work, classes, etc., *while she went to bed*. And so she did—and N. went to bed from Saturday morning till Tuesday (bar 8 o'clock service on Sunday, to which she went and then back to bed again). Don't you think that rather droll. But it has done her a lot of good, though the doctor says she is run down, and must take iron. I think if I can get a Sunday off, after Easter, I shall get her away for a holiday, which at present she wants much more than I do. I do hope we shall escape influenza this year, both in the village and in the house, for I hear it is very much about. We have at present scarlet fever and diphtheria in the place, which is more than I ever remember happening before, at the same time, except in the bad epidemic. But who can wonder at any amount of illness with such a winter. Do you think it is really over at last. To-day is simply glorious, between the showers. Sunshine, sapphire sky, and birds—real spring. . . . Well, dearest Donna, I must make up my mind, so pray for me. You will see that it is rather a serious and big thing, and it is so very difficult to know what is right. Saturday will be St. David's Day, the first of spring!

Dr. Illingworth was the most amusing companion, always ready to see and enjoy the smallest joke, always ready with some whimsical, dry remark which seemed to sum up any situation that arose. This characteristic was continued to his very last hours on earth, so that those who were tending him were often obliged to laugh, even when they were giving him pain, and so were in pain themselves. He did always so unflinchingly see the humorous side of everything which happened.

But perhaps the most wonderful thing to watch was his growing gentleness and patience, a patience which was marked even on his face, and which I think shows itself increasingly in his letters. In his first years at Longworth he was anything but patient. He controlled a very irritable tongue with difficulty, and did not always control it. He was then apt to think much of himself and of his own ailments; his temper was by no means what he would have desired it to be. Much of this was no doubt to be attributed to ill-health. But year by year he steadily grew in self-control; year by year he became more and more unselfish, more and more thoughtful for others—extraordinarily thoughtful indeed; more and more patient, more and more gentle and loving. Who would suppose, for instance, reading those letters to M. C. L. written in 1913, 1914, 1915, that the writer was all that time having large and painful wounds dressed every day for all that time! It was a constant joy and inspiration to watch this transformation. It was not that he had not always been most lovable—his numerous friends and his letters to them all his young life prove that—but no doubt it is always hard at first to fit into an entirely new set of circumstances, and that and his health served to upset his equability.

It is possible that some who knew him only towards

the end of his life may be pained by having his earlier impatience and other faults spoken of, because they may well feel that this is not the man they knew themselves. But if a true picture of his life is to be given—and he would be the last person to endure anything else being done—this side also must be shown. He often said himself that his sermons and books were the fruits of his own moral and spiritual struggles, and of his continual wrestling with unbelief, or uncertainty of belief. Life was no easy thing to “Mr. I.,” the Christian faith no facile possession. Every inch of the way was a battlefield, every bit of it was strewn with those things “pleasant to the eye and good to the taste” which had nevertheless to be abandoned if he would enter the Kingdom. And perhaps it may be a consolation to some who have not these battles to fight, to know that that which really helped him most, and most carried conviction to his soul, was the beauty of holiness which he saw in others—some who little thought that by their simple following of the light they were helping him to write his books. He always said that a really consistent following of Christ produced the very best and most beautiful lives in men and women, and that therefore this must have been the design for which they were created.

*To that H. A. J. to whom the first volume of sermons
was dedicated*

June 23, 1885.

DEAREST HARRY,

What can I say but that I have gone through the same, if such can be, and my heart is with you? However much we may expect it, the blow is the same when it comes—I do not say more, but I think much of you. I am in town on Saturday and Sunday night next, at St. John’s Vicarage, Kennington,

and after that for two or three days longer, but I don't know yet at what address. If you were coming through you would let me know. Please give my truest expressions of sympathy to your aunt and sisters ; I feel that I have lost a very real friend, as I had come to feel, and do not indeed use empty words therefore.

Yours ever affectionately,
J. R. I.

To H. A. J.

March 1, 1885.

The first of spring, a real St. David's day moves me to send you a line of entreaty to know whether you come south at Easter. Bangy has proposed himself to come here from Maunday Thursday to Easter Tuesday. Would there be any chance of your coming at the same time? After that we shall go away a little, and you will naturally be for Tunbridge Wells, but I thought perchance these three or four days might be spared. It would be very Davidic; think of it, if you can. I have not written to you since the news of Scholar's engagement. He seems marvellous happy about it. I was in London for that Mission they have been having, and survived it and flourished, and made two or three interesting clerical acquaintances there. One of my co-missioners was a Scotchman just like Bob Mackenzie. Think of coming if you can. Wife would send messages if she were in, I expect.

Extracts from letters to M. C. L.

November, 1900.

Am I becoming a Jonah? On Tuesday I had actually got my cycle as far as the doorstep, when it began and continued to pour, till afternoon. And I am afraid you will have met my train, and not found me, which is always so horrid. Now I have no chance till after next week, and all that I can console myself with is that hope is better than memory: though G. A. C. writing to N. the other day, quoted with

approval a saying, "Experience is only the imperfect prelude to memory," and went on to say how she never got the full juice out of things (this is my phrase, not hers) except in thinking them over afterwards. "The perfect star we saw not when we moved therein." But I think I should be more disposed to say, "Experience is the imperfect realisation of hope," yet that sounds a little sad. Is the complete view that the true life is spiritual, and that hope and memory, being spiritual, are both perfect, and experience is their necessarily imperfect link? Thus I hope for a walk with you that shall be all golden in a golden sun. When the walk comes off you are a little tired, and I am a little dull or cross with an ache or pain, and the sun does not shine, perhaps it drizzles. But the week after the aches, and pains, and sunless sky are forgotten, and only the fact that we took sweet intercourse together remains—and so the memory is the full realisation of the hope. The said G. A. C. (the American lady you remember at Lucerne) has promised a brass altar desk to the church, saying she wanted to have some permanent link with a church that had been so much to her. . . . Chap. IV. just finished. Chap. V. to begin to-morrow, I hope! Bickersteth comes to-day. I am going to read to the Browning people, who meet here next week, *Saul*.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN I

February, 1903.

My heart goes out to you in this lovely weather. I wish you were here, or I there, for one feels that such days ought to be spent in holiday making, not in writing about original sin. Have you any Easter plans yet? For I should much like to get away and get N. away too, and if I began to plan early enough, perhaps I could get an L.T. for a couple of Sundays. I am glad I am not assisting at the enthronement of Cantuar to-day. Indeed the prospect of the change¹ has made me realise how much I love the absolute freedom of the country. I don't think I

¹ The offer of a canonry at Canterbury.

could ever get on as a member of a chapter, where one had to be more or less conventional. I think I would rather have been a hermit than a monk. I have always appreciated the way in which St. Cuthbert rushed away from his bishopric back to his lonely island by the sea. Think of a hermitage on Ramsey Island. . . . I am writing this out of doors, and one might almost bathe. Where are we to go this summer? Days like this set all such thoughts a going. I have little short walks with N. sometimes—otherwise I have had no walking or cycling companion for weeks, and solitude begins to pall. I had to write a letter for the S.S.S. (Society of Sacred Study) the other day, which gave pause to the book, and I have also had to rewrite some in consequence of a new book that has just come out, denying original sin, which stirs up all the puzzle again. Everyone seems to have left Longworth—except ourselves. It certainly would have been the right moment to go.

To M. C. L.

Friday, October 3, 1903.

My very latest news is that I learned by this morning's post that 2,800 of my various volumes had sold during the year—which is the largest sale by a good deal that I have had in any one year. I tell you these details because I think they will interest you—and of course when one lives "buried in a college living" and apparently doing nothing, one is very anxious really to increase one's range of touch. For the same reason, I will commend the sale of the sixpenny editions to your prayers, dearest Donna, for I feel very gravely about it. One seems to have done so little with one's life that one may hope to extend the little in that way. Our guests have come and gone. Crum was as amusing as ever, and arrived on a motor-cycle of the newest pattern, a fearsome machine which he petted and messed over in a way that reminded me of Bangy. Though his tender conscience was a little anxious as to whether the Bishop's chaplain ought to endanger so

many lives of members of the diocese as he seems likely to do. For it appears that the motor-cycle is more obnoxious to the horse and pony than any other machine. It is also very liable to side-slips. And as it weighs about a ton I should think his own life was not too safe on it. . . . Dearest Donna, I've been thinking this morning how good it would be if I could come and make hay in your room every Friday—by way of correcting any tendency to "pre-ciseness" which may be growing upon you. Then I'm sure you might eat meat all the rest of the day!

To M. C. L.

November, 1903.

C. L. left on Monday, and I had a good deal of cycling during her stay. Otherwise very little of interest has turned up. Except a request to be select preacher at Oxford again, which I have declined. . . . I wish you were here to read all my MSS.¹ as I am rather low about it at present, and you might hearten me up. You must read it at Christmas if it doesn't bore you too much. And go on praying for it and me, specially me. I have just been reading a little life of St. Bernard which was very nicely told, but not as detailed as the longer lives of him that exist. The wonder to me about him, is the extreme state of weakness to which his austerities had reduced him—and yet the amount of preaching and writing he could do with it all. I suppose there are more miracles, Donna, in the spiritual region than we are apt to admit. He was credited with working many, and perhaps his own life was the greatest. And yet one of two life works—preaching the crusades—was a disastrous failure—condemned to fail from the very beginning! Pere Grou who (I have just been reading) composed a theological book which took him fourteen years, and was then burnt! Which things set one thinking. If I could only put my thinking more profitably down. One would think the next world must resemble this—otherwise

¹ *Christian Character.*

how should one use the experience, which it seems one's chief end here to gain ?

To M. C. L.

January 30, 1904.

How late you have all your Christmas festivities. I should think it was very disconcerting to an orderly church mind, to have Christmas trees in Septuagesima, with violet on !! You will be glad to hear that Chapter XI.¹ has got on again, and is all but finished. I have been tracing how all ordinary life is carried on by faith—faith in nature, and in the morality of our fellow men ; and that this really involves and presupposes faith in the God of nature, and author of morality. Consequently that the Christian life of faith is nothing exceptional, but only the highest and most conscious form of what all human life is more or less unconsciously. I think it is a point worth working out. There is an article on Browning's private life and character in the *Century* for February which you would like. One is so accustomed now to have the little domestic details of the mighty dead raked up to their disadvantage, that it is delightful to come across the opposite—little gossipy observations on him, all going to show what a perfect Christian gentleman he was—absolutely humble, intense in his love, and wonderfully considerate of other people (going through storms rather than break a promise !). A lady asked him to criticise an ode she had written to a French novelist (I suspect Zola), and when he heard the title he wouldn't even listen to it. That is fine for the nineteenth century. Really if it had been the life of a professed saint it could hardly have read differently, it is quite charming. If you cared I would send it you. I gather that Gore is the sole cause of the non-consecration. He refused to be, because he thinks it is an encroachment of the State to refuse to hear objections, and that in the interests of the Church's freedom they ought to be heard. Did I tell

¹ *Christian Character.*

you that N. has started a circulating library in the village shop, with quite a lot of readable books in it?

To M. C. L.

March, 1904.

I must begin with a quotation from Ellen T. Fowler that I have been saving up for you, "Women who behave well, rather than wisely, take credit to themselves for carrying their own cloaks, and climbing over their own stiles, and generally saving trouble for the men who are treading life's paths by their side. Foolish creatures! The men want to carry their cloaks, and help them over the stiles, if only they will let them." She then goes on to say that this shows the "proverbial selfishness" of men to be all humbug. So there! The quotation is from a novel rather worth reading, *Fuel of Fire*. I have also been looking through E. Russell-Gurney's letters—the builder of the Shield's chapel, and A. Gurney's aunt—concerned with some people that I have known. One from Shorthouse interested me, saying that Vol. II. of *John Inglesant* was meant to show that he was right in rejecting Cressy's advice. I never knew that before, I always thought it was meant to be left an open question, with a suggestion implied that he was wrong. But I mustn't quote more. . . . Nothing much here except appalling weather, and a request to sketch a course of Apologetics for an American University. I think I told you how interested I am in Westcott's letters. Mudie has been a success so far.

To M. C. L.

September, 1904.

We have had two or three people here, Reggie from Saturday to Monday, then my last L.T. who is a New Zealander and interesting, then Mr. and Mrs. D. to luncheon yesterday—he just home from China and Japan (a sailor), so we have been having news of various parts of the world. On Sunday next Mr. Badcock and Walter Moberly are coming, and on

Monday the two Miss Freres, so we are getting let down gently into our solitude. Meanwhile I am reading Loisy, who is interesting, but disconcerting, and turning things over in my mind. I am not sure whether one would not meet present difficulties best by writing on the doctrine of the Trinity—though it would be a large order. But I think the attack on the doctrine and the Incarnation which goes with it will increase and not diminish in the next few years, and I shouldn't wonder if all advanced Protestants became Unitarians.

To M. C. L.

December, 1904.

I send you some violets, and I wish I could send you some quite beautiful roses, three of which I have on my table as I write (picked December 7), and lots of pansies and a primrose. Isn't it wonderful. I have read *Gareth and Lynette* since I got home—also *Geraint and Enid*—and do you know, I don't think I ever read either of them quite through before! At least I didn't remember them one little bit. Nor had I realised how very sad the *Idylls* are, taken as a whole, because the shadow of the sin begins to be cast over them from the first, and in a way the sin is so triumphant. I mean, though it doesn't ruin the characters, it does succeed in ruining all Arthur's work. Tennyson is certainly far less optimistic than Browning. He hopes the "good shall be the final goal of ill"—but he hasn't Browning's full-blooded, dogmatic, buoyant, jubilant confidence that "that's what all the blessed evil's for." I think, you know, that is really the entire secret of B.'s intense value—the enthusiastic tone of his optimism among all the puling "idle singers of an empty day"—and even Tennyson's "wretchedest age since the world began," Browning could never have said that. He takes you by the arm, and carries you off your feet up the hill with him, till you are quite out of breath with the rush, and you feel that anything so strong and real must be true. Another thing about it is that it is far rarer than

pessimism among poets, and specially among great poets—perhaps this is because, as Shelley says, "They are cradled in poetry by wrong; and learn in sorrow what they teach in song," and it leaves a trace on their view of life.

To M. C. L.

January, 1905.

Mr. Barnes came on Monday—and had some interesting artistic talk, and offered me seats at the Garrick whenever I wanted them. And then I cycled into Oxford with him yesterday, and, having some time to spare, went into the Taylor, and saw, among new things there, an Egyptian wall sculpture representing, with the utmost life, a group of children bringing presents to their parents—one child unpacking them from the box—all so human—it might have happened yesterday, and did happen about 3000 B.C. Ages before Moses! It made one feel the wondrous unity of humanity. I have just read Barry's life of Newman, which is very interesting—not least so for including about twelve portraits, and incidentally enabling one to judge Millais. Every other picture in the book, photograph or painting, is full of spirituality—it must have been conspicuous there. And Millais literally takes it away, and paints a benevolent old gentleman in a fine dress.

To M. C. L.

April, 1905.

I am writing in the full sun under my white umbrella. I think I told you Mr. Barnes had come. I had only seen him once before, but this time he stayed a week—bicycling with me each morning, and reading aloud Browning and things every evening. He loved reading aloud, and was quite tireless at it—and altogether he proved a most delightful acquisition. I should like you to meet him. He was such a refreshing contrast to so many of the younger men of the present day. This afternoon N. has her Browning reading, with papers on *Two in the Campagna* and *Luria*. I have finished Chap. I, of

the new *Typical Developments* at last, and hope to begin Chap. II. as soon as possible. Did I tell you that some people called Ferrar have come to New House, who are descendants of Nicholas Ferrar of Little Gidding! The new curate, and the new rector of Pusey are also settled in—so we have been making various strange calls—on people to whom one is “Dr.” and no longer “Mr. I.” It makes one feel very dull and old-fogeyish, and longing to have a breath of the sea, by your side, and to be called “Mr. I.” again.

To M. C. L.

May, 1905.

I wish you were here to enjoy the garden in this weather. It reminds me of that May when we had those jolly cycles together—do you remember them? But now “Gout and glory.” . . . I suppose N. wrote to thank you for the book, which was a beauty. I had forgotten to get her a present till the last morning. And then in a hurry I went into a shop in Abingdon to see if I could get anything that could possibly pass muster—and to my surprise found a little St. Francis book, which I couldn’t have improved upon if I had hunted for years. I am holding my white umbrella with one hand and writing with the other, that is why the writing is a little odd. I may mention that a strong wind complicates the situation. Writing creeps on, and when I have got through Chap. II. I shall feel easier, because that will provide my lecture for the clergy in July.

To M. C. L.

July, 1905.

Here we are back again and the lectures are over. . . . I was asked to give another extempore in the afternoon, so I suppose they were liked. We stayed with the Locks, and met various people, Dean Wickham, and two old Keble men who are now Dean of Hobart (he was one of the Bernard Wilson set) and the Bishop of Brechin.¹ The title does not

¹ Dr. Robberds, now Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

convey much to you, but the great Bishop of Brechin was one of the attractive figures of one's youth—a kind of mysteriously romantic figure, with the halo of sanctity and courtliness mixed—and he took a wonderful retreat¹ for us—which we have never forgotten—urging us to Christian philosophy—when we were at the outset of our Oxford time. Then we went to Cowley for Evensong, and it was certainly very wonderful. Somehow I could hardly join in the service, for contemplating it as a work of art—the wonderful gregorians harmonising with the austere beauty of the church, and both so with the life of the fathers as they filed in and out. Father Benson with a stick—and his hoary head “crowned with the glory” of the whole great institution that he had created. It was all very striking and moving to me. Father Longridge was there too—carrying me back to my first retreat—when we went together.

To M. C. L.

October, 1905.

I have been reading Renan's *St. Paul*. I always read him for the vividly pictorial image that he gives you. Yesterday I realised for the first time, the dramatic tragedy of St. Paul's reception at Jerusalem when he went to take the money. He had been labouring all his life to free Christians from the Law, had written Romans and Galatians, and comes up to Jerusalem with his tremendous catalogue of churches founded, and then all the greeting he gets is a request to conform to a piffling bit of Jewish ritual—to avoid offending the Judaisers. It is wonderfully vivid in Renan's telling. And of course when you think of it, it must have been an immense blow and strain, but no hint of this is dropped in the Acts.

To M. C. L.

October, 1905.

Mr. Barnes and the Bunces have left. The former read aloud every evening and the latter played the

¹ In 1874 (see Chapter ii., p. 33).

fiddle, so we had very interesting evenings. Have you got Browning's *Parleyings with Certain People*? If so, read Christopher Smart—and then I will send you, or read to you, the poem of Smart's to which it alludes. Miss Bunce has given it me; it is quite a gem—and apparently written in a mad-house. Barnes read it to us on Sunday night.

To M. C. L.

PUSEY HOUSE, OXFORD.

October, 1905.

I shall begin to write to you from here, though I shall most likely carry it home to finish. But I am waiting to interview a man who wants to see me here, before cycling out again. I gave my address last night all right, though whether to any purport I don't know. Its points were—Seek ye first, 1. In order of time—early in life, which enables the forming of habits. 2. In order of importance—which meant choosing one's career upon that principle—which involved seeking righteousness first in one's own life, and therefore being in earnest in one's fight with sin, and with prayer. I tell you this because you like to know one's thoughts, but this of course is only the outline. You ask about Nettleship. He was a singularly charming and beautiful and unworldly character, but not a Christian. . . . Much of his writing is very nice, and does the book tell you of his death in the snow, singing to the last, to keep up the spirits of his guide? I have always admired it, and am so sure I shouldn't have had the courage.

To H. M. C.

The man you describe is very like Nettleship of Balliol—who died on Mont Blanc, singing to keep up the spirits of his guide—and also like a pupil of his that we know—the same silent, patient look. I don't think that sort read me much. But I am creeping on with my writing, which has been a good deal interrupted of late. . . . C. L. has just been spending a

week end with us, and brought a photographic group of herself in a kind of uniform, surrounded by her mothers and babies, with one of the latter in her lap. It suggested a great picture of useful helpfulness, I thought. I am writing, shortly to be interrupted to conduct a Mothers' Union service and admit members, who are at this moment being addressed by Sister Dora in the barn. Yesterday M. and N. went over to Ardington to hear the Bishop speak on Waifs and Strays, and I wrote a note which procured him speech of M.; I thought it might be a help to come in touch with his personality. Ah, these ups and downs that you speak of—lately mine have been all downs! Keep us all in your prayers. Here comes the pause—I resume in the garden (to-morrow morning) and actually in the shade. I am too old to tear up my book and begin it again—but I should like to. Then I should call it "Freedom and Necessity," and show that a world whose root idea was essentially freedom, must still have the same appearance as if it were governed by relentless Law, because unless the materials through which freedom works preserved their fixity of character and uniformity of behaviour, freewill would be paralysed—it couldn't work in chaos. But if the reign of law could thus be a necessity for the action of freewill, then its existence can be no argument against the probability of freewill. That is the kind of stuff I am writing now.

To C. L.

THE GARDEN,
April, 1906.

I was going to write and thank you for your Italian postcards, when I heard of your sudden recall. Now I won't do more than assure you once more of my heartfelt sympathy, though you know that you have it. You and yours have been a great deal in my thoughts and in such prayers as I can pray, of late, and now you must feel somewhat as one does at the "It is finished" on Good Friday. Days like this are full of risen life thoughts in their suggestiveness—and the more certain one grows of the truth of Christi-

anity, the less these partings matter. But I don't want to bother you with a letter.

To E. H. L.

Whitsunday, June 4, 1906.

Now that I have your address, I must write a line at once to thank you for all your postcards, which were most interesting, and still more was it nice of you to send them. We have been struggling on here through the long cold of May—and now at last summer seems to have come. We have had a variety of guests to cheer us up—and, bar the cold, May was very beautiful. Last night, two of the Bishop's sisters, being rowed up the river by a son and friend, put in at Newbridge, arrived late at our house, slept, put in an early service and breakfast, and then rejoined their boats! Doesn't that sound a lark proceeding. One of them, Miss Paget, sang divinely. To-morrow we go to town for a day or two to see some pictures, and then to Crowthorne till the end of the week. I do hope your time away did you good. There is great value in distraction; and when the memories that you have to look back upon contain so much brightness, I think time more easily softens their pain.

To M. C. L.

September, 1906.

Already the holiday has begun to "orb into the perfect star, we saw not when we moved therein." Its glories remembered, its imperfections forgotten. You recall that talk with Bangy about remembering the joys rather than the sorrows of life. I think whether we all do it or not, that it is the right thing. Visions of beauty, and days that knit friendship closer, are positive substantial things that remain—whereas the heat, the dust, the want of water, and all such things, vanish as soon as they have ceased to affect one. When I have had a beautiful lie-down bath at the Western, the fact that I couldn't have one before has really passed out of my life, it has ceased to be. Perhaps this throws some light on

the view that evil is a mere negation, which the fathers and schoolmen are fond of saying. Sin when it has passed away in the lie-down bath of reparation and forgiveness, no longer exists for us as *sin*. It has no longer any substantive existence—and if one says its effect remains in the improvement of character by repentance, etc., this is due not to the working of sin, but to the working of the other part of oneself in reaction against the sin. Well, here we are at home again, with the sore throat extended down to our chest—the fruit of endless dust on the journey (which was a splendid run—but, oh! too quick between Exeter and Taunton). And now I hope to get to the writing. . . .

To M. C. L.

October 29, 1906.

Welcome home again to that “land of such dear souls, that dear, dear England as Shakespeare hath it. I hope you won’t have brought home a very shattered body after it all. I am glad to hear that you felt the charm of Venice, but I shall hope to hear more about it all some day. We have been having a very beautiful St. Luke’s summer here, and I have been once or twice into Oxford. Chap. VII.¹ is typewritten, and I am hoping to begin Chap. VIII., but haven’t yet. Bernard Wilson came this last week with his note-book, and put me on to lecture, in the old style. A. L. has also been over, and H. M. C. comes every Saturday to help in the Sunday school. On Thursday next Katherine is to be professed as a Sister at Wantage, and N. and I are going over to see her afterwards. We had meant to go for the service, but it’s at eight in the morning, which in this weather is prohibitive. The Browning readers who meet here have changed themselves for this winter into a missionary study circle—and had their first reading last week. N. had carefully raked in various neighbours whom she hoped would be impressed—but unfortunately

¹ *Christian Character.*

the subject of Brahmanism was intrusted to H. M. C., who is a genius, . . . with the result that two of the ladies for whom N. hoped great things, said afterwards, "Brahmanism seems much more interesting than Christianity!"

To M. C. L.

January 29, 1907.

I feel that with February one may always say that spring is coming. But, oh! how quicklier and quicklier each fresh springtide seems to be upon us! Writing prospered again very fairly last week. I had a letter from Spain the other day, asking my opinion of the New Theology—and another from Edinburgh by the same post asking me to explain a passage in Coleridge—both from strangers. And I have refused a sermon or two, and that is all. At least externally all. But there are the thoughts of one's heart as time rushes by—all the quicker for its humdrumness—and so little done—and so little known—and the unknown future nearer and nearer (like the approaching train, to which Liddon once compared it). It takes all one's courage, and all one's power of prayer—to keep the heart up. Other people, I know, don't necessarily feel it so, but I do. I think the failure of Christianity is one of the things that puzzles me most, that such a stupendous thing should be true, and yet the man in the street cares nothing about it, and the everyday world goes on as if it had never happened. Have you read the life of Abbé Rinbaut, or some such name, one of the beautiful French lives? H. M. C. was telling it us last week—and is very full of it—and some beautiful pictures of him at different ages—growing more and more spiritual. I name it because I think it would be the kind of book you would like.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN I

November, 1907.

Mr. Barnes came for the week end. He had seven weeks in Canada, with eleven other newspaper men

—all as guests of the great railway company. They practically lived on board train, and were shown everything of interest in the whole dominion, in order that they might write about it, and so spread knowledge of it on their return. Miss S. is in the drawing-room singing "Entreat me not to leave thee," apparently under the impression that it will please N.'s unmusical ear. I have practically done with the "Nature of man,"¹ and am going on to the paper on the "Power of sin." I think what seems to be distressing my friends most now, is the extraordinary indifference of everybody to religion. But I suspect we should have found the same to be the case in every age. Still it is very puzzling. If so stupendous a thing as Christianity is true, that it should command such very limited success. I suppose that is an instance of the power of sin—its blinding power. I send you the first autumn violets I have seen.

To M. C. L.

June 27, 1908

60! It seems rather solemn—a real epoch—and yet just as frivolous inside as ever. . . . Yes, I don't think the Pangle thankoffering was as big as I expected, when you reflect that there are people who could have given that amount out of their single pocket. H. M. C. went to one of the meetings and was very pleased with it. It has been pleasant having Mabel here this fine weather—as it makes companionship for sitting in the garden. (I have frequently breakfasted there!) On the *eve* of my birthday (which we kept, because as you remember in *Ingoldsby*, it is only the bad man who went out on Wednesdays and *Fridays* to treats). H. M. C. brought a friend, and we all went down to Newbridge and were punted up the river! (I looked on from the towing-path.) It quite reminded me of old days. The lecture is nearly finished, and I have two letters from Americans to answer, and ladies to examine—all which can be done in the garden.

¹ For the Birmingham Diocesan Convention.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN!

October, 1908.

To-day H. M. C. is coming to stay till the end of the week, and to-morrow Skrine and his daughter are coming out to see us—so we shall be in touch with things. I think the book has got started now—so I hope it will go on. I see I am reviewed in this month's *Journal of Theological Studies*. And they say I ignore difficulties, and make things look easier than they really are for my unsuspecting readers. So I suppose I ought to go more into difficulties this time. . . . You ask about books. I have just finished, with great interest, Ellen Terry's *Autobiography*. It is written just like herself, and I think you would be sure to like it. It is also crowded with different portraits of her, beginning with Watts' *Watchman*—which I think we saw together. Be sure to get it if you can.

To M. C. L.

November, 1908.

I have been reading Bram Stoker's life of Irving. . . . It is most interesting, written by a thorough hero worshipper both of him and of Ellen Terry—and not an ill-natured word against a soul in the book—a rare thing in dealing with matters theatrical. One very interesting chapter threw a new light on the adventures of the profession. It was on their dangers—especially on their immense and hurried journeys, especially in America once—*two miles* over a bridge across a lagoon which was in flood that submerged the bridge more than a foot, so that they did not know they should not at any point find that the bridge had been washed away, and so plunge in to their death. Irving and E. T. were quite calm—but the company were panic-stricken—and some *confessed their sins!* And then some tremendous Atlantic storms, and then the danger from scenery falling on the stage—which appears to be quite serious. It makes quite a romance in reading. And

Irving comes out a fine character, especially in his fearlessness. In twenty-seven years, and all sorts of risks and dangers, Bram never knew him show fear. That fills an arrant coward like me with envy! Altogether a delightful book, especially Vol. III., if you ever come across it.

To M. C. L.

February, 1909.

We have just had Mr. Barnes with us for the week end. He read the *Frogs* to us (in English, of course). It has just been performed in Oxford. And on Sunday night, the whole of *La Saisiaz*, which you gave me, you will remember. We agreed it was very stiff stuff to get the meaning of. Do you know Gratry's *Connaissance de Dieu*? I have been cribbing from it lately for my book, and am much interested. I expect it influenced me a good deal when I read it long ago. Did you see the review of Ruskin's letters the other day? They appear to be incredibly numerous in quantity—and often with writing in them of as good quality as his books—how marvellous that seems—when you think of the vast amount of his other writing. . . . I had a talk with B. yesterday, and am more than ever convinced that all that lot are getting towards Pantheism—and working it in with their socialism. First they deny the right of property (which we have always maintained to be a necessary part of the person or self), and now I find they are going on to deny the self; making it only a kind of temporary thing. It is very unsatisfactory. . . . It makes me feel there is room for my next book—if only—only I could get it written.

To M. C. L.

March, 1909.

It would be an appalling thing if a German invasion ever came to take place, and I don't believe anything would hold back the Germans if they thought they would succeed. . . . I have just got a couple of chapters¹ back from the typist—and have

¹ *Divine Transcendence.*

had several letters from the French Abbé, but his French publishers have not yet arranged with Macmillan, so I don't know whether the thing will come off.

To M. C. L.

September, 1909.

We are in great excitement. A big battle is going on around us—and all the neighbourhood is alive with troops, baggage waggons, field telegraphs, etc. Yesterday a large party marched through Longworth, and held it for a time, while they were searching for the enemy. Gradually the fighting advanced towards Faringdon—and now it seems to be coming nearer again, by the river to Buckland. It is very interesting to see the whole thing at work. Three cycle-scouts came at night for some methylated spirits, which led to our finding that they would have to sleep in the open. So we lent them the Barn to their great relief, and made them sign their names in the visitors' book on leaving. Officers are cutting about in motors in all directions, and Roberts passed through the village yesterday. Two detachments of the Guards came through in khaki, such a come-down it looked when one remembered them in town. I think we shall have them here again. It makes one realise a little what it would be if it were real war, and one's fate depended on it.

To M. C. L.

November, 1909.

St. Martin's summer! Hurrah! I am writing in the garden. To-day N. is taking thirty-five people in to a missionary exhibition; it is delightful to have it fine. I think it is since I last wrote that the first of my Japanese volumes has arrived. It looks very pretty—much prettier than the English—and you read it backwards. The title page is at the end. I meant to tell you the other day of a curious coincidence that happened. It chanced that ever since Wilson's death my mind had been running on a particular picture¹ that he and I last saw together,

¹ *His First Offence*, Lady Stanley.

and with which he was immensely struck. It had been daily in my mind for about a fortnight—when suddenly I saw a photo : of the very picture lying on N.'s desk. It had been sent her that morning by G. A. C. with no reason given—and N., knowing nothing of the picture or of my memories of it, had taken little notice of it at all, and there it lay. I think it was most curious—particularly as it was quite an unimportant picture, and I had no notion it was ever likely to be photographed. Chapter IV.¹ of my book (*God's Authority ?*) ought to be finished this week, and I am a little happier over it. This last chapter is a good deal on Bishops ! Quite a new departure for me ! There is a little notice of Jeaffreson in the *Guardian*. I remember now that when I last arrived to preach during Gurney's last illness it was Jeaffreson who received me at the house. . . . I suppose as one gets older it is natural, but one's thoughts seem more and more to recur to the other world—as more and more pass into it—but I am afraid not in any very profitable way in my case.

To M. C. L.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, 1909.

I had to put away my writing this week in order to write a short notice of B. Wilson's life. They are bringing out a short memoir of him, and wanted me to contribute a notice of the development of his character, as I appear to be the only person with whom he kept in close touch for thirty years. There are various other contributors to different parts of his life. Of course I could not refuse, so I did it at once. One thing I brought out was how enthusiastic he remained to the end in his love of travel—the postcards he used to send me always, with some note of enthusiasm in them—so young and fresh and boyish to come from so hard a worker, and with such a grim face to the world. The last I had was only a few weeks before his death, the statute of Thorwaldsen done by himself, leaning on a bust of " Hope "—

¹ *Divine Transcendence*,

and his comment, "It is magnificent"—so characteristic of him. And to-day his chief Keble friend, Abraham, is to be made a bishop! Which was what I always expected for himself, but it was not to be. I quite understand your wanting a little dissipation of the combined ritual and theatre kind. It is many years, I think, since I heard a real musical mass—and I used to be so fond of them.

To M. C. L.

April, 1910.

We had a houseful, culminating on Saturday with a wire from Mr. Barnes, so that on Sunday we had altogether—L. J. B., G. A. C., Georgie, Alice, and Mr. Barnes!! Alice had not been here for years, and it was quite jolly to have her again. She spent her time in gardening and helping to make the hay. She said when next I wrote to you, I was to give "Chloe's love to Dinah." I had quite forgotten the old names. . . . This week we have the two Misses Bunce, and Cecily Maude comes to-morrow—while G.A.C. stays on till we go to Birmingham. In fact the whole party will move together on Monday. We have tea in the garden daily at present—as they all like it so except N. N. has hired a piano for a couple of months—so that our various people might have something to play on. G. A. C. plays, as she does everything else that she attempts, very finely—and has several Wagner things, which N. delights in. I hope to finish my Chapter IX.¹ this week. If so, I shall be pretty content. But I am not the only Longworth author. This morning N. got a request from an admirer of her books for her autograph!

To M. C. L.

June, 1910.

We reached Oxford about noon on Thursday. . . . On Friday morning Joe B. came to breakfast, and asked us all to lunch with him to meet his people—so we all went (four of us), and N. enjoyed a hospitable

¹ *Divine Transcendence.*

Oxford luncheon, and only afterwards remembered that it was Friday! The thunder stopped in time for our drive out, but came on again in the night—and on Sunday a big storm just before church time. As I knew I must go to church, I went about half an hour early, so as to get there before the storm reached us—and it was as well that I did—for it was baddish. That makes nine days of continuous storm. I am so sorry for you having to go through it all, because I can so truly sympathise. I think though that I have got callous by this time—except to going out in it—which I confess I don't like.

To M. C. L.

October 31, 1911.

Farnham was a most interesting old castle, with a lot of Norman work still left about it. It is built round an enormous hall, which goes from floor to roof, and is almost as if a college *quad.* had been roofed over. Various galleries open upon this at different heights, and as you look down upon a round table laid for eight people in the middle, it looks like a mushroom. Then there is a keep with the steps leading up to it intact, and place for the portcullis, etc., and rooms beyond count. Of course it raises questions, but still it is a wonderful piece of English history. Yesterday N. went in to see the Bishop's enthronement. I didn't go, dreading the long double drive, after the one we had on Friday, which was terrible. She had one of the best places available, but couldn't see much. Here I was interrupted by a discomfort in my head which I sometimes get, and which I think is connected with the use of the eyes—so I had to stop. And then I was motored off by Lady Hyde to a drawing-room meeting on behalf of the Policecourt Mission, which was very interesting, and indeed moving, in the pathetic tales we heard. It must be an intensely useful thing, and well worthy of support, but, alas, how many things are that. . . . I hope you will enjoy your All Saints' Day. We have a celebration at eight, to which several people are coming. Go on praying for me, I want lots of prayers.

To M. C. L.

May 12, 1912.

Yes, you did send some nice long letters from Cornwall, besides a beautiful bit of seaweed. Yesterday was the very ideal of a May day. We had tea with Lady Hyde, and strolled about her newly-in-the-making garden, which a few years hence ought to be very nice, but at present is not much more than the scaffolding of one. The Crums also are taking great pains with their garden, and are expected to come, before the end of the month. I took C. L. over their house the other day, and I think it will be very nice, great in window seats with lovely views, and electric light carried even into their cottages. We had our last lecture¹ of the season on "Co-operation and Co-partnership" on Friday, and it was most excellent, really giving one a lot of information that one had not had before. I am making no progress at present with my writing, parochial things seem to interfere, and letters increase.

To M. C. L.

June 18, 1912.

On Thursday we go to the Bishop's and back on Saturday, bringing with us Walter Frere, who stays also for the week end and preaches, so with all that, and *Lux* to follow, you may imagine N.'s state of satisfaction. I should share it more completely, if I could get rid of my hay fever, but the eyes are most uncomfortable and unsightly still. Several other people are in similar case. If you want the room by us at Tintagel—which is much the nicest—you had better write as soon as possible for it. H. M. C. thinks she will be able to come during August—so we bid fair to be a party again. I'm glad you had your incense and stuff and thoroughly enjoyed it. I have very nearly got my third chapter² ready for typing, and C. L. thoroughly liked it, so I suppose I may be satisfied so far. Then I think I

¹ By Mr. Lester-Garland.

² *Gospel Miracles*.

shall begin on the "babes," which I shall call the "psychology of faith."

To Miss A. E. Edmonds

June 12, 1912.

You will smile when I say that I have been trying since Monday to write and thank you for your kind birthday remembrance. But it has been a week of distractions, and I easily get distracted. The fact is that with two big houses in the place, both of which are full of guests, there is a great deal more society than used to be—they have tried even to press me back into lawn-tennis—but I refused. I had an unusual number of birthday letters, and a very lively tea-party furnished from the two houses aforesaid, so I did well. And that was immediately followed by the great gathering of the year, for which Mrs. Prince took your place in doing the flowers. And now we are beginning to think of our holiday in Cornwall, which begins before the end of the month. The roses this year have been quite exceptional in their magnificence and profusion, and our house was a perfect bower of them for the party.

To M. C. L.

March, 1913.

It is getting very near to Easter and our meeting now. Life has been monotonous since I last wrote, a good deal of depressing illness all round, and at times a tendency of one's soul rather to sink into one's boots. I hope Constance will cheer one up next week. I suppose really it is this "flu" that has this depressing effect on one. I don't think I remember a more solitary winter as regards companionship, and that perhaps tells. However, this wasn't the least what I meant to say when I began. Did I tell you that in Holy Week (Wednesday and Friday) we are going to have Stainer's *Crucifixion*? I think it will be impressive. The proofs of my sixpennies are coming in, so I suppose they will soon be out. I am sorry to say there seems very little hope about Mr.

Powell. N. has motored with a party into Oxford to-day, for a Mothers' Union meeting, and will lunch with Holland, so she will enjoy herself. (I rather think the Bishop is to be there.) . . . The sun has just come out and the world seems much brighter. Last week Way came out to see me from the Pusey House, and brought a Mahommedan Egyptian with him, the first I have ever had in the house. He had a motor and was driving it himself. Did I tell you we went shopping at the A. and N. Stores the other day? most enjoyable it was, and almost made one wish for a lot of money, things were so pretty.

To M. C. L.

April, 1913.

For the week end we have had Reggie and two of his children, who are very nice. I took them to the Crums this morning, and they have just been galloping me round the garden in a bath chair, much to Smith's amusement! . . . To-day N. has a children's party, which she always likes—and some day there is a Mothers' Union service and address, so how can a poor author get on with his book! The gorse here is very fine, so I expect it will be superb with you. I think it is the greatest glory of the Land's End at Easter. The tea-party has had its tea—and is playing hide and seek over the house, while I am writing in the drawing-room. You may imagine the result. Give my love to the sea, and "Native rock."

To M. C. L.

January, 1914.

Did I tell you of a book we were reading aloud, called *Sentimental Tommy*, the child and then the man whose imagination was bigger than his backbone, leading to untold misery? I shouldn't read it, it's too wretched, but I thought him very like me in phases of my life. I suppose that is the real danger of acting. You get to think that what is essentially an unreality is your real self.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN I

February, 1914.

Is not this a wonderful day! Even crocuses are coming out, and the birds are wonderful. Nothing much has been going on, except looking up Confirmation candidates, of whom, altogether, we have about twenty, and I begin the classes this week. To-night there is another dance in the Barn, and one more before Lent. The book¹ creeps on, but all too slowly. We are shut out of the chancel now, which is being cleaned and repaired, and is then to be tinted green like the nave. I am glad it will be done before the Confirmation. You might pray about the candidates, there's a good Donna, for I arn't much good with them. Mr. Crum's cottages are now the chief local object of interest, as they are already three feet above ground. They build so rapidly now when once they begin. Mr. Gordon Saville, Diocesan Secretary of the C.E.M.S., has been here the last two Sundays, and has taken N.'s Sunday school twice for her, which has given her a good rest, and now she is a great deal better. Really I have been extraordinarily well since my last holiday. I shall have a great belief in Weston in future, for I think it was that that did it. And now I ought to be getting to my poor book. I am interested in it, but find difficulty somehow or other; I suppose it is old age, the brain getting less agile. I think it seems all right when written, but more difficult to write, and also when you have written many volumes on one subject, you have to steer clear of repeating yourself more than you can help—but I don't know why I bother you with this.

To M. C. L.

Tuesday, February, 1914.

I got a chill last Tuesday, and have been in bed with a temperature, which is better to-day, and so I am in the drawing-room for the first time. I had

¹ Gospel Miracles.

a L.T. for Sunday (the first for thirteen years), and shall have no classes or services this week, which is very, very sad. But I trust to be able to take Sunday. I am only just down and too tired to write more. O.P.N.

To M. C. L.

Tuesday, April, 1914.

You have had luck at the Land's End this year. Even I don't mind this weather in April, tho' I dread it in June. E. H. L. has just left us, and she was here for these beautiful days and enjoyed the garden immensely. She is just home from an African tour, the Victoria Falls, etc., and was very full of it. On Thursday Mrs. Woodall and her son are coming for the "Sausage Supper," and on Saturday, rare and welcome event! Harry Johnstone is coming. I don't think he has been here for years, and he is going to stay three or four days. We expect that their common Scotticism will make him get on well with the Crums. Curiously he, too, last wrote to us from the Victoria Falls—rather a remarkable coincidence. Miss Dougall is coming over this afternoon, convalescent from "flu" like myself. I must say I think this weather is doing one good after it, warming one up. On Friday Gordon Saville is coming to address the Mothers' Union. Does he come to you? I think he is Diocesan Secretary, for something or other. The Bishop has just sent us his promised letter deprecating disbelief of clergy in the creeds—sitting loose to episcopacy—and Romanism, which I think means your little society, doesn't it? It was very clearly written, and I like most of it and agree with most of it very thoroughly, though there are points where I should differ. I suppose this will reach you before you leave Land's End, and if not will, I hope, be forwarded.

To M. C. L.

April 15, 1914.

C. L. has just left us to-day, and E. H. L. comes on Friday. Last night there was a tea for the Boy

Scouts and their parents in the Crum's barn, and Constance sang to them, among other entertainments. We had nearly ninety communicants on Easter Day, and I wasn't very tired, so I hope I am pretty well again, as those two days coming so close together are always rather trying. Do you know, I believe I have given up smoking. The "flu" put me off it for three weeks, and then, as it was Lent, I thought I might as well do without it. (Here a caller has come to tea, and I shall have to shorten this if you are to get it.)

To M. C. L.

May, 1914.

Neville Talbot has just sent N. his apologetic book *The Mind of the Disciples*. I think it is quite admirable, and have written to Mrs. Talbot to tell her so. On Monday Miss B. is coming, and I hope may do me some good, for the "Burden of the flesh" is getting very heavy. . . . This is one of the days that I don't like, when it is too blazing to be out, and one has to bottle up one's exercise till the evening. Did I tell you that the new pulpit has been put up, and I think looks very nice?

To M. C. L.

August, 1914.

Yes. I know only too well the kind of horror you speak of, and am frequently feeling it—but I think perhaps on the whole it is best to fight against it as far as we can, and yet that isn't easy. It is curious to think how absorbing the war is. One never even looks at the paper for anything else. By the way, I very much resent the way in which the *Daily Mail* gives you almost nothing but Germans in its picture page. I suppose they are not allowed near our front and that some foreigner supplies them with the abominable things. But all papers are dissatisfying—none more so than *Punch*, which I can now hardly bear to look at. It is all so much too solemn to let a joke come near it. I believe we are finally not going to have any Belgians in the village. . . . It seems curious not to have seen a Belgian, or a wounded

soldier, when everybody else has, but that comes of not moving out of Longworth, for, of course, Oxford is full of them. I try to talk to the people about prayer for the stay-at-homes, and I liked that anecdote about the officer in the trenches telling his men "They are praying for us at home"—did you see it? I think you do feel you are living closer up to the great realities than usual—and that helps to prayer. They come very fairly (the women) to a Friday intercession at half-past three. Last night they rang a muffled peal, by the Bishop's suggestion, and I had never heard of it and so could not explain it to the people.

To M. C. L.

August, 1914.

I think one of the reflections forced upon one is the awful thing human nature is capable of becoming, under the guidance of non-Christian intellect—the intellectuality of the whole German system, with its engineering, its spies, its calculated terrorism, its throughoutness is appalling, and suggests new insight into that word fiendishness.

To M. C. L.

Michaelmas, 1914.

I can't tell you about the Quiet Day, for it is not till Thursday, ending on Friday morning. N. cannot understand my dislike of Quiet Days for myself. But somehow it seems to me now to make it too fatiguing, when you don't want fatigue. And besides I don't think she realises the enormous amount of solitude in my life! Poor Cecil! I did not know that special constables had such serious duties. I think it is trying for the clergy just now to know what to say, for one feels it is impossible to ignore the war. I have preached four war sermons already—and don't seem able to stop. I suppose one will have to soon. We have started having a twelve o'clock bell each day according to the advice of the S.P.C.K., and I think it is impressive. All the people seem to notice it. We have two quite strange clergy coming to the Quiet Day—and they are going to

put up at Lady Hyde's—which will leave us only women in the house—for the quiet evenings, etc., which is preferable. I think I am really, apart from close friendship, a very solitary person, and it is more natural to me to find my religion solitarily in the presence of nature, which is why I wrote *Divine Immanence*. And being silent all together isn't solitude. I think that is what I feel. Whereas N. feels a sociability in being silent all together which helps her. Oh this weary battle.

To M. C. L.

October, 1914.

The war goes on and the tale of sorrow grows. I think it was after I last wrote that the Loder-Symonds lost their eldest son. May will feel it very much, and it is terrible for them with four more sons in the war. Mr. Harper being unwell, I was asked to conduct a memorial service in Hinton church last week. I used the second of those licensed for the diocese, which I think was very nice. Our intercession service on Fridays at 3.30 is very well attended, and is I think very real. I don't think there is anything worse in all the sorrow, than the long-drawn-out anxiety of the women. I find the less religious are disposed to adopt the "curse God and die" kind of attitude of Job's wife, so I preached to them yesterday on the value of sorrow. "It is good for me to have been in trouble that I might learn Thy statutes"—substantially the same sermon as that in my little book of long ago. Is not that a beautiful end for Lord Roberts. One could not imagine anything more dramatically perfect for the end of such a career, to die a soldier to the last. . . . At present, with all the officers who have died from the neighbourhood (four or five), we have lost no private from Longworth, but the wives and mothers are sad to see.

To M. C. L.

November 24, 1914.

Losses go on and consolations have to be administered. One of our favourite village women

has just lost her brother, and we fear her husband at the same time. Dr. Scharlieb, Mabel's husband, is at the front with the Artists' corps, and Reggie is doctoring at Dunkirk, working day and night. I have just seen Mrs. Fitzwilliams, whose husband is firing with his artillery, and very fit and well. . . . The other day I was coming out of the Crum's house after dark, missed a step, and fell flat on the gravel. It was rather a shock, and has bruised my arm and chest—but might well have been worse. Mrs. T. says Neville is in the trenches, but has to be careful in creeping to them, with his six foot five! I had an interesting little letter the other day, to tell me (from a stranger) of a dying man who had been recovered from Christian Science back to the faith by one of my books. It was very kind, I thought, of the man to write it.

To M. C. L.

December 15, 1914.

It is sad to have to be glad because five ships have been sunk, but one has to be. That is one of the worst things about war. I suppose one may conclude now that things will eventually end in our favour, though what a long "eventuality" that may be! If they are having this weather in the trenches, how terrible it must be! We had an interesting letter from Reggie this morning. He is with a Red Cross hospital at Dunkirk, and only French patients are brought there. It is a tragic picture that he draws. Trains come in every night, bringing anything between 100 and 1,500 wounded, and all the wounds are some days old, and consequently dangerous. They have tried to get them sooner, but cannot. I suppose this means that the front trenches are so under fire that the wounded cannot at once be removed. It sounds dreadful. We have at last settled, after much village controversy, to support a Belgian family in Oxford, which was, of course, the only sensible thing to do. I have sent my chapter¹ to be typed!

¹ *Gospel Miracles.*

*From a lady who was a frequent guest at Longworth
Rectory*

I wonder if any one knows as well as I do what Mr. Illingworth could be to the weak ! I was so much with you at Longworth during those years of more or less nervous delicacy ; I feel that though many must have been comforted by his sympathy in days of trouble, there must be but few for whom he did so much over so long a period. I had known and loved his essay on Pain for some years before I came to Berkshire in 1899, and found that I was to be a neighbour of its author. Well do I remember our first meeting. It was on a brilliant summer day ; our party bicycled over to tea with you, and he met us on the way. I recall well my surprise at his friendly simple ways, for I had expected to be rather overawed. I recall also how much I was struck by his appearance when he took off the hat which had been crushed down over his eyes, and the noble lines of the brow and head became visible. Someone told him that I was convalescent from a nervous illness, and I remember how he came round to where I was sitting to say in his deep voice, "Nerves ! I know what nerves are." From that time during the winters I was so much at Longworth his patience and gentleness never failed.

I am sure you are right when you say he had some of the gifts of a healer. The janglings of one's invalid miseries were soothed away if one were allowed to sit a little with him in the garden, or in that room we all love, called a drawing-room—in reality workshop, and chapel and study all in one. That first winter I was not able to read much—in the morning walk he would tell me about the book at which he was working, explaining the argument most patiently—and all the time building up, as it were, my faith by the reverence of his appreciation of nature. The beauty of fresh ploughed land, of the flight of winter birds, or of some wayside weed—"Which *cannot* be the work of Ahriman"—such

things calmed and cheered him, and he taught me how to wait and look for the same help for myself. In the evening when you were immersed in Bible class, he would provide me with what he thought suitable—photographs of Greek statues, a volume of Ruskin, or of *Punch*, before he took to his own writing. There would be silence for a time, while he laboured at his note book, very motionless, with much gazing into the fire, till the appointed task was done, and he would look round with a smile of friendliness to see how I was getting on. It is difficult to explain or to analyse—but it was some quality of greatness about him which rested and healed one. There was never any pedantry or strain; he would speak naturally of the great things of which he was himself clearly thinking—Beauty, the springs of life and thought, or of Divine things—and he could turn, arousing no sense of incongruity, to watch the antics of the cat, or enjoy some story or joke. He never really laughed at one, though he could administer rebuke; and one was sure he never despised weakness, though he was far from acquiescing in it; nor was he too proud to own that he could sympathise with depression and weariness. Trifles were really reduced to their proper proportions; the constant recollection of things eternal brought strength and courage. His playful humour, so entirely free from sarcasm or cynicism, was another weapon which I think he wielded deliberately against melancholy.

IN MEMORY OF HAPPY VISITS AND HAPPY WALKS AT
LONGWORTH

“ A stopping train, a leisured cab
Slow creeping through the peaceful Vale,
At length the well-loved house—and joy
That use and wont could never stale!

“ His welcome on the threshold first,
Then yours close following on behind;
Twin welcomes differing each from each,
Yet both so inly, only kind.

- “ Year after year, however long,
 However far afield I ranged,
The faithful Rectory parlour kept
 Its dear disorder all unchanged.
- “ Woolwork on cosy window seats,
 Sermons on sofas piled one found ;
Here, there, and everywhere to hand
 Tracts, poets, pamphlets did abound.
- “ And by the hearth the coal-box stood,
 That private, most domestic shrine,
Whereon the studious Rector laid
 Divinity and Nicotine !
- “ Twas bliss upon the peaceful lawn,
 What time the thrush sang loud and gay,
With learned book unread to sit
 And bask and dream the hours away.
- “ For who would read at Longworth ? Who
 Too deeply search the impersonal page,
When he might walk and, listening, glean
 The wisdom of a living sage ?
- “ Oh ! winding lanes ! Oh ! golden hours
 Of speech and fruitful silence blent,
The eye with beauty stilled and fed,
 The heart on heavenly business bent.
- “ Far off drew near, and small grew great
 Whene'er he spoke of God and man,
With wistful reverence tracing out
 The mysteries of the timeless Plan.
- “ Fair things seemed fairer still ; the dew,
 The shadows on the clover field,
The cuckoo's note—for each and all
 The Father's secret heart revealed ;
- “ And Sinai's self, the unbending Law
 On heedless, wayward man that frowns,
In beauty veiled its wrath, and showed
 As lovely as the Wantage downs.
- “ Oh ! if to matter subtly clings
 The effluence of man's transient mind,
Unchanged, undimmed by time and death,
 For strangers unaware to find,

“ Then those dear lanes and woods will keep
The impress of his spirit still,
A radiance lingering there to bless
Some heavy heart, some faltering will ;

“ And love grown cold and heavenly dreams,
Too long o'erlaid by earthly care,
Will bear from hence that silent voice,
And rise again in faith and prayer.”

E. H. L.

HOLIDAYS

“ Those impressions which profoundly touch the feelings, and modify the conduct of innumerable men, may even be called more real, in the only intelligible sense of the word, than their mechanical causes known only to a small minority of the race.

“ Take the sunset, for example—a series of ethereal vibrations, merely mechanical in origin, and, as such, other than they seem, whose total effect is to create in us an optical illusion, making the sun, and not the earth, appear to move. Yet, as men watch its appearance, thoughts and feelings arise in their hearts, that move their inmost being in unnumbered ways. Youth is fired with high ideals ; age consoled with peaceful hopes ; saints, as they pray, see heaven opened ; sinners feel conscience strangely stirred. Mourners are comforted ; weary ones rested ; artists inspired ; lovers united ; worldlings purified and softened as they gaze. In a short half hour all is over ; the mechanical process has come to an end ; the gold has melted into grey. But countless souls, meanwhile, have been soothed and solaced, and uplifted by that evening benediction from the far-off sky ; and the course of human life to-day is modified and moulded by the setting of yesterday’s sun.”—J. R. I., *Divine Immanence*.

CHAPTER VIII

HOLIDAYS

“ Thy way is in the sea,
And Thy paths in the great waters.”

“ all thou dost enumerate
Of power and beauty in the world,
The mightiness of love was curled
Inextricably round about.
Love lay within it and without,
To clasp thee.”

WE used every year to gather together for our holiday a party of friends, and one of Mr. Illingworth's closest friendships, that with M. C. L., was made on one such occasion. It was with this friend that the “ Accident ” in Switzerland occurred, and the “ anniversary ” spoken of in some of the letters is of this event. “ Mr. I.,” to give him his most familiar name, used to go off with the rest of the party for long days of climbing over the rocks and up and down the cliffs at the Land's End, at Tintagel, at St. David's, or wherever it might be, returning in the evening to relate with much satisfaction to his wife (who did not enjoy such long days, and did enjoy the quiet and solitude of the nearer rocks or fields) all the incidents of the march: the sand which got mixed with the sandwiches, the walls which had been negotiated, the narrow escapes on

the rock climbs, the seals or porpoises, the adders in the long grass, the glorious sunsets on the way home, the blue of the sea, the gold of the cornfields, or whatever it might be of delight or fatigue which had befallen them. And then in the first years after we met M. C. L. what hilarious evenings would be spent, when altogether we played "Animal Grab" or some equally barbarous games, and then perhaps ended up with readings from *Happy Thoughts*, or *Uncle Remus*, or the *Tramp Abroad*.

Of later years these long days were too much for him; he more and more gave up walking and climbing, and cycled instead, and more and more took only morning exercise, and rested in the afternoon, and then went for strolls in the evening. And so the holiday party grew to be only one or two faithful friends who were content to be with him even under these conditions.

To the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond

ST. LUC, SIERRE, SWITZERLAND, 1891.

Bless you for writing, but I was very sorry to hear you had broken down. I hope it was not serious—though from what you say I am afraid it must be. Let me hear more about you, when you can. We have been having a sad time here, for I was climbing with a lady friend of ours, and detached a rock which grazed me, but seriously damaged my companion. I can't describe it at any length, but oh, it was terrible, Fass, beyond words. However, I am glad to say now that all anxiety seems over, and we hope in little more than a fortnight to be able to come home together. But you may imagine it has not been much of a holiday—particularly to my poor wife, who has now been nursing day and night for nearly a month. Fortunately she has stood it splendidly, and without her I don't know what would have happened, as the doctor was a day's journey off, and

could only, therefore, pay rare visits, and everything depended on the nursing. I don't think my remarks¹ on *Personality* would repay your perusal, as they are only half finished—they are only a few rather obvious apologetic things strung together. 1. On the personality of man. 2. On the inference from it to divine personality. 3. On the revelation of a personal God, necessarily culminating in 4. the Incarnation. 5. On the way in which a personal God can be known, on the analogy of our knowledge of human personalities.

Write to me again if you can to tell me a little more about yourself and what giving up your work would mean.

The thought of holidays brings one naturally to another of John Illingworth's most marked characteristics, his love of beauty, the way in which everything appealed to him under this category, the extraordinarily keen delight he took in every varying phase of nature's panorama as it unfolded itself, week by week and month by month, before his eyes. Thus he would often go quite a long distance to see a particular tree at a particular season, or sit watching waves or a sunset with never-ceasing joy. This made him a most delightful companion on a holiday, as G. A. C. says in the following letter.

G. A. C. to A. L. I.

May 17, 1916.

Certain things stand out so vividly in my thoughts of the "Rector." Most of all, I think, his voice—so deep and rich and beautiful, with a curious note that always awed one. How he used to "preach the lessons," and how he used to read Browning, and how he used to talk in his big chair beside the fire! Then there was the look in his eye that one could never forget—the look of a seer. He always seemed to look *through* things and people, and not at them. What

¹ The future *Bampton*s. See Preface to *Personality*.

little gems of thought and word his sermons were ; so simple that a child could understand them, so profound that a sage could never come to the end of them ! “ Mr. I.” on a walk was at his very best, I think, with his keen eye for all beauty, and his many apt quotations, as a view, or a flower, or a tree reminded him of a line of Wordsworth, or Browning, or the classics. Those walks that I had with him in Longworth and Cornwall are very unforgettable. And then those little thoughtfulnesses, the running out to see if the guild women had warm enough coats on for the drive to Wantage. His care of you, etc., which always struck me as being so remarkable in so big and so occupied a man.

Extracts from letters to M. C. L.

September, 1901.

I shall be interested to hear how you feel the religious influence of Florence, as a present reality, or how far the new makes discord with the old. But the old Florence must have been truly wonderful, “ when the angels of Angelico blew their trumpets.” Here we are having some glorious September days, with very wonderful sun and cloud effects—I wish you could see them—unless you are having them too. . . . After all we are looking, however distant, at the same *sunset*, though the clouds round it, in our atmosphere may differ. I have made a good week’s progress with writing and try to pray up my spirits, with fair success. . . . Your letter has arrived. Thank you so much for such a nice long one. *I am* glad you are enjoying yourself so. (See the P. Riccardi chapel, and tombs of Medici.) I wonder how you got such a false notion of the Duomo. I never gave it you. *Walk in the Cascine*. This will, I expect, reach you on Sunday morning, just in time to ask your prayers in the beautiful church. Yes, beauty is one’s sheet anchor—the one thing in which, as Plato said, the ideal world shines through upon us, the strongest evidence of God, amid all the terrible darkness.

To M. C. L.

June, 1902.

Do not think I am quite unappreciative of lovely weather. I have thoroughly enjoyed what we have been having lately, it was only that blazing, east windy week that I didn't like, but I think that was mainly on account of the E. wind, and the roses and poppies have been in their glory, so that we never had a finer *Lux* meeting, and were able to be in the open air all day. The only drawback was the absence of Paget and Strong. I have heard from Cecil to-day, and have answered him to the effect that I must leave the final settlement to you two, as the lodgings were your original proposal. I hesitated about the expediency of tying ourselves to them for more than a week at a time, but that also I would rather leave to you to settle as you think fit. Then too, if we have to cater for ourselves, will not that come hard on you and N., who would practically have to do it, as I should only be good for buying fruit (apples, plums, green-gages, cucumbers, bananas!!¹) . . . Holland preached on Sunday night, and stayed on till to-day, but was very tired and out of sorts. Worcester seemed well, and Rochester has taken to kodaking, and was perpetually snapping us!² To-day I am sitting over a fire, with a cold caught yesterday, which must be my excuse for an unusually dull letter.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,
September 20, 1904.

The enclosed extract has just been sent me by E. H. L., and I send it on, as I think you and Cecil too might like to see it—you from interest in the thought of Tennyson having frequented the cave, when he was thinking out the *Idylls*, and Cecil for the light it throws upon the history of the cave, showing that in the Tennysonian age it was passable evidently without climbing. A cave that is connected with both Tennyson and Irving and Donna! is something like a cave. I am

¹ Anyone who knows Tintagel, will recognise these as familiar words.

² See photo, p. 162.

now turning to read Loisy, and shall confine myself to that for the next few days, and see if he suggests a book.

To M. C. L.

TINTAGEL,
August, 1905.

We caught the North Cornish express at Exeter, had tea at the little pub. at Camelford, and cycled on here. The weather hitherto has been perfect—I cycled to Boscastle yesterday morning, and we had tea in the cove in the afternoon. To-day we contemplate a bathe in the pool, as the tide suits. But the weather is rather cool—nice for climbing up and down, but query whether nice for the water. There are so far no signs of anybody joining us, so hurry up! if only to prevent poor N. from being worn out. There are three Sisters here and two more are coming; yesterday the cove was solely occupied by two of them—which looked quite curious.

To M. C. L.

January, 1906.

I have been thinking lately that nature is a sacrament of human communion as well as of divine revelation, very much like the Eucharist. I mean you distinctly feel united to people who are forty-three miles away, by skies and sunsets like those we have been having. And there is comfort in that. And now the signs of spring are everywhere—I send you the first violets of the year—and there are now in the garden aconites, primroses, and snowdrops! and I heard the first lark on Saturday. I have continued to write every day and have kept up an average of two pages a day—making twenty-four in a fortnight—so I ought to finish a chapter this week. And that despite the distractions of a parish party—which went off very well—with about 350 people. This week we have two political meetings in the Barn—and then the elections. Two of the Edmonds came and stayed for the Party. . . . I have just finished reading *The Scarlet Pimpernel* with great delight. Have you

read *The Cardinal's Snuff Box*? If not, I think you would like it. A very quiet little story—but charmingly written. I have also read the Holman Hunt book—which is not quite so pleasing in tone as one would have hoped. He was evidently a born fighter. . . . His Eastern experiences are the best part, I think.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN I
February, 1906.

What a day! and how I wish that we were doing something jolly together on it. I find myself thinking how the Lizard or Millbay would look—and perhaps in a pool even a bathe would be possible. . . . I am still pegging away at the writing, but things are very prosy here at present. However, I took up a new American book on the philosophy of religion in the Union, in which I found myself recognised as one of the authorities on the subject, and among other references to me, in the index was one “J. R. I., his growing influence with thinkers”—so there! You’d never have thought it, would you. The reason that my writing waggles somewhat, is that there is a strongish wind, and I am also holding up my white umbrella! as you might guess I should. But still it would be a sin to write indoors on such a day. A beautiful sulphur butterfly has just flown past (two!!). I suppose “becoming like little children,” mainly means trusting that the power which protects and gladdens one to-day, will always go on doing the same—on through death. I often wonder whether we shall go on seeing scenery in other worlds—in Sirius and Aldeboran—think what it might be like. If only one had Fra Angelico’s faith one would be sure it was so, and the Revelation seems to imply such things. The universe, arguing from analogy, must all be equally beautiful—and beauty is certainly meant to be enjoyed. So perhaps, if I can get gooder, we may yet have walks among the stars, Donna! This is just like the Confirmation day at Fyfield, March 4th, to which you and I went in wagons. I

remember sweltering home in a sun like this. Good-bye, and forgive the writing when you think of the umbrella.

To M. C. L.

May, 1906.

I should have written yesterday, but I went into Oxford to hear a Bach recital at New College—and when I got there felt so lonesome at having no one to go with, that I actually didn't go! Coming out I got a hopeless puncture seven miles from home—but I got a lift for myself and my machine in an empty wood cart—which brought me about half the way. . . . I think as one gets older the wonder of existence increases—the elaborate things that we human beings are, and yet the paltry purpose that we subserve, certainly nothing but a future life can justify our creation. Thinking gets more terrible. But the beauty of things remains to comfort one. Beauty is one's sheet anchor, that is beauty and love, for they are aspects of the same thing. Beauty is crystallised love—and love vitalised beauty. The Freres have left us, and we are now alone—but writing is very paralysed. I turn thoughts over in my mind, but they don't get much forrader. I am reminded now the lovely weather has come of that May-tide when we had so many jolly cycles together with the glorious yellow meadows in the sunlight. The bluebells are now lovely and must be with you.

To M. C. L.

July 31, 1906.

It has been a typical Tintagel day—sunshine, breeze off the sea, blue sea, and grand white waves. I spent the day between the cove and the blow-hole, wandering about and watching waves, and had tea in the cove. I sat on the Col and thought of you at 11.50,¹ looking down into your favourite bay. . . . To-day it is blowing half a gale, and I suppose we shall not get far, but watch the waves in a new mackintosh!

¹ The accident.

To M. C. L.

October, 1906.

Try to bathe at Venice, if it's warm enough. I shall be very curious to know how Venice strikes you. . . . There is a church, I think, near the station, worth going to simply as a study of Italian marble—all marble of different kinds. I mention it, because you would, I know, take a true sensuous delight in the beauty of the marble as such. You will see the Venetian painters as you have never seen them before—and be able to judge more fairly of them. Don't omit to see the prisons over the Bridge of Sighs—because it's hackneyed and cockneyfied—they are needed to give one the total impression of what it all was in the past. Our figs are as good at present as you'll get them on the Rialto. . . . Remember that you have as many events as I have few—and if you have time, let me hear them.

To M. C. L.

March, 1907.

What wonderful weather! I am writing this in the garden, with poor May lying on a sofa close by. She cannot yet put a foot to the ground, and has to be carried backwards and forwards. I have settled not to attempt to come away next week, as the writing has not prospered enough. But N. thinks my sermons are getting very "fibble under de hat," and that I had better try and get a Sunday off later on, and both of us join you at the Land's End. Would you like that if it could be managed? I should dearly. . . . I haven't been out of Longworth since September, and think it would joggle one up a bit. . . . I am attempting now to say something about this New Theology business, without personal allusion to it. I have such a hatred of anything that blurs the outline between creator and creature. The more conscious one is of divine guidance, the more emphatically does one feel that one is not divine. Indeed surely our whole comfort is in being able to lean on God just because He is all that we are not. Nor can I think that Western minds can ever feel otherwise.

I have been trying to bring this out a little. The character of my writing is due to the fact that I am holding my pen with one hand and my umbrella with the other—so the paper wobbles! The *Pyrus Japonica* is a mass of red, and all sorts of things are bursting out in this wonderful sun. These are what we used to call St. David's days. We so often had them in the old days—they are ideal for Holy Week—and I hope they will keep on over Easter.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,
July, 1907.

I am glad you enjoyed London. So did I immensely. We ought to manage more such times ere the years slip away. . . . A party of mothers from Cowley came to spend the day and have tea in the garden yesterday, and it turned out a magnificent day for them, and they went home laden with roses. I found on talking with Scott that he was intimate with all the Badcocks, and had attended Mrs. Badcock in her last illness. Miss Bunce acted as show-woman to the Reredos, and took parties of mothers in to see it. . . . I have got the last proofs in, and am now doing the table of contents. Looking back, I see that the first proof was sent out on June 7, so that the book actually began to see the light on your birthday. I only wish it were worthier of the occasion. Thinking over the pictures, I think that funeral of Charles the First was rather a memorable one. That and Tristram and Eldorado seem to stand out in my memory as well as several of the Balkan ones. I am very glad we had that visit to Earl's Court. . . . I hope by the end of this week to have finished the last of the book, so I shall have managed rather well in time—and then there's the glorious Cornish sea to look forward to. I think you get to love places almost like people, and that's why one so loves to go back to them rather than to new scenes. It's like preferring a friend to a stranger almost, and to revisit them again with you will be delightful. To-morrow three weeks we might have a bathe!


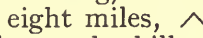
*To M. C. L.**September, 1907.*

It has been very sad without you. . . . You see you are a very important part of a holiday. One day I pushed my cycle to the top of Delabole Hill and down by the Launceston Road, and another day I pushed it all up the Launceston Hill and rode on the moor, and so down again by the Launceston Road! And one day I took the Lady of Fair Isle for a walk by the cliffs to Rocky Valley—so you see I have been strenuous—and to-morrow I shall have to say good-bye to favourite haunts of so many memories. I think we really had a very good little time here, though so all too short together—and I shall write and tell you all that we discover about the moor. We only mean to lunch and tea at Launceston, and on to Tavistock in the evening, at least that is our present plan, and then to sample the moor from Tavistock, by training with our cycles to Princetown. Canon Westcott preached this morning, a very nice little sermon on “freely ye have received, freely give,” the particular “freely ye have received” to which he alluded being the free gift of the beauties of nature—with a great éloge on the beauty of Tintagel—which he had never seen surpassed in its kind anywhere. It was very nice. Dr. Dickinson¹ has called! I consider that the climax of one’s acceptance as a true Tintagelite. Write and keep me acquainted with your holiday doings, and ever keep me in your prayers.

*To M. C. L.**September, 1907.*

We have had an eventful week. We left Tintagel on Tuesday amid many farewells, had tea with Katie’s mother and sister at Launceston (in lodgings 700 feet up, with a glorious view of Rough Tor and, I believe, of our barrow, though it was but a speck)—then on to Tavistock, which is very pretty, and with a most delightful hotel. Next morning was glorious, and we started for Princetown by train, and discovered at

¹ A very well-known resident in Tintagel.

the junction that it was fair day there (pony fair). The railway is most interesting in views, as it mounts like a little St. Gothard—but with a broiling sun and two people standing in the crowded carriage, and obstructing the windows, we wished it wasn't fair day. When we arrived, the place swarmed with people, and crowds of ponies in groups in every corner. It was hot, glaring, noisy, dusty, and we hastily left it for Two Bridges, which was only two miles off, but this kind of two miles  with the result that I "got hot" with the consequent prospect of shivering after luncheon, which sure enough I did. The hotel at Two Bridges was delightful, but the general impression one of shadeless glare, and rather gaunt solitude. But hardly had we lunched and smoked (capital lunch, charming waiter, magnificent smoking-room) than the shadeless glare had imperceptibly changed to shady gloom, and we decided to start for the ride to Tavistock by two p.m. (two hours earlier than we had intended—but only, just as it turned out, in time to escape a soaking). It was only eight miles, but this kind of eight miles, . As we pushed wearily up the hills out of Two Bridges, storm clouds began to gather all round, and I bethought me of the description I had read of storms on the moor. (? would this one be a thunderstorm.) The cycle then consisted of my waiting at the top of each hill for N. and discussing the chances of the storm breaking, in my mind, till she arrived—and then entreating her to walk down the other side for fear of breaking her neck. She thinks we rode three miles out of the eight, but I think it was more than that. But not till we were approaching Tavistock did the rain actually come, and then it was only rain! You will gather from this that our opportunity for study of the moor as a holiday resort was somewhat curtailed. One thing we discovered. It is a place for walking, not for cycling—rather suggestive of Pen-y-gwryd. The air was splendid, but we were in too much hurry to sit about or enjoy it as we had hoped. The night and the next day the rain continued, but we cycled boldly out to Peter Tavy Combe, which I dis-

covered from the guide book was the best thing to do. We reached it and realised its beauty even in the mist, but were too wet to sit about, and had to come home and change. Then it cleared up, and I cycled about Tavistock after tea, and on Friday we went to Exeter. . . . The time was enjoyable, though such a fight with weather, and I certainly think you would like the moor. And to-day ends the holiday.

To M. C. L.

PEN-Y-PASS,
August, 1908.

We arrived here on Wednesday, and Thursday was rainy, misty, and cold all day—sending one's spirits down, and making one wonder whether we had come to the wrong place, but Friday morning broke cloudless, and the weather ever since has been magnificent—and rather too sunny for me. The hotel is in every way delightful, prettily furnished, admirably managed, charmingly served, picturesquely placed. Indeed I had forgotten how it scored off Pen-y-gwryd in beauty of view, and you can sit out on rocks, without going fifty yards from the hotel. I don't love it like Cornwall, and miss the sea. But there is no comparison in the effect of the air on one. You can walk tirelessly. A. and C. L. came the day after us, and promote liveliness. I have not been up any peak, but had various walks, perhaps the best being up the slopes of the greater Glyder, which rise just behind the house. It is cold of an evening, and I suppose will be colder, but they light a fire in the hall, where we all sit and smoke or talk, of an evening. The landlord is new since we were here last, a young man, who was all through the S.A. war with Buller—and at the relief of Ladysmith—he and his wife are both very good sort. Thank you so much for the seaweed, which filled me with longing. I do hope you will like this place, I think you will if the weather is fine. But that is equally essential everywhere. Think of Tintagel in a mist!

To M. C. L.

PEN-Y-PASS.

Sunday, August, 1908.

I am writing as it is pouring. The first downright pouring day (no the second, but the other was more mist) that we have had. I am clad in a thick great coat, my feet wrapped in a shawl, a large cushion over my legs, and a small one over my stomach: C. L. is similarly clad, with the cat instead of the cushion, which she says is warmer. But bed is really the only place here when it rains. They say that September is generally fine here, but if it isn't we shall have to drop down to some lower place by the sea. For it would be too severe. Otherwise it is splendid, and has been quite hot in the sun. I am sorry to say a poor man was killed last week upon Tryphen. He had gone up alone, and a mist came on. I haven't done more than take walks—not gone up any point—and though I have my cycle I am afraid to use it, for there are so many motors, and they come round the corners at such a pace, and there are so many corners, that it is quite too terrifying. So I have only used my cycle once, which was hardly worth bringing it for. I am very glad though to find that in this air I can walk much more than I could at home.

To M. C. L.

AT HOME!

Thursday, Sept., 1908.

I thought I would wait till we got home before writing, and we arrived last night. I did a good bit of cycling after you left, fifty miles in the last two days, and saw Abersoch and the country round Nevin, but did not quite reach the place itself. . . . And now I do hope I shall be able to do some real writing. Please keep it always in mind. I still retain a sad picture of your misery at Pen-y-pass, but I trust you were not really the worse for it. I am glad you saw the White City well, as it was certainly worth seeing, and must have been splendid illuminated, and I expect you are now revelling in being at home again. I must confess that the trials of the holiday have made the home-

coming unusually welcome—though the weather does not show much sign of improving.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,
March, 1909

Binyon is going to preach our Wednesday evening sermons, so I am hoping really to get on with writing between now and Easter. . . . The picture before me, as I look up, really is wonderfully springlike—with the crocuses showing everywhere, and the birds chirruping for joy. I think as one grows older the wonder of creation increases upon one. In youth we are so occupied with our own concerns that we pass it by; like a business man in the city, who doesn't think whether there is a sunset outside his window or not. But when you do come to think about it, the amazingness of the whole thing takes one's breath away—and the beauty;—and the beauties that we haven't seen—Sirius! Aldeboran! I have just been corresponding with a Cambridge Low Churchman—who had been bothered greatly over everlasting punishment—and a God of love. He was rather afraid to let his more liberal feelings have their full swing, I think. I find one's correspondence takes a good deal of time now—on and off—correspondence of that kind, I mean.

To M. C. L.

HOUSEL BAY HOTEL,
September, 1909.

We came here on Monday, and have had delightful weather, though too cold for you. I had never, as you know, been here before except in the middle of the day, and now one gets the morning and the evening it is wonderfully beautiful. We both like it better than Polurrion, because there is more to do, a much greater range of coast accessible I mean, and easier cycling. . . . G. A. C. is enchanted with it. But people tell us that in the hot days of August it was very oppressive, so I daresay I should not always enjoy

it so much. Hitherto we have always had wind and a sufficiency of cloud, though with plentiful sunshine. We all walked to Kynance this morning, and it was wonderfully beautiful. Indeed these three days have been Cornwall in its perfection, and you are as much surrounded by sea as at the Land's End. . . . I expect that we shall be home this day week, stopping a night at Truro for G. A. C. to see the Cathedral.

To M. C. L.

September, 1909.

G. A. C. and I had several walks over the moor to Kynance, and along the cliffs, and I cycled after tea. She is tremendously enthusiastic over Cornwall. I never knew anyone more so. It was a great pleasure therefore to show her about. Then we were charmed with Landewednack Church—whose picturesqueness I had forgotten, though I remembered the cove, where we strove in vain to bathe (do you remember?). And now it is all over, and pouring with rain! And I am glad to be by my own fireside again, with a *fire*, for it is bitterly cold, or seems so after the Lizard.

To M. C. L.

ROYAL HOTEL, BIDEFORD,

August, 1910.

We were charmed with our three days at Barnstaple—though we had to make the most of quite bad weather, and get out between the showers. The hotel was very nice, as is this one to which we moved last Friday. Bideford is very pretty indeed. I had passed through it before (with you), but had no memory of how pretty it was, and there is a little uphill train which takes you in ten minutes or so to Westward Ho—with which we are both delighted. It is a gloriously open sea—with sands at low tide and pebbles at high, and open and breezy behind. You will hardly believe it—but *Nora* and I took luncheon out there on Saturday and eat it on the beach. You had only big stones to lie down upon after luncheon, and

needed an umbrella to protect your head from the wind—so that it must rank among the more ascetic of luncheons out. To-day we cycled to Instow, a pretty little place at the junction of the Taw and the Torridge, looking out to sea—with many boats and things about making a pretty picture.

To M. C. L.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE,
August, 1911.

I am seated at the window looking down the estuary of the Taw, while the most delicious thunderstorm and rain is going on—and one is drinking it in greedily. By Saturday last the drought had reached its almost unbearable climax, with us. . . . Here I was interrupted by the announcement of Bangy's arrival. He had cycled over in the aforesaid thunderstorm, and was considerably wet. However, he stayed to tea and the first two courses of dinner, and then caught a train home. He promises to join us at Tintagel for the last week in August, so that will be jolly. Have you written for your room? I was going to say when Bangy arrived, how rejoiced we were by the storm on Saturday night, ever since which the weather has gone on improving, and is now both fine and cool. I have certainly been confirmed this July in my horror of sunshine. We are in a most delightful hotel, one of the nicest I ever stayed in, for comfort and view, and are having about four days at Barnstaple, and then on to Bideford.

To M. C. L.

September, 1911.

I suppose this will find you at home—and another holiday over, with many pleasant memories to remain, and much dust and noise to be forgotten. Though I can't forget the dust yet, as I still have a cough from it.

N.B.—The "pleasant country smell" of the swedes has followed me here too—and on inquiry I find that it is due to their all having been rotted by the drought! So I'll back my nose against yours. . . .

To M. C. L.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, BARNSTAPLE,
September, 1912.

I see in Newman's life that he could not write with a bad steel pen. This is a bad steel pen, and I recognise the rightness of his feeling. Barnstaple so far has been a great success. I have had long cycles every morning, and in the afternoon we have made various excursions assisted by train. Amongst others I have got to Morte Hoe and Morte Point, which I had long wanted to see—a grand headland literally pointed or rising to a kind of aiguille at the top, about 300 feet, and with grassy, rock-broken, heathery sides, down which there are green sloping paths to the rocks and sea below. Close to it is Woolacombe, which I think would be a jolly place to stay at for a bit. N. has really enjoyed the excursions, and loves the hotel, and the ability to switch on the electric light in her bedroom. It is like coming to Siders from Arolla—without the sense of enervation, because one has got really much better exercise than at Tintagel, not a treadmill backwards and forwards, but interesting runs of twelve or fourteen miles at a time—it would take a long time to exhaust the place. . . . We are going to take the Seamans and Sanctuaries on our way home, leaving here on Monday next.

To M. C. L.

CASTLE ROCK, MORTE HOE,
August, 1913.

You would have hated Weston with its vulgar crowds, but it suited me down to the ground, and certainly did me a lot of good. But this place you would love. It is a boarding-house like the Fry's (and same price), much better situated than Polurrian, for you look actually down upon the rocks and breakers, the best situation we have ever been in. . . . We are close to Woolacombe sands, which should provide good cycling by the sea, and there is good cliff walking the other way towards Morte Point, and

I should think as much secluded bathing in pools as any heart could desire. I wish you could join us here, except that they are quite full up—and have to turn us out on the 25th. . . . To-day is a pouring wet day from the S.W., regular dirty weather, but I have been out walking in a mackintosh. In weather like this one can realise what a dangerous bit of coast it is, projecting like a lot of spikes into the Channel.

To M. C. L.

ROYAL HOTEL, WESTON-SUPER-MARE

August, 1914.

Excuse this expansive paper, but all ours is packed, for is it not what N. considers the blessedest of all days, the last day of the holidays!! I don't feel like her—but there are advantages in home, I must admit. I am so glad you liked Morte Hoe, and I expect you liked having Helen, and that glimpse of Bangy. I have utilised my week on the level to have plenty of cycling by the sea, and Miss B., who is an extreme pessimist, admits that I am looking very much better than at the beginning of the holiday. And then the War is going in a way to cheer one a little, though it is grim at the best, and will, I suppose, have a long drag on. I wonder what the Kaiser's inmost thoughts are beginning to be.

THE TEACHER

“The reason which has made humility such a fruitful source of spiritual strength is, that it clears the ground, and makes a secure foundation possible. It blows away the clouds of our self-conceit, it scatters the débris of our former lives, and digs down through the shifting sands, and rottenness, and nothingness of self, till at last it has laid bare the rock, and found that that rock is Christ. It makes a man cease from comparing himself with the actions and characters of other men, and forces home upon him the importunate question, “What hast thou that thou hast not received?” And that question once pressed home must, at whatever cost it be, wring out unwillingly the answer, Nothing, absolutely nothing—blank dark, unmeaning, impotent nothingness. Not till he has given that answer does a man truly know himself. And the secret of those great lives that we have been passing in review is, that they have been reared upon a basis of humility.”—J. R. I., *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*: “Gathering of Fragments.”

CHAPTER IX

THE TEACHER

“ Chè di su prendono e di sotto fanno.”

Paradiso ii. 123.

THE chapter which follows after this gives some account of Dr. Illingworth's contribution to Christian Philosophy. All that this chapter attempts is to represent him as a teacher of individuals. It is unfortunate that so few of his many letters of advice have been forthcoming, but probably those which are given below indicate the sort of line he was accustomed to take. For himself, although he greatly valued the Sacraments of the Church, and had all his boyhood and college life diligently frequented them, and did so to the end, yet as time went on he did not, I think, depend on them as once he did. He was always a mystic, and in lonely cycle rides, in pacings to and fro in the garden, or before services in the churchyard, he had most of his real communings with God. He had a strange distaste for settled hours of prayer and meditation, but increasingly, I believe, spent most of his hours in this way. Nothing was too small to be made an object of prayer, nothing too great to expect from it. Some of the letters which follow show what he said to others on this subject.

Though latterly anything of the nature of a discussion fatigued him, unless he was resting while he talked, yet he would often begin to discuss the

authenticity of St. John's Gospel or some kindred subject after his cup of tea (which he always made himself) at six in the morning, and you never found him unready to talk of holy things : though it was always difficult of late years to get him to talk, unless you came primed with very definite questions.

In the early years at Longworth he read much and widely ; he had not indeed read much Theology till he came there, though he could at any moment have given a lecture on the history of Philosophy without doing more than just arrange it in his mind. He continued to read for a good many hours every day as long as he could go into the Oxford libraries to read and borrow books. He could never afford to buy the books he needed, a fact he very often lamented, but he did contrive to keep up with most that was being said and written, though of late years to read many hours together was too fatiguing ; to go on with his writing, and prepare his sermons was as much as he could manage.

His writing cost him the most astonishing labour. I well remember one sentence which was often afterwards quoted in reviews, being written over about thirty times before he was satisfied. He always would get just the one word, and no other, which he felt expressed in the best way the exact shade of meaning which he desired to express. He usually took his exercise in the morning directly after our half-past nine Mattins, and during a ten or fifteen mile ride on his bicycle would think out the subject on which he was then engaged. After tea he would sit in his big chair by the drawing-room fire, with a board on the arms to hold his paper, and after the two or three hours' work, which was the utmost he could profitably spend in this way at a time, would succeed perhaps in producing a page of writing. He



J. R. AND A. L. I. IN RECTORY DRAWING-ROOM.
From a Photo by Edward S. Talbot.



LONGWORTH RECTORY.
From a Photo by E. Bowles.

had a study, but hardly ever used it, preferring to sit and work in the same room in which his wife was working, since he could not bear to be alone indoors. So entirely was this his custom, that a friend who had recently come to live in the parish, said laughingly to his wife, that it was very good of the rector to let her use his study! and could hardly be brought to believe that the shoe was really quite on the other foot!

The afternoons he gave to rest and to parochial visits, and in the evening he loved to be read to while he played "Patience," generally preferring some biography or novel, many of which he speaks of in his letters.

He was greatly pleased when some of his books were translated into Japanese, and when one day we heard through a friend that one at any rate was also in Chinese, I well remember how moved he was, and how he remained silent for a little while and then told me it was really an answer to his prayer. I give the exact words he said from a note made at the time in a book kept for such purposes: "I don't mind telling you that I had long been praying for this, the call of China seemed so pressing, and I wanted to have a share if possible."

To E. L.

March, 1906.

I have meant to write you a line for some days, but could not get the time, just to say that of course I should have written long ago if I had known of your loss. One has not much to say on such occasions, but the fact of a letter is something like a hand-grasp and expresses more than we can put into words. For myself I never can think sadly of the dead when death is over. As Longfellow says, "Why for the dead? they are at rest; pray for the living." And therefore I rather think of the relief of your long

tension, and hope it may bring you some rest, though I know that even that can only be a relative rest. You will be having a glorious day at Folkestone to-day, with all the hopefulness of spring about you. I used to frequent it much in my schoolboy holidays, and watch the boat come in, and wander in the Warren, and once walked (with Aubrey Moore) through the first tunnel towards Dover—a very eerie experience when you get towards the middle! We have nothing to do here but hold on tight through the winter, and I have managed to produce at least a bit of writing every weekday since January 1st, quite a record for “His Laziness.” . . . Surely, surely the Lord of Parables did not create the spring and all the hope that it inspires for that hope to be disappointed. And if not we can afford to wait.

To E. L.

1901.

Thank you for returning the book, and for your letter. Please be sure that if you are at Hinton again and want any more talk I am really glad to be of any use that I can, in that way—and indeed, living in the solitude of the country, it does one good, so you need not think twice about it, if ever you want it again. I need not say anything about your freewill difficulty, as you answer it yourself, in the same way that I should have endeavoured to answer it.

To M. C. L.

January 1

The news of the Queen's death only reached us this morning. What a solemn fact it seems, and if it was hastened by the war, what a climax to all the bereavements it has caused. One cannot help thinking it will be a real loss to England. I very much want to read those letters, but have not come across them yet, though I am sorry they made you weep! What you say is probably true, that taking humanity in the average, love has a larger place in a woman's character than in a man's, as far as lasting goes.

But there is a whole class of men (to which Dante and Browning belong) in whose life love is a much more profound factor than it is with the ordinary man, and then I am inclined to think that a man's love exceeds all ordinary woman's love, just as a man artist exceeds a woman as a rule. In all my retreats I try to bring out the thought that love is the only explanation of the universe, and the one thing that justifies and makes life worth living; and that Christianity is simply the life of love. I always feel that I can only express my gratitude for all the love that has been given me in life (and which I have so squandered and treated ungratefully), by trying to hand it on to others in this way. But I wish I could put it into somewhat more permanent literary form; perhaps I shall if I live to publish the Retreat addresses. (I have just had a letter from my publisher asking me to publish these Oxford ones, but have had to put him off.) The book¹ is sticking in the mud dreadfully at present, in spite of my having had Father John's prayers (as I have just heard). Pray for it and me.

To M. C. L.

May, 1903.

I think I know what you mean about Lent quite well. Surely all asceticism belongs to the negative side of religion (touch not, taste not), and must therefore assume less and less importance in proportion as the positive side (to know the love which passeth knowledge) develops—and all this was meant to be. To attempt, therefore, to invent fresh negatives when the old ones have ceased to be felt, just because they have passed into one's life and done their work, is to go backwards. More positives are what we want. I know you agree with all this, but can't get rid of a certain sensual craving to hurt yourself a little more, just for the niceness of it. But I should struggle against that.

I have had a very kind review of my book from the *Critical Review*, and what was more interesting, a

¹ *Divine Transcendence.*

letter to the same effect from the Bishop of Tinnevelly (quite a stranger), who says he read *Immanence* while riding about in a bullock cart over the sandy wastes of South India. "Creeping along on the silent sand gives time to read and think." I was rather interested by this.

To C. L.

January 7, 1905.

I have been meaning to write you a line, ever since I got a charming card from you at Christmas. And now your sad letter to N. makes me feel I must delay no longer. Nobody has exactly another person's troubles, and so we are apt to say of one another, "He doesn't understand," but after printing such a lot of stuff about trouble, I am bound at least to profess to understand—quite enough at any rate to sympathise. Indeed I think a great deal about all of you in this wearing time that you are passing through. And I am so sorry that you have got bad yourself again. That makes everything else harder to bear. You know by heart all the ordinary things one says as one gets older, about what trouble has done for one—but they are none the less true because "common is the commonplace," but perhaps the more helpful thought is to remember the love that so interlaces with the sorrow of the world—and the mystic assurance it gives that it will conquer in the end. At any rate the "use" of trouble plus the love and beauty of the world are enough to keep one's hope high, if no more. This is poor stuff, but it means well, so take it as it means and find refuge here whenever you will.

To C. L.

May, 1905.

Your letter which N. showed me went to my heart. You seemed so sad, that I thought I must write you a line. One of my familiar texts on which I have often preached occurred in this morning's epistle, "It is expedient for you that I go away"; the removal of the bodily presence of those we love, as

the condition of our own spiritual growth, and consequent capacity for more and higher love. I have so often seen, yes, and felt the process at work, that I am very sure of its truth, though that doesn't make it less grim to bear. The only thing is not to get embittered or crushed by its grimness. And there is where I think Christianity helps, with its eternal message of the Passion, that if we face and go through our sorrows rightly, we shall come out on the other side "remembering no more our sorrow for the joy." And I think even in this world one sees enough of the process, to have good hope that it will one day come completely true. I must now sermonise for church, so will stop sermonising for you, only I thought you might like to know one felt for you.

To M. C. L.

November, 1905.

This week C. L. is coming to stay about a week, and on Tuesday next I have to talk to some undergraduates at St. Mary's. I think I shall talk on "Seek ye first the kingdom of God": the necessity for singleness of aim, and high purpose if we are to be any real good, and the opportunity of youth for learning this. Success and not failure is to form habits. I am going to stay with Layard at Pusey House first. . . . But the book—the book¹ doesn't progress, and here is Lock asking me to read another chapter of it to them next term. In truth I feel in great difficulty over it, Donna. Keep it as part of me in your prayers. It is very difficult to think one can be of any use, when one only knows the bad of one's self. I have been looking through the voyage of the *Discovery* by Scott (to the South Pole), very well written with beautiful pictures. Have you got it in your library? If so, read it—or look at it. And think of me on Tuesday at 8 talking to the young souls. And now I am off to parochialise. . . . Did you see about R. L. Stevenson's belief in prayer, and use of it at Samoa, in the *Westminster*?

¹ *The Doctrine of the Trinity.*

The Rev. Charles Hart, sending the letter which follows, says :

I shall never forget a wonderful Retreat for undergraduates and graduates (laymen) Dr. Illingworth took in 1895 (I think) at Cuddesdon on "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," the first Retreat I was ever in, and I have lived on it ever since !

To the Rev. Charles Hart

July 19, 1905.

DEAR SIR,

I always recommend to persons situated as you describe, Maurice, (F. D.) *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy*. It gives you a history of philosophy in connection with theology—and includes the influence on thought of men who were not profound philosophers. It is a biggish book in two vols.—but would well repay the time spent on it. This would give you a general map of the country, and then you could feel that you moved about in it more surely, and you could afterwards turn to special subjects or periods. "The definition of philosophy is its history," was a remark, I think, of Hegel's, and that is the right way to go to work at it.

This is the best suggestion that I can make—and I think you would find it useful. James, by the way, is an interesting writer—but a very unsafe guide outside psychology.

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

To M. C. L.

THE GARDEN,

April, 1906, Easter Monday.

. . . It is a very difficult question that of development. Certainly the doctrine of the Spirit as ecclesiastically defined, contains more than is contained in the letter of Scripture, or than can be quite *necessarily* inferred from the letter of Scripture. Therefore one is driven to the alternative that either what goes beyond

Scripture is not binding on us now—which is the modern critical German view—or that the inspiration of the Spirit Himself has guided the Church into new truth—which again involves difficulties. But I won't write on these things, for the birds are singing, and the butterflies flitting, and the flowers blooming so gloriously—they at any rate are a revelation that there is no mistaking. (Give my special love to the gorse.)

To M. C. L.

May 16, 1906.

. . . I think the wonder of the world increases, as one sits in the garden, and watches all the teeming insect life—all of which must represent a divine thought and intention. Spiders! Snakes! It is too baffling. Sometimes I am disposed to Platonise and think of lesser angels being entrusted with parts of creation, and making jokes on it. It is the highest creature that we know—viz., man, that alone has a sense of the ludicrous, and laughs and jokes. May not higher beings have the same? It can hardly be quite an isolated thing in the universe. There is a good article in the Hibbert journal on disease not being according to God's will, and His consequent readiness to remove it where there is faith—a line of thought that I have dwelt much on of late. I think we ought to look on prayer as the normal means of getting healed, whether with or without—but not of course necessarily without—other means.

To M. C. L.

March, 1907.

I think the older one grows the more wonderful everything seems, our own existence! The animals! There's just enough to give us hope, but it is all terribly perplexing "while we drift on the dark waters of thought, and wait with wonder for the dawn of intellectual day," as I have remarked in Chapter X.¹ I feel the oppression of it at times very much, and am more and more surprised at my own audacity for

¹ *Doctrine of the Trinity*, chap. x., p. 208.

ever setting up as a teacher in such a world. I suppose if we hadn't plenty of "cheek" when we are young we should never start on anything. Do you remember the prose bit in *The Soul's Tragedy*? . . .

To M. C. L.

April, 1907.

. . . I spent a day in Oxford yesterday, dipping into the current magazine literature—and it is sad to see how very widely spread is the assumption that no person who is in the least up-to-date dreams of believing in the divinity of Christ. It is all so taken for granted—and makes me wish my new book were more forcible. But in view of such wide opposition I am afraid it strikes but a thin note. When young one is allowed to write books that are beyond any standard that one has attained—prophetic aspirations. But as you get older, the absence of attainment drags the books down with it and things all look so different from what they seemed when one began to theologise. I think I have told you of a day of great aspiration on the ledge where thirty years after I was to dislocate my arm, and limit my capacities still more. What an allegory! Ah! give my love to the sea. A wire has just come to say C. L. is coming to-morrow. That will be a little refreshment. But oh! for the "Song of the Sea"!

To a Railway Clerk

June 26, 1907.

I feel quite sure that as a general principle smoking in moderation is not in the least inconsistent with a Christian's profession, and many of the very best men that I know are smokers. In the abstract, therefore, I am sure you need have no scruple about it.

But so strong a feeling on your part may mean :

1. That there are "weaker brethren" among your friends to whom it gives offence.
2. That you are called to a personal self-denial, "Friend, go up higher."

In either of these two cases, I have no doubt you would gain in peace of mind, if you gave it up, and also probably in power for good. But if you should find this too difficult, you might turn the fact to the increase of your inner humility, and so still gain grace from it, for real humility is a great gain to us.

Briefly then I would say :

You need have no scruple about its being lawful in Christians. But as a voluntary self-denial it may be good for you to give it up, and all voluntary self-denial is a source of strength. This will only be possible in the power of prayer.

If, however, you find it too difficult, don't be at all down-cast about it, but simply make it increase your humility before God. Don't be in any degree dejected at thinking you have had to take the feebler course.

Perhaps this may assist you in coming to a right judgement, but that judgement must be your own.

To Dr. E. Lyttelton

December, 1907.

I was on the point of writing to you on *Asceticism*, which I liked much and which I thought brought out an aspect of the question that many of us are too apt to overlook—the “corporate penitence”;—but if I enlarge on this I shall never reach your other letter.

I thought rather highly of a pamphlet of Miss E. Frere's, to which I wrote a preface, on the intellectual worthlessness of the Christian Science position, and my own view on your first question would be, that they do not owe their cures to their special pseudo-scientific doctrines, but to the fact that they succeed in arousing very real faith in God's love and God's will to heal. All our thoughts of God are inadequate and cumbered by many mistakes, and I should say that their special doctrines were among these mistakes, and that what did the work was the faith in God behind the mistakes—and, moreover, that like many heretics, they were calling attention to an element in Christianity which has been allowed to

lapse too much. Generally speaking, we have lost the conviction of how much faith will do, if we really stake our all upon it, and go forward in the strength of it. I imagine faith moved many more mountains in the middle ages, because the mediæval saints expected it to, and I think one gains glimpses of it giving them great bodily ability at times.

I consider Christian Science distinctly of the nature of a heresy—but am not quite clear what you mean by the “tone of thought which is very prevalent” and “has the look of a heresy.” I conclude that you mean a tone of thought within the Church—and I think you must mean the view that underestimates the sinfulness of sin, and also the purgative value of pain. If this is your meaning, I should say that there is a great danger of underestimating sin in some (but not all) current teaching. But I don’t think that the counsel to crowd it out by filling the mind with good thoughts—or to “overcome evil with good” necessarily involves any such underestimate. Those, for instance, who think most seriously of impurity prescribe *flight* as its best remedy—thinking of other things. And I think it is quite possible *just because* one thinks sin a terrible reality to say, confess it and forget it as quickly as possible, lest it should fascinate you. “Ignore thyself and learn to know thy God,” as Coleridge says. This is not treating sin as a negative quantity, but only as an enemy that has to be fought in a particular way. On the other point of the modern view of pain I think a certain amount of reaction against that mediæval view is right. I think that we ought to pray to be well and act accordingly (as the condition of efficiency), and not pray to be ill and act accordingly as some of the saints did. But we must certainly qualify this by recognition of the fact that God utilises pain—in a sinful world—as a wonderful instrument of spiritual purification. “It is good for me that I have been in trouble.”

‡ But when you once come to base views about sin or pain on any theory of the unreality of matter, I think you are on thoroughly false ground. The

unreality of matter is rather an Indian than a Manichæan doctrine, and akin to all the dreamy pantheism of the East, with its impersonality and immorality. And all the Christian contention (in the great Councils) for the reality of the Incarnation was in direct opposition to this. No scientific man would ever admit its unreality. And all that modern idealists would contend for is, that it cannot exist, in any *conceivable* sense of existence, apart from consciousness (which would ultimately mean the divine consciousness).

The Manichæan view, though akin to this, was more distinctly that matter is evil—the creation of the evil spirit. (There is a very definite statement of this by a Persian critic in the Sacred Books of the East, xxiv. p. 243 *et seq.*) And I don't think this is a view that requires any sympathetic treatment. It is mere romance, and bad romance at that.

I think the whole of Christianity—Incarnation—Virgin Birth—Passion—Resurrection—Sacraments—essentially involves the view that matter is an important element in reality, and factor in personal realisation—and the Church was instinctively aware of this from the first and therefore always fought for it.

All this may seem very commonplace, and may not quite hit your meaning after all—but it is just my opinion on the points you raise as far as I understand them.

(Incidentally, don't you think those successful pastors of boys are so, simply because they *are* optimists, and not because of any particular views to which their optimism leads them?)

To the Rev. George Longridge Undated.

The whole course of our true progress in life consists in advancing from material to spiritual things; in learning that man does not live by bread alone, etc., etc.; and in the course of this progress we come increasingly to see that spirituality is only attained by the sacrifice of the material side of things, *i.e.* bodily indulgence, visible manifestation, material expression of every kind. Now death is the climax of

all this process. Its whole point (so to say) is to withdraw us from the last lingering elements of material, to wholly spiritual, union; to teach us that our true union with those we love best can only be really reached by a common life in God.

Consequently the attempt to counterwork this process, and re-establish that material communication which God has broken precisely in order to spiritualise it, is wholly irreligious. It is called spiritualism, but is in fact materialism: an attempt to return to what St. Paul calls "carnal," and keeps us back, if anything, from that attempt to secure true union with our beloved dead, by really spiritual means, viz. by a complete life in God.

To M. S.

March 14, 1908.

I hear you would like a line from me, so gladly send you one, to say how glad I am of your recovery, and how full of sympathy for all that you and your husband have gone through.

I suppose we most of us have to go through some real bad times in life—only they are of such different kinds that we recognise the badness of some more easily than that of others. The important thing is to get all the juice out of them, or as much as we can. And that from what you said to N., I gather that you both have been able to do. It is a great mystery. I don't profess to understand it. But I know I can say quite honestly and whole-heartedly, looking back upon some grim times, "It is good for me that I have been in trouble" (though with a subconscious, "Please, I don't want any more," all the time). So I expect you will find it has lifted you to some new level—and opened your eyes to see new things. And it is sure to have bound all bonds of affection tighter, which is one of the great things sorrow does. So look upon all the glorious side of it, dear Mab, much as the "temperament" rebels, and believe you have my best sympathy and prayers (though the latter are bad at the best!).

To M. S.

THE GARDEN I

May 9.

It was very good of you to send such a long answer to my letter—and it moves me to send you a few lines again, in case they may help you. But you know the whole of your first pages might have been written by myself *at this moment*. Those same alternations varying with one's physical condition have gone on with me all through life. All I can do is perhaps to diminish the external manifestation of them, but they are there under the grey hair, as they were under the "carrotty." Perhaps after all it prevents our crystallising and keeps our sympathies wider than they would be. But I don't think it is any good trying to force one's self to the pattern of a good book. I think much the best thing is to make one's own prayers in one's own way, remembering that God made the "temperament"; and to make our enjoyment of the material world and the brightness of life, a subject of gratitude in prayer. I mean we can sometimes praise God and be thankful, when we are in the physically bubbling over mood, and not in the piously ascetic. In other words, we can, I think, gradually capture that other mood for God. We shall always have it, but we may direct its channel, I think, *by degrees* (slow degrees). "Is any merry, let him sing psalms," I think alludes to this, and means don't stifle the merriment, but guide it.

I think you will see what I mean, and thought I would just like to write it.

To Dr. Mary Scharlieb

July 23, 1908.

I am returning your book,¹ with many thanks. For myself I tend very much to decline all speculation upon the nature of the Incarnation. For by the very nature of the case it must be a thing that we cannot fully understand. But I think the book very suggestive, and also opportune at the present moment—for the emphasis it gives to the complete divinity of

¹ *The One Christ.* F. Weston, D.D.

our Lord despite His self-limitation. Because Kenotic theories are being pressed to a point which really tends to a complete denial of the divinity, as it seems to me. A book therefore which fully recognises the Kenosis and yet emphasises the divinity strikes me as very timely.

To C. L.

February 22, 1909.

My heart bleeds for your account of all you have gone through—it must have been a terrible time—with that isolation and apprehension—one of the big experiences of a life. If I had known, I should of course have written to you before. I would give anything to be able to help you—but it is difficult in writing—because it seems cold, and besides you don't know in what mood it will be read. (So you must keep your promise of coming here—for perhaps talks might be easier.) Yours is the kind of temperament that is bound—*experto crede*—to have a hard fight, and probably a long one, with many ups and downs. What will help? Not necessarily either adversity or work—for both these—like doctors and climates, and advisers are *external* things (above all, not work to stifle thought) and what you want is *internal*—to possess your soul. And the only way I know towards that is *prayer*. “If there were anyone to do it for,” you say. Well that “Any one” in the last analysis is God. For all human love that is worth having, is created and sustained by God, and is a shadow of His own. Use all the human love that you find around you—but if it does not seem enough—remember that there is God's—and the profound truth of Augustine's words, “Thou hast made us for Thyself, and we are restless till we rest in Thee.” You may say this is too idealistic, and you may think that I haven't made much out of it myself, but I know, dear Constance, for all that, that it is true, and I have seen plenty of people who have made much out of it. Love is the greatest reality, but what we have to learn is that here too, “It is more blessed to give than to receive.” You have great natural gifts for

gladdening and brightening the lives of others—you must pray over them, and remember they are “talents,” God’s gifts to be used for Him—means by which *His* love may be brought home to others—through the loving spirit in which you use them. “Yes,” you’ll say, “but what I want is to have a jolly good time of my own! and I think it rather hard that I shouldn’t be able to.” Well,—so far as you have tried that tack, you admit that it hasn’t been much of a success—try the other. I don’t pretend that you’ll find it easy, but you’ll find it true. Forgive my preaching away like this—but it is the only help I can give. Did you ever read my *College Sermons*? Because I said it all there, when I was about your age—and no failure to live up to it has ever altered my conviction of its truth. But of course a thousand objections that you may start occur to me—which it’s no good trying to answer in a letter, or it would grow to a volume—but which one might talk over. I know I put it all very clumsily, but not for lack of sympathy, for indeed I do feel for you, and I think somewhat realise your trials. Only *use* them, bring *fruit* out of them—fight, in your own person, the hideous materialism of our age—and you can only do that by prayer, and the kind of attitude to which prayer leads.

To M. S.

December 28, 1909.

I think I know pretty well what you feel like. One can only speak from one’s own experience, and I myself believe that I have owed very much, and very definite assistance in health to prayer—and therefore I cannot but recommend it to others. But of course there is the other side. St. Paul’s prayer about his thorn in the flesh proves once for all that there are exceptions—in the case of the holiest people—and even when it would seem to hinder their usefulness. And a man writing to me recently from Africa (one of their bishops), who strongly believes in the *normal* duty of praying for health, also mentioned a case where, as with you, such prayer had very markedly not been

granted. In your case I should pray for health, if God wills it,—and if He does not will it, for courage and patience to make the best use of its absence. There are of course for all of us times when “it is good for me that I have been in trouble, that I might learn Thy statutes.” Then very often *after* one has learned the lesson of trouble, God seems to remove it for the future. Then as to praying when you don’t feel like it—many people would say use your words all the same. In fact most people I think would say so. But I have a great belief in very informal, ejaculatory prayer—which would take the form of asking God, who *knows all your feelings*, to help you despite of them. I think prayer should be as natural as possible—one must not get superstitious or fearful about it. What we have to remember is that God knows all about us—and doesn’t need to be told, but only needs our sincere desire to lean upon Him, and to live by His help, and that, on our Lord’s own promise, He is certain to give the help in His own way. For myself I am sure that I owe everything to prayer, and could do nothing without it—and yet I am extremely and always have been extremely irregular in my methods, and fluctuating in my efforts. It might have been better if I had not been so—but I have as a matter of fact been so—and yet got the greatest help.

And I would always urge people to make much use of informal ejaculatory prayer—which needs no words—or no more words than the famous “My God, my God” of St. Francis. Then the prayer made, when you are in the mood, will often carry you over the times when you are not in the mood. I don’t know whether this is exactly the orthodox advice, but it is the actual experience of a lame dog, a very lame dog, much troubled by the “temperament” all through life.

I don’t know whether there is anything in this to be of use to you, dear Mab, but I hope there may be. And I do hope and trust now that you may sail into smoother waters.

To a Lady in danger of losing her Faith

July 23, 1911.

I should say, without hesitation, return to your communion, and lean upon it and live by it. It is quite recognised that people should do that, who yet cannot make up their minds about all doctrines ; and I should say from the contents of your letter that you are on the road to a better insight.

Don't draw too much contrast between your intellect and your emotions. The most recent psychology tends to attribute much more value than formerly to the instincts as guides—as representing some of the deepest-seated root elements of our being. And though the intellect works usefully within its limits, those limits are very narrow, as far as all ultimate questions are concerned. Finally, don't bother about the Higher Criticism. What's true in it doesn't impair the spiritual authority of the Bible a bit—and a good deal of it isn't true.

Certainly return to communion and continue to pray.

If you have any pride in your own intellect (which a passage in your letter seems to suggest), sit upon that at once. We all have to.

To a Railway Clerk

September 15, 1911.

I was away on my holiday, or I should have answered your letter sooner, to thank you sincerely for your kindness in writing it.

I am sorry to hear of your trouble, but I have naturally come across so many instances of sorrows which seem to be God's will for particular persons, that I feel sure there are many whom He educates in that special way. And I can only hope and pray that you may find in prayer the means of using that education aright. I am sure that we were meant to lean on prayer far more than most of us do, and that there are really no limits to its power.

I trust, my brother, that you may find this in your

case, and with it the peace that passeth all understanding, the joy that no man can take from you.

To M. L.-S.

May 4, 1912.

I do seriously sympathise with your dissatisfaction at the kind of half and half life that you have to lead. I know its difficulty and its dangers. Remember "They also serve who only stand and wait." This is your waiting time and may one day lead to fuller service. And your business in your waiting time is to take pains with your character, so that when a call to more active service comes, you may be ready for it. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Now I feel that to one of your sympathetic temperament the first half of this will be easier than the second. It will be easier to "visit" . . . than to keep "unspotted." Indeed the very temperament which makes the first easy will make the second difficult, because it means that when you are in worldly company your ready sympathy with it will make it difficult for you not to do as the world does. (For example, you know in your conscience that you have to break with that wretched gambling, and to face the ridicule of your less conscientious friends—by letting them know that you have got beyond it.) Remember by the bye that that ridicule may sooner or later make them begin to think, and so that it may only be the price you have to pay for helping to stamp out the great national curse and sin. But this was not my original point. My point was your difficulty of keeping "unspotted" by worldly friends, which is of course exactly what the text means—not a vague world in general, but the particular group who surround you and tempt you to worldliness by that subtlest of all modern forms of persecution, of which I have so often spoken—polite ridicule. I heard a terrible sermon once by a great mission preacher on "*Judas stood with them*"—with whom it was that when the great revealing crisis came, he was found to

have cast in his lot. I only write all this because I feel so keenly where your personal difficulty lies. And this doubly accentuates my regret at your losing Miss H. just when her influence seemed so good for you. But partings with friends of that kind *ought* to make us live more in their spirit, so as to be worthier of them at the next meeting. I don't know whether you remember my preaching a sermon on "It is expedient for you that I go away" as giving the true Christian view of all bereavement, that when the outward bodily presence is removed the inner spiritual strength of the Spirit comes, and this should apply to all partings. But as you say you want this letter at once, I mustn't make it much longer, only if I do write you must answer my questions. I particularly wanted to know if you were keeping up your communions, so let me hear this when next you write, and in settling whether to stay where you are or go to your brother *do* be guided by prayer that you may do not what you like, but what you really think right and good for you. That was capital about the concert. Billy is very regular now at church, and in his walk, and Nora has invited your boy three or four times, but he has not yet come to her class. So now good-bye, dear May, and pray for me that I may be a little more able to practise what I preach.

To M. L.-S.

Wednesday, October 30, 1912.

Thank you so for the letter I got this morning from Naples. I was so glad to hear that things were going on so well. But by the time you get this you will be in your new surroundings and with your people, and all the voyage over. I feel the difficulty of writing a letter to be read a month after the one it answers was written, but I hope it will find you well and cheerful and interested in the new life. This will be a real epoch in your life, and do remember what I said in our last talk that the way to be happy is to try and make others happy. And a woman can do this by her influence even more than by her work.

I immensely care for all the noble women's work that is now being done, but I put women's influence above it—and of course it is the harder thing of the two—because you can only exercise good influence by yourself being good, and that will mean taking a lot of pains (to use our Bishop's favourite phrase) with your own character. So I want you to make a good start from the very beginning. The new surroundings will help you much in some ways, but in some others the change from English habits may make difficulties for you. So make a real effort to keep your prayers alive and real—and your communions whenever they are possible. If you do this, all else will come. I should like you to keep that 139th psalm in your memory and to use sometimes the collect for the first Sunday after Epiphany. And you will know that in my poor way I am always praying for you as "here present"¹ at 8 every Sunday morning, as well as at other times. And if I can be of any help, write and tell me of yourself, just as if you were sitting in the familiar dining-room arm-chair. I am sure you will feel, dear May, that all this sermonising only comes from my intense desire to help you towards what I am sure is the true end of life, and that is gradually to come to live in the spirit of those first three clauses of the Lord's Prayer. I dare say before you read this I may have heard from you again. With true love.

To C. L.

January 23, 1913.

I ought to have written yesterday, but was delayed—to say how very sorry I am to hear of you in "such doleful dumps." Indeed, indeed I can sympathise—but you know how little can be said in such cases. But cheer up. You have come through bad times, and come out of them the stronger. I wish you would come here for a week-end—but you seem to think that impossible. The real usefulness of your present work ought, I think, to be something solidly to the

¹ Those who came regularly to that service may remember the longish pause which he always made after those words, and will now understand the reason.

good—which might comfort you a little—and yet I know what you will say. Sometimes I get very frightened at the sorrowful side of life, and have to look away, so to speak. But after all, it goes on forming character—and that is worth having. But I know all this sounds so commonplace and unhelpful. I will try, dear Constance, in my poor way to put up prayers for you that you may some day emerge into smooth waters. I come more and more to believe in prayer, as life goes on. Easter is very early this year, so try and arrange a visit then. . . . My heart yearns to say something more effectual than all this—but it cannot be. A letter can only be a letter after all—chilly compared with personal presence. So please think of me as longing to help you all I can—and glad to hear if the cloud lifts at all.

To a Lady

April 8, 1913.

Thank you so much for writing about my book so kindly. It is of course always helpful to be told anything of that kind. From what you say in your letter you must have had much sorrow, and needed all the Christian help.

To M. L.-S.

October 8, 1913.

I have waited before answering your last letter, in the hope of hearing from your people that something was settled, and now I have just heard that it is all right, and the marriage to be soon, so I write at once, dear May, to say how glad I am that you are to have no more trouble about it and to wish you all possible happiness in your new life. If I had performed the marriage I should have had to preach you a little address, so here it is, and all the better for being written, because one can say out more what one means. I have always noticed that when you are happily excited, your religion is apt to get crowded into a corner, and I don't want that to happen. I want you to take the whole of this new life up into

your religion, as being a great gift of God to you, that you are to thank Him for, and use in His service. I know you well enough to be quite sure that you will never be permanently happy or at peace unless your religion is a real element in your life—because it has already been so. And you know, dear May, what a mixture of wheat and tares there still is in your character. Well, it's only religion, in your case, that will make the wheat grow and kill the tares, and it may be such beautiful wheat. I write all this because I can feel for all your difficulties. I don't know how far your husband will help you in this, but from what you have told me, I am sure he is a man who will respect it in you, if he sees it is genuine, and not a woman's plaything, as I have too sadly sometimes known it to be thought—and not without reason too. Strains and jars must come in married life, and it is only by taking them in the right way that marriage can become what it is capable of being—a far deeper and truer blessing than appears in its first glamour—and to take things in the right way will mean to pray over them. And above all things keep up your communions, when you have the opportunity. I have not heard anything of your dates, but I understood it would be quite soon—so if this arrives near the time, you must take it as my best advice to you, and be sure you will have my prayers. But I shall probably hear from you in the interval, and will then write again.

To M. J. (M. L.-S.)

January 19, 1915.

DEAR MAY,

I have just got your letter asking me to be godfather to your boy. Of course I shall be glad to be, though it had better have been someone younger. Meanwhile you will have got my letter about your brother's death, and it will have been a great blow to you. But I am thankful to think that the new young life that has been given into your care—with all the gladness of it—will help to mitigate the sorrow of your loss. I try to impress on people what all our

greatest religious teachers are saying as with one voice—that whatever may be our personal and national sins—we are in this war fighting for Christianity against heathenism, for the recognition of mercy and love and gentleness as the principles that ought to govern the world—as against the hideous doctrine that might is right—with all the wickedness that involves, in the way of lying as a means of increasing “might” and terrorising the defenceless. But if we are to look at our own cause in this way it becomes a very high and sacred one, and for that reason all the suffering that it involves, whether of death or wounds at the front, or anxiety and bereavement at home become part of that sacred kind of sorrow which is the cause of all the greatest good in the world—the sorrow of self-sacrifice for the sake of others—“filling up what is behind” “for His body’s sake which is the church.” I think one must look at it in this high way—and that helps us to pray over it all. Indeed, I feel that at present there is an immense quickening of religion going on both in the army and at home, and one trusts that some permanent effect of it may come. Your mother generally comes over to our intercession service on Friday afternoons—and has asked to have your brothers’ names included in the list we read out. But I am not writing enough, I expect, about your new centre of the universe, to please you. Don’t set your heart on the blue eyes, because I am told they generally change—but you may remember what the Duke of Wellington said, “Give me a man with plenty of nose,” and it is quite right. Give my kindest regards to your husband, and be sure that I am most glad of your new happiness, dear May.

From G. Talbot, Esq., to Dr. E. S. Talbot

I have been reading Illingworth’s *Divine Immanence* with the greatest interest and admiration. I don’t think I have ever read a book (I haven’t quite finished it) which I should more recommend to a *serious* doubter. What is particularly impressive, I think,

is the high confidence—almost scorn. Too much of our apology assists the enemy by starting as if the position was a very difficult one to maintain. The corresponding attitude of mind in the attack is, I believe, more potent for destruction than any of the actual arguments used. The book covers a wonderful deal of ground in its small compass, and its lucidity is marvellous—another illustration of the truth that in the profoundest subjects obscurity (beyond what the subject necessarily involves) is the result of want of trouble to be clear.

The following letter and document speak for themselves.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, KENNINGTON PARK, S.E.

February 15, 1905.

MY DEAR ILLINGWORTH,

I hope that the enclosed document will commend itself to you.

It was done quite spontaneously by them, I need not say, though, as one of the Society, I have given myself the pleasure of adding my name.

The Society is a little collection of some of the more thoughtful of the clergy of the Diocese—who come together two or three times a year to discuss a book which they had previously read.

I think you would have been pleased to see how universal the feeling was of the help derived from your work.

Yours affectly.,

E. ROFFEN.

To the Rev. J. R. Illingworth, M.A.

We, a body of South London Clergy, who have met at Bishop's House, Kennington, S.E., to discuss your Bampton Lectures on *Personality Human and Divine*, desire to thank you for the great help which we have derived from the study of this book and other of your works.

Apart from the pure intellectual pleasure, which all students of your writings must derive from argu-

ments, at once so compact in themselves, and comprehensive in their range, we, who in various ways are set to teach the people committed to our charge, gratefully acknowledge that the spiritual, though suppressed enthusiasm underlying all your arguments, as well as the brilliant illustrations which light up their meaning and application, have not only been a great help to us in our own grasp of truth, but have enabled us, as we trust, to be of greater use to our people in guiding them to a deeper knowledge of God.

EDWARD ROFFEN.

A. ERNEST SIMMS, Curate of Richmond.

W. A. MOBERLY, S. Bartholomew's, Sydenham.

RONALD BAYNE, Holy Trinity, Greenwich.

M. S. WARE, V. of S. Margaret, Camberwell.

J. K. WILSON, V. of S. Margaret, Rochester.

W. W. HOUGH.

WALTER WRAGGE, V. of S. Anne's, South Lambeth.

S. M. TAYLOR, Archdeacon of Southwark.

SAMUEL BICKERSTETH, Vicar of Lewisham.

OSWALD CRAIG, Wilberforce Missioner.

C. J. CLAYTON, Licensed Preacher.

J. M. GORDON, S. John's, Redhill.

H. S. SWITHINBANK, Kingston Vale.

One characteristic story may fitly close this chapter, typifying as it so well does, the most prominent feature of John Illingworth's life and teaching. When the book of prayers and thanksgivings entitled *Sursum Corda* was in the making, the compilers having arranged the thanksgivings for "God's Revelation of Himself," under the heads of the different divine attributes, submitted the list to J. R. I. for his criticism. He read them carefully through, and pointed out to the much-abashed compilers that they had omitted "Love" from their list!

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER

“ Every religion implies a particular view of God’s relation to the world, and has therefore a philosophy behind it. And in process of time this philosophy needs to be expressed ; for men think as well as act, and their action depends upon their thought, as well as their thought upon their action ; and thoughtful men, in proportion as they are in earnest with their religion, must ask themselves what general theory of the world it involves, what attitude towards contemporary thought it obliges them to take.”—*Reason and Revelation*, p. 112.

CHAPTER X

THE CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHER ¹

" the best
Impart the gift of seeing to the rest."

ILLINGWORTH was a great apologist. But he was something more. To many Christians who believed, but who wished to have rational ground for their belief, he commended the Christian faith as rational. To many who were feeling their way through mists of doubt, he showed the way. Rather he opened to them an intelligible world in which faith was at home. Partly he was able to do this because he had known the pain of doubt himself. Partly he was able to do it because by some magic of words he made them see with his eyes the world, themselves, and God.

But this meant that he had a vision of his own, a view of the world and man and God which underlay all his reasonings as it underlay all his life.

The philosopher is the man who has such a vision of the world. The Christian philosopher is the man who has such a vision which comes of his Christianity.

So he wrote himself—"Christianity inevitably involves an intellectual view of the universe." . . . "It provides us with an explanation of that ultimate meaning of the world, which it is the constant object

¹ By the Rev. Wilfrid Richmond.

of philosophy to seek.”¹ It is no part of my purpose here to review Illingworth’s apologetic writings. I am to make what is perhaps the bolder attempt to indicate the philosophy, the view of the world which underlay them, a philosophy, a view of the world which was the outcome of his Christianity. What was his Christian philosophy? He gives us the key to it himself. The Christian, he says, if he philosophises at all “must be a Christian philosopher. He must view the universe in that new light which the Incarnation has cast upon its meaning.”²

Spirit and Matter And what this meant more particularly appears in the following passage :

“The aim of philosophy is concrete knowledge of the world as a whole. It surveys all the different departments of experience . . . with a view to ascertaining their mutual relations and total significance; what is the nature of their connection; what is their meaning as a whole. And directly we ask this question we are confronted by the problem of the relation between spirit and matter. . . . The essential question, if we are ever to understand the meaning of the world as a whole, is how are these two spheres or aspects of being related to each other.”³

What is the relation between spirit and matter? That was to Illingworth the primary philosophical question. And for the answer to the question we may go to his earliest utterance, the first sermon he preached in Keble College Chapel in 1875.

A Sacramental Universe “I have called the Church a sacramental system, because its function is to embody and communicate, through outward and visible agencies . . . the inward, invisible, infinite life of God. And by thinking and speaking of it in this aspect we best remember its connection, not only with the several sacraments and sacra-

¹ *Reason and Revelation*, p. 241 ² *Ibid.*, p. 116. ³ *Ibid.*, p. 103.

mental ordinances which go to make up its sum, but also with the whole created universe outside it, which in its measure is sacramental also—*i.e.* created to exhibit things eternal through the agencies of time.”¹

He “hath created all things, and for His pleasure they are and were created. And space, and stars, and seas, and mountains, and forests, and forces, and life, all reflect, and were created to reflect, and by reflecting to glorify and to communicate, some one particular aspect of one particular attribute of the infinite fulness of God. And so they all lead up to, and in turn are illustrated by, the great sacramental system of the Christian Church, of which our notions are sadly inadequate if we fail to regard it as itself the sacramental nucleus of a sacramental universe—a universe whose every element, mean and minute as we may well think it, was created to be an instrument of the self-revelation of God.”²

And again, speaking of the new dignity acquired for matter by the exhibition of its intimacy with spirit he writes :

“The loveliness of its forms and colours, the wonder of its versatility, the mystery of its strange sympathies and antipathies, are for ever haunting us with the suggestion that matter is not what it seems. But such suggestions have been long anticipated and confirmed by the sacramental system, in whose light we see the material order to be another aspect only of the spiritual, which is gradually revealing itself through material concealment, in the greater and the lesser Christian sacraments which radiate from the Incarnation, and in all the types, and parables, and symbolisms of nature, and the sacraments of storm and calm, and of the sunset and of the star-rise, and in every flash of an eye, or flush of a cheek; or pulse of a hand, that is, in its degree, the material instrument of spiritual communion.”³

¹ *Keble College Sermons*, 1870–1876, p. 296. ² *Ibid.*, p. 298.

³ *Appendix to Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*, p. 173.

So of the communion between one human being and another he writes :

“ Thought and will and love must needs communicate themselves to others ; spirit craves intercourse with spirit ; and here again we depend on matter. Tongue and ear are material things ; words are movements of the air ; and printing press and telegraph extend their sway. Machinery again, with its coal, and steam, and iron, is ever at work to enlarge the practical dominion of our will ; while art—art takes up the stubborn elements of earth and transmutes them in its crucible to spiritual things. Hellenic sculptures, Gothic cathedrals, mediæval painting, modern music, are only modes of matter, when regarded by themselves : yet through them the soul of man has given utterance and permanence to all the varying phases of his inward spiritual story ; which else would have been fugitive and dumb.” And “ to give expression to a thing is to realise it, in the sense of making it more real ; and hence matter, as being the language of spirit, is also the medium of its realisation.”¹

“ Nor is it only as a means of expression that matter ministers to spirit. It has also an important reaction upon character and conduct.

“ The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden’s form
By silent sympathy.
The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

This is more than a poet’s conceit. It is a description of what happens daily, and in more ways than most men are aware ; the gradual moulding of our thought

¹ *Divine Immanence*, p. 10.

and feelings, our habitual expression, our face and form, by subtle influence of outward things.”¹

“ Take the sunset for example—a series of ethereal vibrations, merely mechanical in origin, and as such, other than they seem ; whose total effect is to create in us an optical illusion, making the sun, and not the earth, appear to move. Yet, as men watch its appearance, thoughts and feelings arise in their hearts, that move their inmost being in unnumbered ways. Youth is fired with high ideals ; age consoled with peaceful hopes ; saints, as they pray, see heaven opened ; sinners feel conscience strangely stirred. Mourners are comforted ; weary ones rested ; artists inspired ; lovers united ; worldlings purified and softened as they gaze. In a short half hour all is over : the mechanical process has come to an end ; the gold has melted into grey. But countless souls meanwhile have been soothed, and solaced, and uplifted by that evening benediction from the far off sky ; and the course of human life to-day is modified and moulded by the setting of yesterday’s sun.”²

But above all in matter is the manifested presence of God. From earlier times than any of his writings, Wordsworth’s lines on Tintern Abbey meant this to him :

“ I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”³

This then was the philosophy, the view of the world which to Illingworth Christianity had made instinctive and fundamental, the sense of living in a sacramental universe.

¹ *Divine Immanence*, p. 11.

² *Ibid.*, p. 55.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 47.

And this philosophy, this view of the world underlay or took shape in all his various apologetic writings.

It took shape, perhaps we should say, most immediately in his insistence on the twin truths of the Divine Immanence in, and the Divine Transcendence of the world.

Twin truths to him they were. *God* could not be immanent in a world which He did not transcend, nor transcend a world in which He was not immanent.

Just as "spirit as we know it in our own personal experience, has two different relations to matter, that of transcendence, and that of immanence"—our spirit "transcends, or is independent of the bodily organism," "we move in a plane above it and are its masters not its slaves"; and yet our spirit may be described as immanent in matter, pervading the entire organism, animating and inspiring it—so we must "conceive of God as at once transcending and immanent in nature"; "the divine presence which we recognise in nature is the presence of a Spirit, which infinitely transcends the material order, yet sustains and indwells it the while."¹

So the relation between the two truths was described in *Divine Immanence* in 1898. "Christianity with its correlative doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation laid equal stress both on the transcendence and the immanence of God."² And when in 1911 a popular theological movement seemed to discover the doctrine of Divine Immanence, as a new revelation superseding the old belief in a transcendent God, he repeated what he had said twelve years before, "to recall attention to the complementary conception of divine transcendence; as being, from the Christian

¹ *Divine Immanence*, pp. 68, 65, 67, 71.

² Quoted in Preface to *Divine Transcendence*.

point of view, presupposed and not precluded by that of immanence.”¹

The Personality of God Hence follows a general consideration as to the relation between his apologetic writings and his fundamental philosophy. Believing that God was in Himself that which He revealed Himself as being in nature, he could freely argue from nature, and especially from human nature to God. But he was guarded against the accusation of anthropomorphism by the fundamental belief that man was made in the image of God.

The Bampton Lectures on *Personality Human and Divine*, the book which affords perhaps the most vigorous and varied examples of his power as a writer, is an illustration of this. Illingworth's instinct as an apologist, reinforced no doubt by a certain introspective idiosyncrasy, led him to start his argument from man as he knows himself—he reasoned, *i.e.* from personality in man to personality in God. But there underlies the whole book the principle, without which the argument would fall to pieces, the principle embodied in a quotation from Lotze's *Microcosmus*, “Perfect personality is in God only; to all finite minds there is allotted but a pale copy thereof.”² It is because of the Divine Immanence in man of a Transcendent God that we can reason from man to a Transcendent God. God must be in Himself if He is to be immanent in man, and He must be immanent in man that man may know Him as He is.

The Revelation of Love The two truths meet in the Incarnation as the Revelation of Love.

“Jesus Christ . . . threw a totally new light upon

¹ Quoted in Preface to *Divine Transcendence*

² *Personality Human and Divine*, p. 53

the personality of man. He took love as His point of departure, the central principle in our nature, which gathers all its other faculties and functions into one; our absolutely fundamental and universal characteristic. . . . He lived and died the life and death of love; and men saw, as they had never seen, what human nature meant. Here at last was its true ideal and its true ideal realised. . . . Consequently one effect of Christ upon our race was to provide us, if the phrase may be allowed, with a new criterion of God. Man had learnt that love was the one thing needful, and had looked into the depths of love, as he had never looked before. And thenceforth Love became the only category under which he could be content to think of God.”¹

For “self-sacrificing love . . . we recognise as the end of ends, the reality that needs no explanation.”² And “God is love . . . is a real revelation beyond all that we could otherwise have learned: it lifts Love at once into the absolute, as the essential and eternal cause of all.”³

And on the other hand, in the Incarnation, there “comes forth the Holy One; guiding man into the life of love, wherein his true perfection lies; and revealing God as the source of love, and Himself as God Incarnate; in union with whom our finite, imperfect personality shall find, in the far eternity, its archetype and end.”⁴

And so the revelation of God as love in the Incarnation led back to the deeper truth of the Trinity, showing it to be deep rooted in the fundamental faith in a sacramental universe, a faith, *i.e.* in a transcendent God, immanent in His creation, Man.

What is the essence of the Christian revelation? “Briefly that God is Love and that this is possible,

¹ *Personality Human and Divine*, p. 200.

² *Divine Immanence*, p. 7.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 155.

⁴ *Personality Human and Divine*, p. 216.

because there is a Trinity of Persons within the Godhead, between whom the reciprocity of love can exist, a divine society.”¹

“ If love is to be thought of as thus absolute, or in other words synonymous with God, . . . there must of necessity be conceived a plurality of persons in the Godhead ; for when we speak of love we mean the affection of one person for another.”²

“ The fairest thing we know on earth, the truest practical solution of life’s problem, is a society or family whose members are united by a common bond of love. Within the charmed circle, such love is reflected from each to all and all to each, and gathers in the process an intimate intensity, far beyond all power to express ; while to those who are without it ever burns to impart some fragment of its own inspiring energy and joy, by thoughts of tenderness and words of sympathy, and deeds of kindly care.”

“ Here then we have a picture drawn from the noblest thing we know, which illustrates, however feebly, the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, that Divine Society, whose co-equal members are one in infinite eternal love, and who in that love’s exuberance come forth in a sense from out of themselves, to create, to sustain, to redeem, to sanctify, to bless.”³

Teleology There was another application of the principle of the Transcendence and Immanence of God, as embodied in the doctrine of the Trinity and the Incarnation, which played a large part in Illingworth’s thinking.

“ The Christian doctrine of the Trinity . . . preserves the divine transcendence which gives fixity to all relative existence without sacrificing the divine immanence which makes life and progress possible. . . .

¹ *Reason and Revelation*, p. 183.

² *Divine Immanence*, p. 155.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 156, 157.

And with the restoration of this doctrine to its place . . . a teleological view of nature will again be possible, and the whole history of the world's evolution will assume a new significance, as moving to one far off divine event, of which the Incarnation is at once an anticipation and a prophecy."¹

The doctrine of development, "the new way of looking at nature," had been "thought at first . . . to be inimical to the doctrine of final causes." "But in the course of its discussion an important difference" had "been brought to light between external and internal purposes or ends. . . . And we have now come to regard the world not as a machine, but as an organism, a system in which, while the parts contribute to the growth of the whole, the whole also reacts upon the development of the parts; and whose primary purpose is its own perfection, something that is contained within and not outside itself, an internal end: while in their turn the myriad parts of this universal organism are also lesser organisms, ends in and for themselves, pursuing each its lonely ideal of individual completeness. Now when we look at nature in this way, and watch the complex and subtle processes by which a crystal, a leaf, a lily, a moth, a bird, a star realise their respective ideals with undisturbed, unfailing accuracy, we cannot help attributing them to an intelligent Creator. But when we further find that in the very course of pursuing their primary ends, and becoming perfect after their kind, the various parts of the universe do in fact also become means, and with infinite ingenuity of correspondence and adaptation, subserve not only one but a thousand secondary ends, linking and weaving themselves together by their mutual ministration into an orderly, harmonious, complicated whole, the signs of intelligence grow clearer still. And when, beyond all this, we discover the quality of beauty in every movement and situation of this complex life; the drop of water that circulates from sea to cloud, and cloud to earth, and earth to plant, and plant to life-

¹ Appendix to *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel*, p. 172.

blood, shining the while with strange spiritual significance in the sunset and the rainbow and the dewdrop and the tear ; the universal presence of this attribute, so unessential to the course of nature, but so infinitely powerful in its appeal to the human mind, is reasonably urged as a crowning proof of purposeful design." ¹

Or to quote a parallel passage :

" We have now come to regard nature as an organic unity, an organism, composed of organisms, and therefore essentially alive. Now it is the characteristic of life, that its every phase and moment is, in a sense, complete in itself, and may be regarded as an end, however much it may conduce to further, fuller, fairer ends to come. Consequently, the absoluteness of the old distinction between means and ends has disappeared. All nature's ' means ' are relatively speaking ends, and, as such, have a value of their own. The leaf, and the flower, and the fruit, and the animals' joy in existence, are at the same time ends in themselves, and yet minister to other ends. On the other hand, all nature's ends are, relatively speaking, means. The human eye, for example, considered as an instrument of vision, may be called one of nature's ends—the point where a long line of complex evolution finds its limit. . . . But the eye not only sees, it shines and it speaks—and thus in turn becomes a means of emotional attraction and spiritual intercourse, fairer than the sapphire, more expressive than the tongue ; while neither of these qualities can by any possibility be connected with its physical evolution as an instrument of sight. Now a system whose every phase and part, while existing for its own sake, exists also for the sake of the whole, is, if possible, more suggestive of rational design than even a machine would be, especially when it is a progressive system which culminates in the production of a rational being." ²

" All this is in perfect harmony with our Christian

¹ *Lux Mundi*, pp. 188-190.

² *Personality Human and Divine*, pp. 97-99.

creed, that all things were made by the Eternal Reason ; but more than this, it illustrates and is illustrated by the further doctrine of His indwelling presence in the things of His creation ; rendering each of them at once a revelation and a prophecy, a thing of beauty and finished workmanship, worthy to exist for its own sake, and yet a step to higher purposes, an instrument for grander work.

“ God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds : in whom is life for evermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes ; where dwells enjoyment, there is He :
With still a flying point of bliss remote,
A happiness in store afar, a sphere
Of distant glory in full view.”¹

**Presuppo-
sitions** And as the fundamental belief in the indwelling presence in nature of a Transcendent God dominated his view of the development of the world, so the belief in the same indwelling presence dominated his view of the intellectual processes by which man attained to belief in God, and of the “ evidences ” for the fact of the Incarnation, for the doctrine of the Trinity, for Miracles and for the Resurrection.

Of the evidences—*e.g.* for the Incarnation—he writes :

“ On what grounds then does a modern Christian—when and in so far as he analyses the process—believe in the Incarnation ? . . . We have seen that the Fathers appealed to the combination of miracles, prophecy, and intrinsic self-evidence. But it is obvious that lying behind these things, and qualifying their whole essential significance, are the presuppositions of natural religion. . . . They believed . . . in a God, and a God whose ordering of the world attested His care for men ; consequently in a God who was antecedently likely to reveal Himself to men. . . . The

¹ *Lux Mundi*, p. 191.

presuppositions of natural religion . . . lie at the root of Christian belief.”¹

If we ask what is the evidence for these presuppositions—

“ Our belief in a Personal God is . . . based upon an instinct, or instinctive judgement, whose universal or practically universal existence is a fact of historical experience. . . . When we come to consider the various evidences, arguments, proofs by which this belief is commonly supported, we must remember that these are all attempts to account for, and explain, and justify something which already exists ; to decompose a highly complex, though immediate, judgement into its constituent elements, none of which when isolated can have the completeness or the cogency of the original conviction taken as a whole.”²

“ These proofs,” he quotes from Dr. John Caird, “ are simply expressions of that impossibility of resting in the finite and of that implicit reference to an Infinite and Absolute mind . . . seen to be involved in our nature as rational and spiritual beings.”³

In other words there is a natural presupposition arising out of the normal and general human experience, which gives the atmosphere in which alone revealed religion can breathe, the context of experience into which alone its facts and truths can be received.

But though “ the presuppositions of natural religion . . . lie at the root of Christian belief and though the evidence for these is not now less strong—is in some ways even stronger—than of old, there are causes at work in the modern world which often impair its effect.” And the result of these causes is that “ We are at the farthest pole from that Eastern temper, in which religion had its rise.

¹ *Reason and Revelation*, p. 143.

² *Personality Human and Divine*, p. 81

³ *Ibid.*, p. 84.

“ ‘ My own East !
 How nearer God we were ! He glows above
 With scarce an intervention, presses close
 And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours !
 We feel Him, not by painful reason know !
 The everlasting minute of creation
 Is felt there ; now it is, as it was then ;
 All changes at His instantaneous will.
 Not by the operation of a law,
 Whose maker is elsewhere at other work.' ”

“ Physical science is, in reality, a revelation—a revelation of mysteries that we did not create ; but it is not as a revelation, but as a discovery, that we habitually regard it. The part played by the human intellect in its attainment is so great, its ingenuity so exquisite, its achievement so brilliant, its advance so rapid, its success so sure, that we unconsciously tend to view the result as a human invention rather than a divine illumination. It is we ourselves who have triumphed ; it is we ourselves who have won secret after secret from nature ; we feel ourselves intellectually self-made men ; we have the psychological temper of discoverers ; we view things from the human, the intelligible side. Meanwhile the very amount of our knowledge tends in the same direction. We understand so much of the world we live in, and our time is so fully occupied with what we understand, that its mysterious environment is pushed out of sight. We are more impressed by the known than by the unknown, and in consequence immensely overestimate the proportion which the former bears to the latter. And all this creates what may be called, in the strict sense, an irreligious type of mind—a type, that is to say, to which the distinctively religious view of the world—as theocentric rather than anthropocentric—seems alien and unfamiliar, and, in comparison with things of more practical moment, void of interest. Nor is this mental temper only incidental to the more educated classes of society ; for a very similar influence is exercised over the less educated by a different cause, and that is the increased development of urban life. There is a sense in which it is intensely true that ‘ God made the country and man made the town.’ For the dweller in the country

lives in the constant presence of things which, to say the least, he did not himself create—the flowers, the trees, the birds, the animal and insect life, sunset and moonrise, and starlight and rainbow, and the falling of the dew, ‘fire and hail, snow and vapour, wind and storm.’ And whether he attributes all this wonder and beauty to nature or to God, he cannot but realise around him, every moment of the day, the working of a ‘power which is not himself,’ and upon which his existence depends. But in the town it is otherwise. There from morning to night man sees nothing but the objects of his own creation—his streets, his fabrics, his inventions, his means of locomotion, his pageants, his works of art, his places of amusement, and all the manifold appliances of artificial life. His creatorship is everywhere in evidence, while the reminders of his creatureship are few and far between, and the ‘power that is not himself,’ upon which he most obviously depends, is the massive power of the collective humanity around him, whether for evil or for good.”

Thus “the elementary truths of natural theology have to a great extent lost their force in the popular mind.”

“But these elementary truths are the presuppositions of Christianity. It is only because we believe the human soul with all its aspirations to have been created by a personal God that we expect Him to satisfy those aspirations by a revelation of Himself.”¹

**Sin and
Miracle** But among these predisposing causes of belief there is one, which in Illingworth’s mind stood out above all others. Sin, as an element in human experience, challenged and demanded the restoration of that Divine order of which it is the violation.

“It is only when we realise the extent to which the moral disorder and intellectual perplexity of humanity is due to sin, the weight with which the sense of sin has ever pressed upon the conscience of the race, and the yearnings and efforts towards atone-

¹ *Reason and Revelation*, pp. 143-147.

ment which it has inspired, that we can feel the appropriateness of Christianity to the needs of men.”¹

And it is this presupposition arising out of the consciousness of sin and the need of renewal which bore upon the element of miracle in the Christian revelation.

“ It must be remembered that, in our Christian view, the Incarnation was redemptive. It was an atonement. Sin, or moral evil, is a part of our total human experience, which philosophy is bound to take into account ; and sin, though primarily due to the will, has infected the bodily organism of the whole human race ; moral and physical depravity mingling with, and reacting on each other, till the entire resultant may be spoken as ‘ the body of this death ’— a complex whole in which it is impossible to disentangle the spiritual element from the diseased conditions and perverted functions of organ and tissue, which personal and ancestral sins have brought about.

“ And this amounts to saying that there is one department of the world in which demonstrably the reign of law breaks down. The motions of the stars are mathematically accurate ; vegetable life pursues its annual round ; animals, till man has touched them, follow the instincts of their kind. But with man the case is different. His appetites and instincts are as well adapted as those of other animals to ensure the preservation of the individual and of the race, yet he continually misuses them to the detriment of both. His reason endows him with an unique capacity for promoting the progress of his kind, yet his almost habitual use of it is self-regarding and anti-social. His will is conscious of a moral law, yet disobeys it. His whole body and soul are involved in one complex composite disease, due to the violation of the appropriate and natural laws of his species. This condition therefore is quite accurately described in the New Testament as lawlessness (*ἀνομία*) and involves a real breach of universal order—a miracle in the objectionable sense of the

¹ *Reason and Revelation*, p. 147

term. . . . This condition of humanity . . . is an experience which from time to time arrests us with an intensity of awfulness which language has no power to express. It is at once as certain as, and more stupendous than, any other fact that we know. Now a primary object of the Incarnation, as Christians believe, was to remedy this lawlessness, to restore this inordinate state of humanity to order. And historically this has been its effect. Real Christians in every age have both experienced and exhibited the gradual restitution of their entire personality to order. The work of Jesus Christ therefore comes before us, not as an hypothetical breach of nature's laws, but as the actual restitution of those laws when obviously, and beyond controversy, broken—the counteraction of the miracle of sin.

“ Now this consideration does not of course affect the physical possibility of what are commonly called miracles. . . . But it profoundly affects the *a priori* probability of their occurrence, which is really the point at issue in most arguments on the subject. For, instead of asking, ‘ Is God likely to interfere with His own laws ? ’ we should ask, ‘ Is He not likely to restore them when already interfered with ? ’ The interference is a fact ; it is daily before our eyes ; its appalling consequences are within us and around us. Yet it is an anomaly in the universe, and the more we learn of the otherwise harmonious order of that universe, the more irresistibly we feel that such a fact cannot be final ; and thus the likelihood of God's interference assumes the highest possible probability.”¹

So he says of the miracle of the Virgin birth :

“ It can only be rejected on *a priori* grounds ; and these grounds rest on the assumption that sinful humanity is normal ; but once recognise that it is abnormal, an anomaly in the universe ; *a priori* objections vanish, and historic tradition resumes its sway.”¹

And of the miracles of healing :

“ Christ emphasises the connection between sin

¹ *Divine Immanence*, pp. 92-94.

and disease as two aspects of one disordered personality ; and connects His healing of the one with His forgiving of the other, as parts of the same redemptive work. He does not appear as the mere pitiful physician of exceptional ability ; but as having power on earth to forgive sins, and therefore to remedy their physical effects. He claims to have come to destroy the dominion of evil in the world, by striking once for ever at its spiritual root ; and as the sin of the soul has grown incorporate in the flesh, He heals diseases, not only in mercy, but in actual manifestation of the change which He is come to effect in the entire personality of man. In other words, while Christ's acts of physical healing are quite subordinate to his spiritual teaching, and are treated by Him as such, yet they are not merely incidental acts of mercy ; they are integral parts of His entire work, an essential element in the total impression which He plainly designed to create, that He was Lord of the material as well as of the spiritual order, and came not merely to teach, but to exercise absolute authority over the bodies as well as the souls of men." ²

And the work of redemption " thus begun will be continued beyond the grave ; for ' if the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, He that raised up Christ Jesus from the dead shall quicken also your mortal bodies through His spirit that dwelleth in you.' ' Who shall fashion anew the body of His glory, according to the working whereby He is able even to subject all things unto Himself.' And this again is part of a wider movement, ' For the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God . . . in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God.' " ³

" ' Nothing,' he quotes from St. Augustine at the opening of his last book, on the Miracles of the Gospel, ' nothing that goes on in the world is so wonderful

¹ *Divine Immanence*, p. 96.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 97, 98.

³ *The Gospel Miracles*, p. 132.

as the existence of the world itself—the heavens and the earth, and all that they contain.’” And it is the view of this miraculous world, indwelt by the living presence of a Transcendent God, which makes the miracle of redemption a most natural thing. In such a world the miracles of the Gospel, as attendant on the predestined revelation in a higher order of Him who reveals Himself step by step from the lower to the higher commend themselves by the truth which they reveal. ‘They have irradiated the world for us, and left a glow behind them, which is still the master light of all our seeing.’”¹

¹ *Divine Immanence*, p. 122.

THE LAST DAYS

" The men of sorrows are the men of influence in every walk of life. . . . Even more than knowledge, pain is power. And all this because it develops the latent capacities of our being as no other influence can. It requires no mystic insight to see the truth of this. However unable we may be to account for it, it is a fact of everyday experience, visible to ordinary common-sense. . . . The real Christian looks at sorrow, not from without, but from within, and does not approach its speculative difficulty till he is aware by experience of its practical power. Consequently he cannot explain himself to the merely external critic. . . . If pressed for the inner secret of his own serenity, he can only answer with the esoteric invitation, ' Come and see.' Enter the dim sanctuary of sorrow through the shadow of the Cross. Abide there, and as your eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, the strange lines upon its walls, which seemed at first so meaningless, will group themselves into shapes and forms of purposeful design. . . . Delicate health, Plato's bridle of Theages, inherited pain, privation, bereavement, may all refine the character and train the spiritual eye to that purity of heart that shall see God."—J. R. I., *Problem of Pain*.



J. R. I., MAY 1915.
From a Photo by E. Bowles.

CHAPTER XI

THE LAST DAYS

"In tuo lumine videbit lumen."

It was very gradually that we began to feel, and the villagers to say, that "the rector was ageing." We saw that he could no longer do what once he did. The "psoriasis," from which he suffered all his life, took on in the year 1913 a new and more serious form. The surface of the skin broke down and wounds were formed, which, though not very painful at first, were very disabling. He still did all his work and cycled from ten to fifteen miles a day, but by the beginning of the year 1915 he could only do this in short spells, coming in to rest between whiles. And gradually the wounds became more numerous and more painful, until towards the end he limped as he walked towards the altar to celebrate, and had to be helped on and off with his coat before service and after. And all the time his patience and gentleness and thoughtfulness for others grew and increased; so that the servants who knew better than some what he suffered, wondered at him, and used to say, "See what he has to bear, and never a murmur."

He was always loved by the servants in the house, and when at the last one of them was asked what she would like to have from the rectory for a keepsake, she said at once, "a Bible that the rector had used."

In June 1915 he consented, because he really could

not go on any longer as he was, to have proper advice. He preached what proved to be his last sermon on Trinity Sunday, on the love of God and the life of love in Him, from the text, "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God." And then went with his wife to Kenilworth to be treated by the cousin whom he had always affectionately called "my doctor." We give below one or two letters written from there, showing that he was hopeful of the result. But it was a terrible experience for him, which no kindness could really soften. His nurses marvelled when they saw him, and heard that he had continued his work and his exercise up to the very day of going there. They could not imagine how he had done it. But he always felt that if he gave that up and lay in bed he could not stand it, and so indeed it proved.

He returned to Longworth on June 30th, continuing the very painful treatment there, and having also X-rays applied to the wounds, going into Oxford every week for that purpose. It did seem for some time as if they would heal and he would recover. But it was not to be. Towards the middle of August his temperature went up and his pulse became more rapid, and it was seen that his strength could not hold out. The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Gore) visited him on July 2 and received his confession, and the Rev. Campbell Crum, an old friend, came twice and gave him communion in his room. Many prayers were said for him, by many friends the world over, so that at one time he said that he seemed to *see* the room full of prayer. The friend to whom for over twenty years he had written every week and with whom part of every holiday during that time had been spent, was at the rectory at this time. And Mrs. Fitzwilliams, to whom, as his letters show, he was much attached, was also in the village.

On Saturday, August 21, she was summoned from Longworth House, and spent the night at the rectory. He asked in the evening who was to be with him that night, and on hearing that his wife would sit by him all the time, he said, "Oh, then I shall have a beautiful night," and so indeed he did—a night which ushered in, as one believes and prays, a never-ending day. The two friends above mentioned shared the watch, Mrs. Fitzwilliams taking the first half and M. C. L. the second. About midnight, his wife knelt by his side and said the twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer. His speech had been for some days very hard to understand, but now he said quite clearly, "Oh, Nora, I am so tired." She told him that she believed he would soon be at rest, and added, "Think of the many prayers being offered for you, and be sure that our Lord Himself is here close beside you, caring for you." And as she said this, a wonderful smile came over his face, and he said quite clearly and distinctly, "Oh, *thank* you, *thank* you," and a little later, "Jesus, Jesus, I have always believed in Him," and so sank into unconsciousness. His wife, thinking that he might feel her hand, even when he could no longer hear her voice, lay down beside him, and put her hand on his head, and, worn out with much watching, fell asleep. And so, with his friend sitting by the bed, and his wife beside him, he passed into that other world, painlessly and peacefully.

It was at 5 a.m. that he left us, and at 8 a.m. the household were able to be together in church at the Eucharist, and to give thanks indeed to God Who had "delivered this their brother out of the miseries of this sinful world." The morning sermon was preached by the Rev. H. Stewart, and by his kindness we are able to give an extract from it here. It had been

arranged that the Bishop should come and see him again on this Sunday, and that he should preach at Evensong, and so it came to pass that we had the benediction of his presence with us, and of the words which he spoke to us that evening. So wonderfully the First Lesson for the day was that in which Elisha is warned that "the Lord shall take away thy master from thy head to-day," and the Bishop made this his text, and bade us hope for Elisha's blessing, and pray that a double portion, an elder son's portion, of our rector's spirit might rest upon us, and so sent us back to our homes with hearts uplifted to high resolves and peaceful trust.

We all felt, I think, that this passing had on it manifest tokens of its being really the will of God for him and for us, and to know that is surely to know that nothing better could happen for any of us—to know that, is to be able to rejoice indeed.

To some it may seem merely coincidence, but to us who knew him so well, it did seem to be the very finger of God, which arranged the happenings of those last hours. That the very friend whom we should have most desired to have with us at the end, should have "happened" to be at the rectory that week, that the Bishop should be coming that very Sunday, that the time of his passing should allow us all to receive that Food, with the inner reality of which one believes he also was being sustained, that the lesson for the day should be so wonderfully to the point. And more than all, perhaps, his sense of the work completed. His feeling that he had no more books to write, that, as he said, he had delivered his message, all these things made those who were left behind able to give thanks and take courage.

The funeral was on Tuesday, St. Bartholomew's

Day. It was perfectly simple, as he would have desired, and yet rich indeed in love. The coffin was carried from the rectory to the church by relays of his own village men, and followed by a long procession of friends and parishioners. And as we walked, we sang the hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home." The Bishop took the service, assisted by Archdeacon Hyde and Mr. Stewart, and met us at the gate. In the church the large congregation sang, "There is a blessed home," and at the grave, "Let saints on earth in concert sing," and so, while the birds sang, and the sun shone, and everything spoke of life, and joy, and hope, we committed his body to the earth and his soul to the God who gave it, in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection.

After Dr. Illingworth's death, letters poured in from young and old, telling of what he had been to them of inspiration and help. Some extracts from them are given below and in the Appendices.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

LETTERS WRITTEN DURING THE LAST SIX MONTHS TO VARIOUS FRIENDS

To M. C. L.

January, 1915.

Proofs have begun to come in and I am correcting them, so I suppose my book¹ will be out in March, with a little apologetic preface for bringing it out at all. We have just had some letters sent us from the front which Mabel has had typed from her husband. He is in the Artists' Corps, and they seem to be giving them short spells in the firing trenches. I should think with a view to train them. He is an admirable letter-writer, and they were most interesting. Like everyone else, he is extraordinarily enthusiastic over

¹ *The Gospel Miracles.*

the character of the Tommies, and their superiority to the Germans. It is nice to think that February has come with its lighter days and promise of spring, for we have had rather a grim January. Do you see the Diocesan Magazine? It has rather an interesting notice by Gore of the church-going in France, and the frequent communions. War is certainly a queer thing. I suppose you will be at the Convention to-day and onwards. I wonder what you will think of it; I thought I must have told you about being asked to speak. But I don't think it is much in my line. . . . I am turning my mind towards the Browning book as a kind of lighter old-age task.

To C. L.

January 14, 1915.

Our letters crossed at Christmas, but I ought to have written sooner to thank you for that very suggestive and appropriate picture of the Nelson column. However, I was trying to finish off my book—and it wouldn't make any way—but this morning I sent it off to Macmillan, and feel relieved to have done with it. One is strangely out of it all here—except for certain very vivid points of contact—through widows and wives in anxiety—and one or two wounded home—and now and again a week-ender from the front, at our eight o'clock service on Sunday. If there is no chance of your coming here, you must let us know, when you can, how things are going on with you, and what you are doing. For it is a time when you rather yearn for the hand-grasp of friends. We have had no visitors here for Christmas, contrary to our usual custom, but this week M. C. L. is here, our first since early November. We are as wet and flooded as the trenches—which it makes one rheumatic even to think of. Try and plan to come to us in the early spring, when we are worth coming to, for I am sure you must be in need of change after all the work and anxieties of London. N. says she owes you a letter, but thinks if she sends her love through me, it may do for the present! The other Constance also sends her love.

To M. C. L.

February, 1915.

I enclose the advertisement of my book¹ from the *Times* which was sent me by no less than four press-cutting agencies with a request that they might send me the reviews of it. . . . I never had so many before. The naval news is satisfactory, as one is obliged to speak in that grim way. I think the best thing about it was the nipping the probable raid in the bud, though that is perhaps rather a remarkable metaphor. Mrs. Fitzwilliams is gallantly helping N. at their Sunday school, and it is really rather good of her, for it is awfully against the grain. She has also typed all the table of contents of my book for me! Have you seen a scathing indictment of the *Daily Mail* published by the Liberal papers in pamphlet form? It doesn't mince words, and I suppose a good deal of what it says is true. Coal has gone up so, that we are economising it by having all our meals in the drawing-room on three days in the week, much to the disgust of Lizzie. I have just written to Mr. Reeks to ask him to preach on the Wednesdays in Lent. But I am afraid he is not likely to come. Did I tell you that they asked me to take part in the Convention, but I declined, as I wanted to get the book finished, poor thing though it now seems?

To M. C. L.

February 17, 1915.

On Monday I tripped in our hall and had a nasty tumble, resulting in a bruised chest and black eye. It is the second time in the last few months, and makes me feel it must be old age making me careless in my walk. What a day it is to-day! I am glad I got sixteen miles cycling yesterday. But I always dislike Ash Wednesday. It is generally bad weather of one kind or another, and to my unregenerate nature its associations are gloomy, and its very name depressing. I must say that I found the thirty-eighth Psalm an extremely accurate description of myself however. The war news seems dull, as you never

¹ *The Gospel Miracles.*

get any certainty about whether these air raids are of any use or not. . . . My proofs are coming in but slowly at present; I expected they would be finished by now. But I see Macmillan says it will be out "shortly." I had the gratification of hearing that my *Personality* had recently been read with interest on a trawler in the North Sea! That's as near as I can get to the war.

To C. L.

March 3, 1915.

This is delightful. I was on the point of writing to say how we were longing to hear of you, when your letter came. I shall be so glad to see you—and please don't put the plan aside for any light reason, for I am sure you need all the country air you can get, after the long time you have been through. Here I was interrupted by a call from Miss Dougall to bring an American friend who wanted to see me, and since then I have been in bed with a chill and a temperature—and the imbecility which that induces. However, I am a degree better now (strictly a degree), and so resume this, over the fire, on a wobbly book-pad, which does not improve my writing. I have got rid of my book¹—and it will be out, what the publisher calls "shortly." It looks small and stupid, now that I see it as a whole, and has two chapters on Miracles, as against nine on things in general, and what I think about them—hardly justifying the title. Our closest touch here with the war, is through the week-end visits of Captain Fitzwilliams, who so far has thriven on it wonderfully. But leave now ends, we hear, till October—whatever that may mean.

To M. C. L.

March 24, 1915.

You ask after my permanent ailments; they are all connected with the eczema, and are bad at present, worse than when you were here in the winter, but one has to bear them. You might, when you pray for me, pray that they might be a little alleviated. The

¹ *The Gospel Miracles.*

war goes on, and one can think of nothing else. On Thursday I was at tea with the Crums and talking to a niece of theirs, who was just telling me that she had had a p.c. from her husband in the trenches, when the telephone rang to tell of his being wounded, and next day he was dead. It is very hard to keep one's courage up, and many of the more nervous people feel the strain very much, as one can see. Our gardener Smith is leaving us to better himself, and we think it may be very difficult to fill his place, especially without giving such an increase of wages as a war-straitened income can ill afford. N. has been going round the parish with the forms of declaration of membership of the Church of England entitling people to vote for lay representatives. Are you having it done at Crowthorne, I wonder? Nominally it is of course the rector and churchwardens who keep the roll, but N. is doing the work. Mrs. Fitzwilliams has come back, I am glad to say, to Sunday school, which makes a great difference in the strain to N.

To M. C. L.

March, 1915.

Since last writing I have been laid up with a chill and temperature, and have had to have two of my services taken for me. But I think I am mending now. It is no use hoping for any regularity either of service (week-day) or congregation in March. Another blow has come to us. Bob Loder-Symonds is killed, making the second, and the one whom and whose wife we know best, and with whom May was living in East Africa. I was unable to take the memorial service for him, which was yesterday afternoon, and was taken by Mr. Reeks, who is also going to preach for me to-night. Yesterday N. and Lady Hyde went to a Quiet Day at Wantage, taken by a Mr. Sharpe, and to-morrow she goes to Oxford to a Mothers' Union meeting in the motor-van with twelve others! So I shall have two Quiet Days to her one! However, Mrs. Fitzwilliams came to tea with me on Tuesday, and I may go there perhaps to-morrow, if

the contemplation of my own ailments becomes too unbearable. I hope my book will be read by a few people just to give one a sense of being in contact with things again. It is strange to feel one's self standing aside, while all these mighty things are happening. And each blow makes one so dread the next.

To M. C. L.

March 30, 1915.

Yes, it is rather sad to have a relapse, and I am having a good deal of pain with it at times. But I am hoping for an improvement when warmer weather comes. I think I shall try to get to Weston in May. That seemed to do me more good than anything last year. On Thursday afternoon Constance is coming, and on Easter Tuesday Bee. The first guests we have had since you. I see by advertisements that my book ought to be out, but have not received it yet. We see more of Mrs. Fitzwilliams than anybody now, and she is very bright and cheery. I am glad to say that Mr. Stewart is going to help me on Easter Day, as our early Communion is now so big that it makes a very great difference.

To M. C. L.

April 7, 1915.

So you are off to the Land's End. I hope you'll have good weather. It seems on the improve. Good Friday was a dreadful day, but it has been getting milder ever since. Constance is with us and full of war stories, which make me feel that if one wants to keep calm and self-possessed, it is better to be in the country. One would tend, I think, to get too jumpy in London. But a good deal less so now, I suppose, than in the earlier days. I am very glad to have Lent and Easter over; but for my having Mr. Stewart to help me administer—here an immense interruption of callers, which will throw my letter a day later than I meant—I was going to say I should have been much over-done, as there were eighty communicants and over. Constance left this morning in a taxi, wired for from Oxford, and Bee came,

very tired out, for a week's rest. Meanwhile my book has arrived and I will send you a copy shortly. I am sorry to say Murray doesn't seem eager to publish the essay on Pain, says the advertising of it would cost too much. I am sorry, as it might, from what I have heard, have been useful. I suppose you see ships being torpedoed off the Land's End, as they seem to frequent those waters. That would be witnessing war at first hand, in a way none of us ever thought to do from our own shores.

In the end Mr. Murray did most kindly consent to publish the Essay separately, and it was out on July 6, in time for J. R. I. to see it and be pleased. It was brought to him as he lay suffering in his room, and he felt that there was something strangely appropriate in its coming at such a time.

To M. C. L.

April 15, 1915.

I have been much interrupted by tea-parties lately at writing-time, so I hoped you would take the book for a letter. I have heard no opinion of it yet, but myself think it feeble. I had heard nothing of the naval battle that you allude to. I have just been to get the names of four more soldiers, all in one family, and their father had been a soldier under Roberts in the Afghan war before them. We have been having the same grey weather that you speak of, and too cold for the Land's End. I am sorry to say that May is coming home ill, an additional sorrow to that sorely stricken family. Here there is little going on, save trying to keep calm, and cheer up one's friends, and try to say one's prayers. To-night N. has her "Sausage Supper," but without the usual games and gathering afterwards. I want to go away for a bit, but cannot venture till it gets permanently warmer, and N. wants me to begin by going to see Reggie, who in turn wants to take me to a specialist, but I don't want the expense and bother. Did I tell

you that Murray won't run the risk of publishing my essay? I am sorry, as I know that a great many people liked it, and that it might have been of use.

To M. C. L.

April, 1915.

Did I tell you that I am seriously thinking now of trying to get a young curate who would take a material share in the work of Longworth? But they are difficult to get. Mrs. Fitzwilliams has gone away for a month, and I miss her very much, for we had got to meeting almost daily, and she cheered me a great deal of my inward troubles, while I was pretending to cheer her. She and Mrs. Talbot have given me very favourable opinions of my book, and I should say they were both exceedingly good judges. Otherwise I have heard nothing about it. To-day N. is going into Oxford by the motor-van to meet her sister, but I am glad to say the Crums are going to bring them home, as the motor-van tends to break down on the homeward journey. The war news is not encouraging, and will mean, at any rate, I suppose, most dreadful losses. Oh, it is pathetic to see all the poor women fighting to be brave.

To M. C. L.

April, 1915.

I enclose you two reviews which you can throw away when you have done with them. I think the long one very decent to me as coming from an opponent of the whole point of view of the book, the exact person against whom the book was written. On Saturday last a lady turned up to see me who had come to spend a week-end in the village in order to have an interview, putting up at the post-office, so I gave a talk after tea on Sunday. Yesterday I had a letter from a Tommy in the Persian Gulf, to whom N. had sent a writing-pad which he attributed to me—an old confirmation candidate. N. Frere is coming here for the beginning of May, and Georgie before that.

To Mrs. Fitzwilliams

May 3, 1915.

Thank you so much for your kind, warm-hearted letter. It cheered and did me good. I am glad you liked the sermons. They were my first publication, and the reception of them was what determined me to try and go on writing. At first they led me to yield to the temptation to run about preaching, but I soon found that was too dangerous for my temperament—and confined myself therefore to print. I am quite sure, by the way, that you will find me perfectly orthodox on friendship, which has always been the special thing above all others I have valued in my life. There must have been some special aspect alluded to in the passage you quote, or perhaps undergraduate circumstances of the time, for they often came in. You are having glorious weather in which to gaze on the South Devon sea, and Ulrica just must be enjoying it. Even here we have been having tea in the garden three or four days. I have told Mr. Trott this morning that I must try in the autumn to get a younger curate for Charney, who will cycle and give me very substantial help, on occasion, in Longworth, and I devoutly hope I may be able to find such a man. Thank you so much for letting me see your husband's letter. It just covers the events of which we have been reading in the papers. N. joins me in love, and bids me say that she is being as good as she knows how.

To M. C. L.

May 4, 1915.

I had a letter from Mrs. Fitzwilliams the other day with a very warm appreciation of my *College Sermons* which I had lent her. Her husband has been in the thick of it lately, shells all round them, but so far has come through. I have determined to look out for a younger curate who can give me really substantial help in Longworth, for I find with my ailments that I need it now. Please pray that I may get someone suitable, for it is a serious thing, and I have

to recognise the fact that I am not capable of what I once was. I have had no more notices of my book yet, so do not know how it goes. Last week we had tea in the garden two or three times, and once, a photographer being handy, had our tea-party photographed, but to-day has sent one indoors again, not to sit out.

To M. C. L.

May 11, 1915.

I am writing in the garden at its loveliest, and with you it must be lovely too, and then the thought of the war comes smirching it all. Nothing but the Revelation is adequate to describe it—with all its triumphant devilry and sin. I feel less and less able to throw it off, as it lingers on. . . . Keep me in your prayers, if my health may improve a bit, and if not that *I* may.

To Mrs. Fitzwilliams

May 11, 1915.

Just a line to wish you many far happier returns of the day, with all that that implies. You will, I am sure, acquit me of any share in the intrusion of my photograph upon you, beyond a passive acquiescence in what N. had set her heart upon. I am glad you are having such weather, driving home as it now so bitterly does, the contrast between the works of God and man. N. is writing, so I only add this to hers as a postscript. Yours with truest affection,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

To M. C. L.

May 14, 1915.

A third Loder-Symonds is gone—Tom—the youngest, and I had to have a memorial service for them on Saturday, and they asked me to give an address, which was trying. This morning we hear that young Campbell, a nephew of Mrs. Crum's, has followed him. One can only cry out, "How long, O Lord, how long?" One gets dazed with one's efforts at sympathy in so many divers quarters. We have had to postpone



J. R. AND A. L. I. IN RECTORY GARDEN, MAY 1915.

From a Photo by E. Bowles.

going to Reggie till next week, as he was going to be away. But I am afraid he can't do much for me. We have had one or two photos taken lately at afternoon tea in the garden.

To M. C. L.

May 20, 1915.

I have been dislocated this week by going to Reggie's and being examined and discussed and planned over, till I was too pre-occupied with myself to get a time for writing. I am so sorry. Well, I am to go at once to Kenilworth and go to bed and be treated there for some weeks, which Reggie thinks ought to heal me of all my more serious troubles. If possible we shall go next week, but I can't exactly say. It's a blow, and a bother, and a hustle, but Reggie said it was really necessary, and so there was no more to be done. Pray for me. It will mean, I suppose, giving up the *Lux* meeting, unless N. comes back for it. I must now send this off in hope of reaching you to-morrow by a late post, for I have had a long travel to-day and am rather tired by it.

To M. C. L.

May, 1915.

The delay of my last letter was, as you realised, due to my pre-occupation with business. I am glad you are pleased, for I am in the most abject fear and trembling, at the prospect, but Reggie has good hopes. I understand I am to go absolutely to bed and be treated there. I am sending you three or four reviews which you can burn when you have read them, they are all very favourable in tone. But my highest approval is from Holland, because he is so severe a critic, and he has actually read and approves of it. He and Neville and Winny Talbot came over yesterday to see us, but as they only arrived at five minutes to one, and were due to lunch in Oxford at 1.30, and had to see the church (as Winny had never been here before), one did not get much interesting speech with them. We don't know our plans yet, but shall very

likely try to let the house, if you know of any one that wants it ; this will be in case we have to get the duty taken by a cleric who does not come and occupy the house, which we are afraid we may have to do. But if we could let the house, this would be all right. Pray for me, dearest Donna.

To C. L.

June 1, 1915.

Alas ! I have been to see my doctor and he has ordered me to go to bed for medical treatment, so we are going this week, and shall not be able to see you at Longworth. Abbey House, Kenilworth, will be our address. I haven't time at present to write at length, but send this to prevent your making any plans that would have to be disappointed. The doctor says I am very well in general health, so if going to bed doesn't in itself make me ill, I may have hopes. The *Lux* meeting will have to be at Cuddesdon, for the first time—rather sad ! I shall hope to write again when more at leisure—but it is a great disappointment not to see you this June.

To M. C. L.

June 5, 1915.

Here I am in bed, being treated, with many groans and much discomfort, so I shall only send you a line of heartiest birthday greeting, and beg your acceptance of a photo which N. is doing up, of us at tea in the garden. I should like to be with you, and able to take a good walk, but Reggie holds out hopes of this being possible again. My bedroom is nearly as big as our drawing-room, and looks out over the castle, and I have a very nice nurse, an R.C. who has recently come back from Serbia, so that everything is favourable, and I know you will give me your prayers for my amendment.

Thank you so much for your letter, which I must not answer at too great length, as I find the writing in bed rather tiring.

Reggie is satisfied with the way things are going, but admits that it may be a longer business than I had hoped. He wants me to keep Mr. Trott for Charney till Christmas, and the other curate for Longworth, so that I may have quite a long time with no obligation for doing anything. Of course there is a great deal of pain and discomfort going on, but I think it tends a little to diminish. So I shall want you to keep all that side of it in your prayers. N. goes about to tea a good bit, and I hope will be getting some rest from parochial strain, though I think her sympathy takes it out of her. My nurse is just coming, so for the present good-bye.

To Mrs. Fitzwilliams

June 10, 1915.

So many thanks for your kind, warm-hearted letter, and all its good advice, which I sorely needed. I was so glad to hear that you had got your husband home again, and in good condition. I think the notion of his passing from the front to Longworth Sunday School delicious. It is nice to think of your being so set up by it. It will carry you on again for a bit. I am so glad. N. has written to you, I know, about the curate. I think he seems likely to be a great success. . . . My doctor's desire in keeping me in bed, where I write this, is partly to reduce me to a state of mental imbecility, which he thinks will be conducive to rest. And in this (the imbecility) he is being rapidly successful, so that I feel I cannot make the effort to write sense, or to attempt to express a tenth part of my heartfelt gratitude for all your encouragement and sympathy. But I think about it all the same, and am cheered. Please give my kindest regards to your mother. I wish I could be back among you all just now, and in this weather too. N. sends her love, and with the same from myself,

I am your affectionate friend,

J. R. I.

To Lady Hyde

June 15, 1915.

Thank you so much for your kind letter of last week. It is infinitely touching to feel with what a wealth of affection and interest one is surrounded. Some of the village people have quite surprised me by their evident care. You will like a word about myself. My doctor says I have borne the strain of the change of life better than he expected, and he is quite satisfied so far—but cannot predict how long it may be, so that I have to make arrangements for a longer time than I had hoped. N. will tell you the various plans which this may involve. Give my love to Mrs. Fitzwilliams, whose warm letters and messages, tell her, do me no end of good. I am afraid N. gets a little tired, but she has an endless succession of tea-parties of one kind or another to break the monotony of things. With kindest regards to all your party, including the babies. I was so pleased about her husband's happy visit home.

To C. L.

July, 1915.

DEAREST CONSTANCE,

Indeed, indeed I am grateful to you for all your kind letters, and the thoughtfulness of them. I should have written before to thank you, but I thought I would wait till I could say something about myself. I have now been a fortnight in bed, and the doctor is satisfied with the way things are going, but thinks it will be longer than we had hoped. So that there is no question of going from here to the sea, but from here back to Longworth to have the treatment continued there. Perhaps that may give you a chance of coming there. Your time must indeed be full of piled-up excitement and adventure, but it must have its compensations. My pen has just had a catastrophe, so I will stop here. Having to write on your back in bed while ink flows down the pen is so dangerous for the sheets. You must indeed all be anxious about Douglas.

To Lady Hyde

DEAR LADY HYDE,

I feel that as time goes on I ought to write to you a line of recognition for all your kindness—but I think you will understand my holding back till I can make it a little more complete. Such as it is, however, please accept it from my heart.

Yours most sincerely,

J. R. ILLINGWORTH.

*Extract from Sermon preached by the Rev. H. Stewart,
August 22, 1915*

We meet this morning under the shadow of a heavy loss. It would be impertinent for me to try to measure the loss to you, his life-long friends, to whom he gave, Sunday after Sunday, of his very best, the harvest of wisdom gathered by a mind of quite unusual depth. Great thoughts presented in a form that could reach the simplest, and with a reality that moved the most careless. You who have heard a very wise man speaking to you out of his heart the things he learnt by communion with God; you who have had all these years before you the example of his saintly life—I dare not attempt to measure the loss to you and to Longworth.

Still less can I measure the loss to the Christian world. For it is more than a national loss. Wherever the English Church claims loyal members far beyond the limits of this island, the writings and the thoughts of John Illingworth are held in respect and affection. And not only of the English Church, for his books were read and quoted by men of every denomination. It is no exaggeration to say that no man in this generation has had a wider and deeper influence on thoughtful people. And when the news is flashed across the seas, there will be many, many hearts of men who never set eyes on him or set foot in Longworth, who could not tell where it is upon the map, which will be touched with a sense of personal sorrow and with a movement of gratitude to God

Who "gives the increase," who through this faithful and wise servant spoke to them words of strength and comfort. The name of John Illingworth stands, and will stand very high in the rôle of those who in our time have interpreted the ways of God to man; and for his help and guidance we should this day bless God, and by our effort to express his teaching in our lives declare that he who lived so little to himself still lives in those who were privileged to know him in the flesh and to hear his voice.

To H. S. from his sister

I think Longworth is so beautiful. I love it all—the church bells and the graves which are approached through the roses! Gray's Elogy! I was deeply moved at that wonderful funeral which will never leave my mind. It was so *Christian*, the mingling of humbleness and magnificence so exceedingly Christ-like. The village people and the great spiritual lights, the quavering harmonium and the beautiful East window, the little lovely church, holding for a short time the coffin as a casket—the great splendid words and so much more that I cannot express. I think it very wonderful (and also very Christian, isn't it?) that a man of such great intellectual gifts and such a spiritual genius should *choose* to remain in a little (however lovely) country parish and be contented there for so many years and never seek to climb into being a bishop or church dignitary of any sort. It has impressed me. I wish I had ever heard him.

From a village girl who had married and left Longworth

August 24, 1915.

It was only this morning that I heard of the calling home of the beloved rector, and may I offer my sincerest sympathy with you in the loss we have all sustained, although not forgetting to thank God for the calling home of such a great sufferer as he must have been. Bearing it all so patiently that no one

even guessed how great they were. . . . Although I have left Longworth, I look upon no other place as home, and the farther we are from home the more we look back and think of when we were children and things that happened in childhood. Again may the Lord help and bless and be a wall of comfort to you in your sorrow, and I will offer my prayers with many others for you.

*From a lady who used to visit Longworth when she was
a child*

When I was but a child he made me see things very clearly, and Longworth Church holds many hallowed memories.

From a very close friend

The letter has just come, and it has brought so many memories back to me, and the thought of how dear Mr. I. has been the channel of some of the best things, helps and joys that God has given me, ever since a day long before I knew anything about Longworth, when I turned out his *College Sermons* from a bookcase belonging to an old cousin. You will feel so truly glad as you see more and more the fruits of his life of suffering and labour. . . . We all want to make you feel that . . . he has done more for us than we can ever express, and made Longworth something that we shall always think of with love and reverence.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

From the "Church Times," August 27, 1915

IN the hour of a great loss it is particular memories that crowd upon the mind, early memories especially, the first revelations of a rare and penetrating spirit, of the inexplicable charm of a character, of a soul. But these memories no words can reproduce or convey to other minds. Perhaps the only service which those who treasure them can render to the wider world, to which he was known through his spoken or written words, is to attempt to throw some light, from these incommunicable memories, on the secret, though secret it always remains, of a power, an influence, an appeal, that were unique and that told on many lives.

In his spoken and written words he was a man who had attained. He knew. He had before him a vision of the truth. His vision was vivid, definite, it almost seemed to be complete, as he set it forth in language that had a delicate precision of its own. But he knew what he did not know. He did not allow his mind to stray to fields that were only half explored. He pretended to no inhuman completeness and comprehensiveness of knowledge. Like an artist he concentrated his whole soul, for the moment, on the truth he saw.

And he saw the truth in its beauty. The sheer beauty of the language told you that. He used to say of Dr. Kynaston, his old headmaster, that he owed him two great things, the love of Plato and the love of Ruskin. To him, as to Plato and to Ruskin, truth revealed itself in its beauty, and beauty as the garment of truth. And so the beauty of the world, the beauty of mountains, and seas, and rocks, was to him a perpetual revelation of eternity. And beyond all that what

we call nature could give, in the faces of his friends, in their eyes, in their voices, in the clasp of their hands, perishable matter was to him in fact, what he taught that it was, the living revelation of the spirit that cannot die. And, in all the spiritual converse of soul with soul in our human life, you felt that he was reaching after, and attaining, the real spiritual knowledge of what lay within, and rejoicing in the real spiritual communion that came of it.

But behind and beyond all this there was something more. In the vision of the beauty of truth, in its passionate and precise expression in words, in the living communion of human fellowship, there was a unique intensity, which, to those who knew him well, was, I think, more characteristic of him than anything and everything else. To them it showed itself, as it were, afresh over and over again, in momentary flashes, through the eyes, of a fire that was always burning within, the consuming fire of a great desire, a more than lifelong devotion to something that was always within the range of vision of the inner eye. What was the secret of this intensity of spiritual vision, of this intensity of spiritual life? Partly at least it was something on which our early memories of him perhaps throw light.

These memories go back to days when we were setting out on the great adventure of life. The fields of truth lay before us to explore. And the great adventure was a great vocation, the opening of the eyes of the soul to a revelation, the opening of the ears of the soul to a message that was to be delivered. But to him—we always knew—the quest was a quest of pain. I have said that in his spoken and written words he was a man that had attained. But it was not without cost, not without the agony of spiritual struggle that he had attained. And as I recall the memories of him in early days, climbing on the cliffs at St. David's, or of the silent Three Hours which we used to spend on Good Friday in the Cathedral, or of the little room at Keble, where so many souls received the impress which they bore through life, all scenes, and times, and places, seem to be haunted with the spiritual presence of a soul that was struggling, striving, agonising to attain to the Beauty of the Eternal Truth.

Pain was the secret of his power. As I recall the dear familiarities of an unbroken affection, as I thank God for the illumination of hope which he has given to many, I thank Him most of all for that light which burnt within, to us, who loved him, the most lovable thing in a most lovable man, the patience, not always uncomplaining, but patience still, the patience in which he gained possession of his soul, and gave it to God.

W. J. R.

APPENDIX II

J. R. ILLINGWORTH

Reprinted from the "Commonwealth"

IT seems a long time ago since a very small book of *Sermons Preached in a College Chapel* broke upon our Oxford world with something of a revelation. Here was a new voice speaking. College sermons did not often rise to this level. The style had real distinction. It carried difficult speculative matters through with a lucidity that was miraculous. And it had a swift touch, a lissom movement, a delicate and elusive charm, which brought it up into the class of real literature. It was charged with imaginative emotion. Yet it went beyond this. It handled intimately and securely the very things of the spirit. It had a note of serious passion. It was at home in the mysteries of sin, and pain, and sacrifice.

I often doubt whether Illingworth ever did better work than he put into the little volume. It marked the time at which the personal impression that he made on men was in its first and highest power. As a young tutor at Keble, in the early years of its start—years so full of thrill, and struggle, and hope—he swept the hearts and imaginations of the young fellows who came to his lectures on philosophy. They were agog with the intellectual turmoil of those days when the power of T. H. Green was put out to shatter the idols of Empiricism. The currents of the new thought were running strongly, and the ancient strongholds were breaking, and the formulas of J. S. Mill were going under. But Green was cruelly inarticulate: and his message was tough and tangled: and the Hegelian jargon was teeth-breaking, and head-splitting: and the way of speculation was hard and grim to tread. And lo! here was a man who was at home in that strange world, it would seem, and yet whose speech was clear and quick as the song of a bird. As his limpid sentences

dropped from his lips in their certainty of rhythm and sequence, everything became intelligible. Tangled problems straightened themselves out. Logical antitheses resolved themselves like musical chords. Complicated webs of thought released themselves into straightforward simplicities. Happy phrases overleaped the menaces of obstruction. This man could say at once what it was that he had to say : and yet it was not easy or cheap. It did not keep on the surface. It went down to the deep ; only, without apparent effort, without strain, by force of rapid and suggestive expression. The language was so felicitous and so alive that it did the thinking for you. It was impossible to better his use of words.

All this had its perils. The men who followed along his illuminating speech with such delight thought that they understood much more than they really had mastered. But this only increased their enthusiastic devotion to the man who could do such great things with them and for them.

Those gay hearers little knew through what strain and pressure this master of English had won his way to the Creed which he so lucidly expressed. Those were dark and troubled days for faith. And he was as sensitive as any to the doubts and difficulties that were in the very air we breathed. It had been no easy task that lay hidden behind the flowing sentences. He had wrestled in the night before the day dawned and the Presence spoke. The boys that listened knew only the charm of the result.

And then, personally, he was as charming as his style. He was very affectionate : very playful : very companionable : very fascinating. He delighted in youth : and in venture : and in all swift things. He revelled in mountain-walks and climbs : and in the glory of deep-sea bathing. He moved so lightly and swiftly himself. He loved pictures and art and all loveliness. He lived inside the artistic movement of the day : and knew his Ruskin in and in : and had all the Pre-Raphaelite instincts and attractions. His deep mystical voice, with its low boom of tone, had a singular passion in it as he read poetry or the Bible. And he had a sort of panther-like swiftness of play in his talk, with audacities and surprises in it which delighted the young group which had gathered about him. He looked as if he would exercise a wonderful

personal influence over men in their throngs. He had everything that could give him intellectual sway and win him love.

As a fact his life was to be thrown into quite another mould. There had come in the middle of his days a time of illness and "nerves." There was incessant physical trouble under any mental strain. An engagement for preaching or lecturing would involve far more nervous expenditure than it was worth. He had periods of exhaustion: and seemed unable to cope with the pressure of a busy life. He had to fall out of things: and could not count on his power to fulfil what he had undertaken. Out of this time of distress he escaped by taking the College living of Longworth: and by making a most fortunate and happy marriage. Henceforward he had a fixed round of home duties, while ever at his side was the watchfulness and help of one who brought to the aid of her devoted affection the skill of a practised nurse. In her direct and practical judgment, ever facing all the facts, with a steady will and infinite courage, he had found just the stay and strength that his fine sensitive nervous nature needed. Her unflinching realism scouted fears and hesitation. She saw what he could do: and what he could not. We, his friends, were eager for his recognition by a Canonry or a Professorship: so we urged this or that experiment in the open arena. But it was more and more clear that he had to pay too heavy a price for this; every special effort meant a physical breakdown. It was far better that he should surrender the outside field altogether; and confine himself strictly to the home at Longworth. The poise of being, which meant for him health, could be kept there perfectly. The excellent air of the place exactly suited him. He was wonderfully well so long as he remained there. And in the quiet and steady mean of bodily health his mind worked at its best. He could go on writing book after book without pause, or let. Up and down his garden, in the open air that he loved, he could put together on bits of paper those lucid and rhythmic sentences which she could transcribe. Production could go on continuously in this happy fashion. It flowed on unhindered. And the books, as they followed one another, were read far and wide. They won for themselves an extraordinary range in America as in England. In

cheaper editions they sold by the thousand. They are quoted in almost every book of philosophical interest that has appeared during the last twenty years, and I know of no books that are quoted so often. They evidently reach all the men who are organised in doing our thinking for us. The interest in them has never flagged: and they offer themselves to every class by their wonderful intelligibility. Thus he won for himself a hearing over an immense area. And he did this by accepting frankly and resolutely the limitations imposed upon him. Guided by the bold and shrewd insight of his wife, he shut himself up inside his hidden parish. He refused to be persuaded to go beyond it. He made it his sole pulpit: and it proved amply sufficient. He reached far, far more people than we can do by racing up and down the earth and occupying every pulpit open to us.

There he lived year after year, many miles from any rail: without any conveyance of his own to get about in. Until the last few years he had nobody at hand who would naturally share in his intellectual interests or understand his talk. He saw very little of the neighbouring clergy: he took no part in diocesan affairs: he abhorred clerical meetings of all kinds. He never left the little place except for his summer holiday. He was content: for, by this austere concentration, he did the precise work which he was able to do with unflinching effect. He wrote and wrote, knowing that all the reading world would listen to what he said.

And then, once in every year, there was an invasion from the moving world outside which took possession of his vicarage and talked his and its own head off. It was the old gang of his Oxford friends. We had recorded in *Lux Mundi* the mind and method with which we had collaborated in handling the things of Faith during the years of our companionship in Oxford. And now that we had scattered to various parts away from the old home, we were anxious to keep in the same touch with one another as when we thought and prayed together as University tutors. We must still meet to compare notes, to keep in tune with one another, to hold together, in dealing with the common problems which all had to face. So it came about that we fixed on Longworth as our annual meeting-ground. Back there we came for twenty-five years

on end, spending together in talk and debate three whole summer days. On the night before them we let loose all our souls in the gay chatter of old friends who had met again. We told all the old stories once more that had been the joy of the days that had gone: we repeated all the old jokes that no one knew but we: we laughed once again with the same immemorial laughter that no outsider could understand or share. And then we settled our programme. Five serious subjects were sorted out to fixed hours. Each was allotted to a special member to introduce. Morning and afternoon for three good days we went at it. Gore was our chairman, and kept us severely in hand. But there were compensations for the severity in relays of milk and strawberries, and shouting noise at meals, and long sittings on the lawn in fine summer days: and walks: and wanderings amid the historic rose-gardens: and the unwithering joy of discovering how friendships can never weary or lose their immortal freedom. So "Longworth" became to us the symbol of all that was deepest in our lives. It acquired a personality of its own. It stood for a certain habit of mind, for an intellectual type, for a spiritual fellowship. Some of us passed away in death: Aubrey Moore, Robert Moberly, Arthur Lyttelton, William Campion, Francis Paget; and then we took on younger brethren: Strong, Dean of Christ Church; Burrows, Bishop of Truro; Wilfrid Richmond, Tutor of Keble and Warden of Glenalmond, our mainstay in philosophy; and Walter Moberly and Neville Talbot out of the new generation. Always it remained a spot of fertile life, a spring at which we renewed our glad fraternity. It is this that we have lost in the death of our friend. We can hardly believe that there will be no more "Longworth."

It is one of those villages so characteristic of mid-England, where the scenery is too quiet to make a show or to invite special notice: yet everything charms. The air is splendid: and the outlook is wide. Far away to the north and west run the stone slopes of the back of the Cotswolds, asleep with the primeval slumber of the English Midlands, gracious with grey manor houses under delicious stone tiles. Round the village are the deep woods of Pusey and the Buckland; and just when you want something to lift the eyes there are

the shining sides of the Berkshire Downs running all the way through Wantage to the White Horse. The tiny Thames creeps below the hill in the parish on which the clump keeps the memory of a battle with the Danes. It made a tender rest-home for Illingworth: and the villagers became very proud of their rector whose reputation brought stray American pilgrims to worship at the shrine, and whose pulpit was the gift of far and unknown American readers of his books. Gradually they learned to value and love his unforced and simple ministrations. They delighted in listening to the deep droning voice so mellow and so winning. We visitors might preach our best: but we knew all the time that we were but tolerated, and that our hearers were all anxious to recover again their dear rector whom we, for the moment, had displaced.

So he lived: and wrote: until the end. His last book on Miracles is a brilliant sample of his work. There is in it all the amazing lucidity of expression, all the exquisite felicity, which belongs to his style at its best. Of course, this very lucidity laid him open to criticism. It was impossible to believe that the solution of any problem could be so simple, so intelligible, so complete. Readers were beguiled into supposing that they knew what philosophy means by the easy delight with which they followed this clear reasoning. It was not that the thought was shallow or cheap: but the expression of it was so engagingly limpid that cheap and shallow readers might imagine that they had sounded the depths. They glided over the rough and difficult ground without being aware what they had covered. This perfect language saved them intellectual effort. That was its danger. He took great trouble originally with his style. He treasured, as a standard, the music of the best passages in Ruskin. He was eminently fastidious in the choice of terms, and in the curve and movement of phrases. It became with him a fine art. The intellectual appeal to reason was always there in its true legitimate form: but it was touched with an artistic imagination that perhaps disguised the necessity for intellectual wrestling.

Longworth did much for him: but it had one lack. It gave him no intellectual intercourse with men of his own calibre. He was alone with himself, so far as thought went, for the

greater part of every year. And he was never much of a reader. He read a few great books well : but hardly anything else. So it came about that he, who, in his younger days, was our most audacious pioneer in the free play of reason, grew unsympathetic to the new intellectual moods. He did not keep up with their changes and chances. He reacted from their excesses. He chaffed : he mocked : he held them at arm's length.

And this told on his own thought. He did not advance on the positions that he had taken. He was content with applying in some fresh form the familiar premises which he had made his own. This ended by giving a certain sameness to what he had to say. It was the inevitable price that he paid for the security and peace of the unchanging background which alone enabled him to do his work. But this work, in spite of every drawback, retained all its keenness of edge, its delicate force, its sureness of touch, its fine distinctiveness. It was as good in his last book as it had ever been : and this is surely a high tribute to his intellectual discipline and to his sincerity of purpose. Still and always he retained the same gracious charm, the same mystical fragrance.

He had suffered for a long time from the distress of eczema : and finally this complicated itself with some inward blood-poisoning. He was beset by physical misery : and greatly troubled by the bitter experiences of pain. He had written with acute sympathy on " Pain " in an essay in *Lux Mundi*, which had just been brought out for a very cheap sale as he lay dying. And his main anxiety was to tell his friends that he had never, till now, gone to the bottom of what pain really meant. So he told me, with tears in his eyes, the last time that I saw him : and then he recovered himself and said that this was all he wanted to tell me. He had always, even through the period of his youthful intellectual audacities and æsthetic adventures, retained a very strong grip on the reality of sin, and on the mysteries of penitence : and he knew the full meaning of pardon in Christ, His Redeemer. This stood him in good stead in his hour of need. Those who loved him dearly can surrender him to the securities of that peace passing all understanding which his craving sensitive soul had so long desired.

H. S. H.

APPENDIX III

J. R. ILLINGWORTH

To the Editor of the "Commonwealth"

SIR,

May I venture to dwell upon some early memories of Mr. Illingworth, revived by the note you have struck in the earlier part of the article in which you have given to your readers a living picture of the man.

Those were, as you say, "years of struggle," and they were years of spiritual struggle to him. "Pain makes men real," he wrote.¹ "By investing a man with a greater reality pain invests him with a mysterious attraction for others." He did not "shrink back cowardly from the pain of doubt." There were times when he trembled on the verge of the abyss; times when he found it difficult to remain at the height of his own hard-won apprehension of the truth, when the conviction which was crystallised in words seemed to fail him even in the very utterance of the words that expressed it. It was this that gave what you call the "serious passion" to his style. And it was this which was no small part of his influence and of his power. Not only was there a touch of the pity of human sympathy in the attraction of his personality. There was something about him that was like the light of battle in a soldier's eye. It kindled intellectual courage. He was impatient of facile and unreasoning faith, the faith that will not allow itself to be disturbed from the comfort and ease of unquestioned traditional belief. He would not suffer you to "keep on the surface." You were called upon to go "down to the deep" with him. And this spiritual quality remained with him to the end. If any read

¹ Sermon on "Trouble."

him without perceiving it they missed the root of the matter. It was his real attraction to the end that his faith was a faith that had been won. The rapier play of argument, the finished grace with which he handled the weapon of language, he had won in fighting for his life. The music of his words is resonant with the trumpet calls of bygone battles and with the pathetic memories of unforgotten pain.

W. J. R.

APPENDIX IV

A MEMORY OF LONGWORTH AND THE RECTOR

Reprinted from the "Treasury"

It was Holy Week when I first entered Longworth Church, and I knew it later at every season of the year. But as I look back now I forget the ferial and penitential days, and see it always in its festal dress. The scent of moss and primroses and pheasant's eye narcissus, the song of thrushes outside, the hearty but not too melodious praises sent up by Berkshire throats, the blended sense of mortality and spring, of time and timelessness, which meets one in ancient village churches at Easter: these only rise to mind as often as I remember the beloved little church and the ministry of him who has made its name known in distant lands. It is fitting that that first visit should have set its seal upon my memory of him and of Longworth, since no one, I suppose, ever loved spring and Easter-tide more than he.

I saw Dr. Illingworth, too, for the first time robed and in church, and I remember that he was not unlike my preconceived ideas of a learned recluse. He was a man above the middle height, very spare, with an almost imperceptible stoop; his reddish hair and short, pointed beard were already deeply tinged with grey. He had the fine, high-bridged nose which generally indicates remarkable powers of mind or character; the forehead was unusually well moulded and intellectual.

As he stood in profile behind the dark oak screen, his head turning a little to the east, as was habitual with him whenever the service gave him leisure, his attitude in its unconscious other-worldliness was very striking. He looked both saint and scholar.

And when he entered the pulpit, though one saw his kind, blue-grey eyes, that first impression of him changed but little. He had the quiet, controlled manner, the economy of gesture, the earnest, almost anxious expression which such books as Dean Church's *History of the Oxford Movement* have led us to associate with the preaching of the Tractarians. His voice was deep and musical, and in moments of emotion sonorous; the soft, almost foreign pronunciation of the letter "r" gave a flavour of the unusual to his delivery.

For a man as delicate and highly strung as Dr. Illingworth, as dependent for well-being upon a quiet round of duties, and a regular, even monotonous life, Longworth was an ideal parish.

The little place lies far from a railway among lonely lanes and spinneys, great arable fields, and belts of deep woodland. The occasional hooting of a motor car on the neighbouring high road to Oxford seems rather to emphasise than to disturb the unruffled quiet of centuries.

Like other villages in that gently undulating country, Longworth is somewhat invisible at a distance. Yet it sees without being seen, and has on either side of it wide prospects rich in associations. For it lies on the low ridge that forms the northern edge of the Vale of White Horse, just where the latter drops abruptly down to the Thames valley. As you approach the church, where it stands apart from the village at the end of an elm-shaded lane, you look across the river to the Cotswolds, and see the low, grey, fifteenth-century building, and the dark yews above the graves silhouetted upon an exquisite background of far-off misty ranges. And southward across the Vale the Wantage Downs show through the trees, with their romantic memories of Great Alfred and of England's beginnings.

It is hard for those who love every stone of Longworth to view it critically, yet one may frankly admit that there are many more picturesque villages. Roses, not cottages, are its chief beauty; the famous Longworth roses of Mr. Prince, which, overflowing their plantations, climb along the low garden walls and make the churchyard gay. But all the year round the secret of its fascination lies in the peace and healthfulness which it exhales.

And of that sweet peace the Rectory was the focus and spiritual expression. A short train journey from London, a long drive in a very rural, very leisurely fly—or latterly in an Oxford taxi—and with the first glimpse of the house and of its dear master and mistress standing in welcome at the door, the cares of life vanished like a travelling-cloak slipped off on reaching home.

At the Rectory one could almost forget the existence of London. For there one found unchanged from year to year the simplicity that the life of great cities tends to destroy; that “plain living and high thinking” of which Wordsworth long since lamented the gradual decay. Do his familiar words convey a suggestion of Puritan austerity, even now that the war is drastically recalling us to lapsed ideals and less costly habits? Not certainly to those who look back upon the hospitality of Longworth! For them the simple fare and the abounding welcome; the indifference to all merely worldly standards, and the reverence for humble folk and common things, were but aspects of one beautiful and winning whole: of a life lived at all times in the Eternal Presence. And with that simplicity went the wide outlook, the joy in art and nature which seem the special possession of those who most fully accept the revelation of God Incarnate.

Looking back, now that Death has given its clear and lasting perspective to much that formerly one loved without too closely considering, I am more than ever impressed by the remembrance of “Mr. I.’s” even serenity in daily life. In the case of robust and phlegmatic temperaments such a quality would be too obvious for special mention; in him it had a more heroic significance. For by him it must have been hardly won and hardly kept. Even had I not the witness of the one who by her devotion to him through thirty-two years of marriage is alone entitled to speak with authority, I should have guessed that “Mr. I.” had led in many respects a suffering life. It is true that the perfect quiet of Longworth had given him, long ere I knew him, a measure of fairly stable health. He was very seldom laid up; day after day, even in his last illness till his strength failed completely, he continued to take the exercise upon which he had come to depend

as on a necessity of life. But while he had himself well in hand, he was always liable to those obscure distresses of mind and body so often laid by inheritance upon highly nervous temperaments. It was seldom that he spoke of such things, nor could he perhaps have made their intangible burden clear to any listener more happily endowed in this respect. Yet their influence was perceptible in his intuitive and almost feminine sympathy with suffering in others.

It is this personal experience which gives to the many passages in his writings that deal with pain their deep appeal. He spoke of that which he knew. Indeed he used to say that his books had been called forth by suffering, and without that spur would never have been written. And by the word he meant, of course, far more than mere ill-health or misfortune, however great; the mystery of Evil weighed heavily upon him, presented to his imagination a far darker problem. "Mr. I." did not live in the sunshine of abiding vision; he had to struggle constantly with mists of the spirit, perhaps partly physical in their origin, which rose between him and the eternal hills. His faith triumphed, not surely because it had ever trodden down once and for all the particular considerations that urged such a mind as his towards unbelief, but because, like a good ship in a rough sea, it emerged time after time from the waves of doubt which broke over it. Still whole and slowly seasoned by much buffeting, it held on its way.

It is strange in the light of this knowledge to take up one of his books and to contrast the serene and crystal-clear writing with the struggle of which it was the final outcome. For neither his convictions, nor the limpid style in which they are mirrored, were lightly won. With all his gift of literary expression, like Newman he had little or no pleasure in composition. The work in hand proceeded slowly, almost painfully; day by day in solitary walks or cycle rides he would mentally sift his material; but the fruit of those long hours of thought was often condensed in a brief paragraph.

But in measuring "Mr. I.'s" influence, those who knew him personally will recall, even more than the written word, the sound of the voice that is still. For the same gift of

lucidly expressing the deep things of God appeared very notably in his village sermons. Week by week he gave his people a message which the simple and the educated alike could carry home and profit by. Among many I recall especially a striking sermon on the evidences of the Resurrection, preached on Low Sunday four or five years ago.

And most of all, I think, those who owe much to his personal inspiration will dwell upon the *tête-à-tête* walks with him which were the special joy of a visit to Longworth. It was during these country tramps, perhaps to the house of some sick person, or undertaken simply for the pleasure of walking, that they came to know him intimately. The talk might begin with everyday matters, or subjects connected with Nature, for he was a devoted, watchful lover of the countryside. But gradually it was wont to shift to religion. At such times the most reserved must have found it easy to confide their difficulties to him. His deep humility, his openness regarding his own inner life, his susceptibility by the power of sympathy to the perplexities of other minds, brought him so touchingly near them. They felt him for all his learning and riper spiritual experience their comrade, a seeker ever profoundly aware of the partial nature of our knowledge. All the more effectual was the support of his confidence to souls bewildered by the multitude of modern prophets, as in simple, almost casual utterances, now impulsive, now deliberate, and punctuated by long pauses of reflection, he unfolded to them the faith by which he lived. . . .

Beautiful hours, for ever bound up in memory with the song of larks, the good smell of ploughed earth, the vision of the distant downs—and now for ever at an end! Yet those who most miss his counsel would not recall him to the overwhelming sorrows of the present. The war has not spared Longworth, and he felt to the full the terrible bereavements it brought to the village, the challenge that it presents to the conscience of Christian men. The weight of these things in all probability helped to hasten his death. Rather they will thank God not only for all they owe to his witness and friendship, but that his fruitful task accomplished, he has entered with joy into fuller apprehension of the Eternal Purpose.

E. H. L.

APPENDIX V

J. R. ILLINGWORTH

Reprinted from the "Oxford Magazine"

THE news of Dr. Illingworth's death, which occurred at the end of August, was a source of profound sorrow to the circle of friends to whom his loveliness had endeared him very closely, and of great regret to all students of Theology and all lovers of pure English style. Elected from St. Paul's School to a scholarship at Corpus Christi College in 1867, he at once became the centre of strong friendships and impressed us all with his power of debate; the combination of eager appeal with clear, well-reasoned argument made it easy to foretell his excellence as a preacher. After obtaining his First Class in Moderations and in Literae Humaniores he was elected in 1872 a Fellow of Jesus College and in the same year Tutor at Keble College, where he remained for ten years. As such he was eminently successful: he impressed every one as a preacher; undergraduates crowded to hear him even on a week day in Lent, and perhaps he never published anything better than his *Sermons in a College Chapel*. As a Tutor he was a most stimulating power on the best men. He won them by the intimacy of his friendship: he would never compel; he hated to enforce a regulation: I remember well the shocked look on his face when I once said, "I always go happy to bed when I have said No to an undergraduate in the course of the day," and only slowly did his features relax into that sweet smile of his when I finished my sentence—"and have convinced him that I was right in saying No." Then there came a breakdown in health; there was weakness of heart. This not only made it necessary for him to leave Oxford work, it also made it difficult to accept preferment in later years: and when Mr. Balfour offered him a Canonry at Canterbury Cathedral he felt compelled to decline it.

Meanwhile he married, and in 1883 accepted the Jesus College living at Longworth, where he remained till his death. There, in that bracing air, amid the beauty of Mr. Prince's roses, his health was much strengthened. Aided by his excellent wife, he gradually won the affection and trust of many who had been alienated from the Church. With the help of friends he beautified the fabric and wrought a wonderful change in the attendance at its services: and he was near enough to Oxford to be in touch with it; many a student either from here or even from America went to talk over philosophical problems with him. He was elected Bampton Lecturer in 1894; he was twice Select Preacher at Oxford and twice at Cambridge; the University of Edinburgh made him a D.D., and Bishop Paget made him an Honorary Canon of Christ Church. His books made him known more widely, perhaps as widely in America as in England; he wrote two of the Essays in *Lux Mundi*; published his Bampton Lectures on *Personality Human and Divine* (1894), *Divine Immanence* (1898), *Reason and Revelation* (1902), *Christian Character* (1904), *The Doctrine of the Trinity* (1907), *Divine Transcendence* (1911), and early in this year *The Gospel Miracles*. He did not read very widely and he was rather impatient of critical questions, but he had read deeply, and his mind was always active. He took the greatest pains with his English, writing and rewriting till he could satisfy his own high standard. The result was that they were models of clear, beautiful English, such as is very rare in dealing with philosophical themes. I should be inclined to give the palm to the Bampton Lectures and the Essays in *Lux Mundi*, perhaps especially to that on the problem of pain: and it is a touching fact that at his last illness he reproached himself with having failed to deal seriously with that problem. It is a comfort to know that he felt before he died that he had done all that it was in his power to do with his pen: but that was very much: perhaps no one has done so much in this generation in his special line. It was a quiet life, unmarked by incident or preferment, but his real talent found its scope and won for him the gratitude, the affection, and the admiration which was its due.

APPENDIX VI

IN MEMORY OF JOHN R. ILLINGWORTH.

Reprinted from the "Oxford Diocesan Magazine"

DR. ILLINGWORTH has been taken from us. He was one of our great men. His books had an enormous sale, and he was very widely quoted by philosophical writers. Our visitors from America used to make pilgrimages to Longworth to see him. I suppose that the fascination of his books lay in the fact that, while he thought deeply and on the deepest subjects, he could express himself in the simplest words, so that the average reader was attracted and not repelled by the human interest and beauty of what he wrote. Meanwhile he himself was the most retiring, modest, and unassuming of men. At Longworth the people of the village knew that they had a great man among them, and his wonderful sermons (deep as they were simple) produced a constant quiet effect; but no doubt they felt much more the constant stream of loving influence that flowed out from the Rectory.

A few days before he died, Dr. Illingworth said that he thought he had come to the end of what he had to say in his books, and I think we may thank God that he was allowed to exercise his full influence. Some of us will feel that, in its own way, there was nothing in England more beautiful than Longworth Rectory.

C. OXON:

APPENDIX VII

IMPRESSIONS BY VARIOUS FRIENDS

Dr. J. H. Skrine's Impressions of the Corpus Days

. . . WITHOUT spending words in excuse of my insufficiency I will tell you how he struck us who were his fellow-scholars at Corpus. We were quite literally "struck" by his powers both of thought and of speech when in the days of his freshmanship he introduced to us at the College Debating Society a subject very much his own, which later had public attention through his paper in *Lux Mundi* on the "Mystery of Pain." We were discussing, no doubt with undergraduate depth and seriousness, the Morality of Field Sports. His interposition, recalling to our mind the more mysterious issues of life, even animal life, and the responsibility of man towards the fact of suffering in the creature, brought into the debate a depth far below the undergraduate levels; we felt we had among us a philosopher who might be an orator as well. And the utterance was somehow consonant with the physical impression made by the speaker's person. When he sat with us for the Corpus Scholarship, we had noted a solemnity in the long and sombre countenance, the long spare figure, even the coat he wore of more formal cut than his competitors (whence he obtained our affectionate *sobriquet* for the new scholar), and to some of us there was an air of a Dante about him. One sage among the examiners was heard to say that three of the elected represented the three stages of man's mental evolution lately defined by Comte—the theological, the metaphysical, the positivist mind. Whatever was the truth of this characterisation of the first and last, the middle term was soon recognised as aptly fastened upon J. R. Illing

worth. We gave him promptly the rank of metaphysician among his group. And I am sure we were not premature in this. I recall an early talk with him in which he revealed what I felt to be, without personal experience of it on my own part, the specific quality of the philosopher, a sensitiveness to the touch of ultimate reality, and to the poet's

Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds unrealised.

But if he was philosopher, it was with a philosophy "not harsh nor crabbed as dull fools suppose," for my memory of intercourse with him when talk was on that level is of a special ease, comfort, pleasantness in the converse. His speech was mostly reserved and spare and like Chaucer's scholar, "of high sentence," but so natural and his own, and withal so communicative, that one realised in a rare degree the charm and worth of fellowship in thought.

This is of our early Oxford days. Since then I met him little till his last years. My knowledge of him in his later age corrected none of the early impressions. But the mature Illingworth can be far better characterised by others, and I do well to end my own tale where it ceases to be my own. Thus far I can tell it faithfully, the atmosphere of our friendship in youth is fresh in memory and very fragrant still.

Mrs. J. H. Skrine writes as follows :

Mine is a very tiny memory. But it made a deep impression on me. And it seems also to have a significance of its own.

The year must have been 1881 or early 1882, when my husband's much-prized College friend came to us for a very short visit, at Uppingham. I was then a young wife, with the responsible work of a school "house" on my hands, eager for life, over-busy, and fresh from a memory of sorrow. The Oxford friend brought into our youthful circle, with its precise hours, its bustle, its very practical pre-occupations, an effect curiously detached and calm. There was about him a kind of retiredness, neither reserve nor shyness, but

rather suggesting the constant presence of the concerns of some inner and personal life.

One afternoon, my husband having left us for an after-tea hour in school, he began to tell me about a book he had just read, which had greatly taken hold on him; an historical romance, he said, but of a quite new and most spiritual character. Its name was *John Inglesant*. Finding I had not seen it, he began to tell me the story. It stirred him strongly, and he rose and began to walk slowly up and down the room, speaking all the while with a quiet, thrilled voice, in words that seemed to me extraordinarily beautiful, simple, and perfect. As I write to-day I seem still to be listening to the picture of the book's central scene; where Inglesant, having at last found and captured his enemy, brings him to the hermit's shrine among the mountains.

"Then, in the little chapel," the level voice said, "before the altar, he offers him—to our Lord Jesus."

I have read *John Inglesant* many times since then, but never without awareness of that calm yet vivid presence. The tall, spare figure, the long, serious face, red-bearded, with its curious beauty as of spirit rather than body, the voice, the exquisite language, all seem to own a deep and most mystical kinship with the great romance. From its pages, for one woman, "his memory rises like a mist."

From an Old Friend

Amongst many very happy visits to Longworth Rectory, one stands out in my memory because of two sayings of Mr. I. which I always think are eminently characteristic. I was ill at the time and under orders not to read or talk of serious things, and the rector, with his special sympathy for any one with a tired brain and jaded nerves, read to me Stevenson's verses or some such light literature, to which he turned himself when in similar case. However, on two occasions he forgot the limitations and special incapacity of his guest. It was a glorious morning in spring, and he stopped in front of a bush just bursting into leaf, and said, with an intense and wistful look, "*What* are we to understand by the immanence of God?" I was not able to throw any fresh light on the old question! The next morning he came into

breakfast with a pained look on his face, and said, "How are we to have any speculative peace as long as cats kill mice?"

These were just the two big problems over which he was continually brooding, and about which he gave us his deepest thoughts in the Essay in *Lux Mundi* and in *Immanence*. It was characteristic of him that he liked to communicate his thoughts to people who had no power to contribute anything to the discussion. I hope that someone else has called attention to the extraordinary value of the chapter in *Immanence* about sacraments. I have used it continually as an introduction to teaching about the sacramental system, and it carries conviction. I once told him that I had gained more from *Reason and Revelation* than from any other of his books, and he said that he felt himself that it was his best bit of work.

C. B.

APPENDIX VIII

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED AFTER HIS DEATH FROM J. R. I.'S OLD KEBLE PUPILS AND OTHER FRIENDS

From H. A. J.

It was in the year 1878 that Mr. I. first showed kindness to me, when I was a raw and somewhat bewildered Keble freshman, and he will always count among the people whose presence at Keble made me glad to have gone there rather than to another college. It is a long friendship to look back over—thirty-seven years—and I am now doubly and trebly glad to have been with you at Longworth in the spring of last year.

From the Rev. G. C. K.

Your husband was the person who in my Oxford days helped me far more than anyone else to think. His "Greats" Lectures gave one a great start which to some extent, at any rate, one has been able to take advantage of. One felt that one was given a glimpse into his point of view, and that glimpse has affected one's own outlook ever since, and I have never ceased to be grateful to him and never shall.

From the Rev. W. H. L.

As I look back to undergraduate days, there is no one whose friendship was more to me than his, or whose society was more stimulating.

From A. L., an undergraduate friend of Longworth days

You and dear Mr. I. have meant so much to us. The sea and cliffs here remind me all the time of the holidays we

had in Cornwall, and what a pleasure they were to us all. I shall always remember specially how good Mr. I. was in talking to me and explaining all sorts of things which one begins to think about when one is just going to Oxford. And he was always just the same afterwards; one could be certain of that interest and sympathy with all one's little unimportant concerns, which made it such a pleasure to bicycle out to Longworth.

From the Rev. C. J. C. W.

You will be getting so many letters that I hesitate to send you another, and yet I feel I must write a few lines to tell you how much I personally owe to Dr. Illingworth and to assure you of my sincere sympathy. Two of his books, *Personality* and *Divine Immanence*, did perhaps more than any other books I read my last year at Oxford to convince me of the reasonableness of our Faith: and almost a greater help to me than the reading of the books was the day I spent at Longworth, the first time I came to lunch with you at Campbell Crum's introduction. I don't think I ventured to broach any actual theological subject, but meeting the man himself after reading the books, and, if I may venture to say so, the whole atmosphere of Longworth Rectory made a very great impression on me. And I remember vividly saying to myself when I got back to my rooms at Oxford, "Well, whatever anyone says, that's the real thing." And I am sure my experience has been shared by many others.

From the Rev. B. J. K.

How much I am indebted to him I can hardly tell you. I have MSS. notes of several courses of his lectures, which I attended, and delighted in, as an undergraduate—and all his books I have bought as they came out and read and re-read with ever-increasing satisfaction. Of all the beautiful passages in English devotional literature, his chapter on Prayer in *Christian Character* is the one that appeals to me most—sane, lucid, and uplifting like all his work, but himself at his best.

From C. D. (C. A.)

Looking back I realise that during those four years [at Oxford] his was always the main influence on mind and heart (such as one had) and where so many counted for much, none as much as he for interest and power of moulding, and all for such good ends that have gone on filling one's life in a way since. Of course I have seen him but very seldom—there was no need, for he had given one's mind its ply, and in a way it worked naturally along his lines and rejoiced over all he wrote. But besides the teaching (and his lectures on St. John's Gospel stand apart from all others still), he was so good to me in holidays abroad and at St. David's.

From the Rev. R. McD. (a friend gained on a holiday)

In Dr. Illingworth's case we knew him in a wonderful way through his books. Personally I owe more to him in the way of help and guidance than to any other single writer of his generation; and "he being dead yet speaketh." He consecrated to God his very special gifts in a wonderful way, and his genuine humility was a great object lesson in this pushing, noisy age.

From W. C. W.

It is impossible to think of the church at Longworth without the Rector, but I hope I may always remember something of what I have heard him say there. There was no one whose sermons seemed to me so full of what made one think and see, things which had almost become too familiar, in a new way.

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 1902. *Reason and Revelation*.
 1904. *Christian Character*.
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 1911. *Divine Transcendence*.
 1915. *The Gospel Miracles*.
 1915 (July 16). "The Problem of Pain," (Reprinted from *Lux Mundi*.)

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

- June 26, 1848. Born.
 1875-1867. St. Paul's School.
 1867. Corpus Christi College, Oxford.
 1872. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford.
 1872-1883. Tutor of Keble College, Oxford.
 1875. Ordained Deacon.
 1876. Ordained Priest.
 June 26, 1883. Rector of Longworth.
 Aug. 2, 1883. Married.
 Aug. 22, 1915. Died.

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